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Braille Book Review

2nd year Contents for July, 1933 Number 19

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Part II, 1933

Copy one

Book Announcements, July 1933

A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.—Twinkljohn.

- Adams, J. F. The march of democracy; from the Civil War to world power. Part 2, 4v. 1933
 AFM Grade 2 FF This second (in inkprint) and concluding volume ends with the elec-
 tion of Franklin D. Roosevelt to the presidency. It is better than the first volume;
 Mr. Adams writes fluently and well. He presents a thoroughly readable, well-propor-
 tioned record from his own angle of American trials and achievement.
- Alcott, Anne. Merry animal tales. 2v. HMP
- Allen, Pearl. East wind; west wind. v. 7. 1930 ABFR Grade 2 FF The conflict between the
 old China and the new is the theme of this absorbing, delicately written chronicle.
 The daughter of a noble family, trained for lifehood in the old customs and traditions
 and betrothed since childhood, is married to a Chinese of the new era who has received
 his medical training in America. It is only by adopting the Western habits which her
 husband esteems, that the little bride finds love and happiness. Her brother's love
 for an American girl is another phase of the conflict.
- Arnold, E. O. Timberland. 5v. 1915 ABF A melodramatic story of a struggling young New
 York reporter who inherits a great English estate. Charmingly written through story-
 written with American slang.
- Barnes, Dorothy. Rough-hewn. 5v. To be released.
- Barnes, E. O. Little Eagle. 1v. 1917 A simple portrayal of Indian child life arranged as
 a reader for little children.
- Indians in winter camp. 1v. 1917
- Beckman, J. F. Alice-for-short. 7v. 1907 AFM Grade 2 FF The development, love affairs
 and picturesque family history of a little London girl, married into a rich old English
 family.
- Bent, L. M. Making war Boboy in the country. 2v. HMP
- 1917 and pamphlet on the requirements for Civil Scout proficiency badges. (The following
 eight pamphlets by Verthe G. Rudy are on sale at One American Red Cross, 415 Washington
 Avenue, N. E., price from 25 to 50 cents, 50¢ in process).
- Bird finder.
 - Forest water life finder.
 - Garden flower finder.
 - Insect finder.
 - Land animal finder.
 - Land water life finder.
 - Tree finder.
 - Wild flower finder.
- 1917, 1920. Swift Forest. 5v. ABF 1933 Grade 2 FF A story of the building of the first
 Swift Forest around a free cattle range. It caused bitter feeling among the cattle
 owners and some trouble by the Swift, timber lot, who was put in charge of the area.
 Gray is called four or five Western names.
- Brown, David Gregory. The romantic composers. 7v. To be released.
- Brown, Gregory. Columbus came late. 5v. To be released.
- Brown, Alice Ann. Came out of the kitchen. v. 7. ABF Grade 2 FF Light, entertaining
 comedy of a wealthy young New Yorker, who rents an old Virginia mansion for a few
 months, "here on foreign," and finds extraordinary servants installed there.
- Brown, Alice Ann. The Scotch sisters. 2v. 1915 ABF 50¢ in process. An English girl goes to the
 West to marry a Chinese gentleman, a lawyer, and agrees to marry him in spite of all



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acquisition but the death of his Chinese children results in a change of mind on her part. Lucille, Harriet and Mrs. Alice Henderson, editors. The new poetry. Sv. 1933 edition. 48 pp. Grade 2. An anthology of twentieth century verse in English. First published in 1917, many acclaim it the best anthology of modern poetry in existence.

Barry Christopher. "Soloph and Aming; or, the black creek. Ev. 1938. ABC (a novelized form of a young hunter and his prey, who live in the Harz mountains in a ~~fantastic~~ fantasy ~~unfamiliar~~ unfamiliar world - modern yet feudal.

Henry. With fire and sword. To be embossed

Abraham Lincoln. 2v. 1952 713

— *Antennae* 11-segmented. *Wings* 1.5-1.8 mm. *Color* yellowish white. *Head* black. *Thorax* black. *Abdomen* black. *Legs* black. *Antennae* 11-segmented. *Wings* 1.5-1.8 mm. *Color* yellowish white. *Head* black. *Thorax* black. *Abdomen* black. *Legs* black.

Bevill, Israel. 4r, verso of a Matt. 4v. to be rebound.

James, Laura, and J. J. Cole. The story of milk. 1v. WWP

HISTO-CODES INDEX

42011, F.A.B., Countess. Father, 9V. 1931. Detroit, Ic, Sacramento. Also is grade V. 45 was his father, who was sixty-five, and in with his nineteen years old bride. Jennifer, his daughter, who was thirty-three decided that it was time for a little freedom from the exacting duties witherts required by her father. She starts on a business drive but is checked in her new career by her father who loses his young bride when she takes a hand in Jennifer's affairs.

— 1903. 7mo. 2v. IV-L. An elephant story.

1905. Book 1. 34. 1905 Latin text, edited by C. C. C. C.

¹ See John Clark, "The Best Bird stories I ever," N.Y. 1980. Introduction. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ COSTA
Birds - Legends and mysteries. Birds in literature.



Pulitzer Awards Announced. From The Publishers' Weekly.

Winners of the Pulitzer Prizes in Letters for 1932 were announced in May at the annual dinner of the Friends of the Princeton Library in the Hotel Plaza. Henry T. Fackenthal, Secretary of Columbia University, announced the awards to the 600 guests and to the many thousands who listened in on a nation-wide radio hookup.

The prize of \$1000 for the best novel published during the year by an American author was awarded to T.S. Stripling for "The Store" for reason of its sustained interest, and its convincing and comprehensive picture of life in an inland Southern community during the middle eighties of the last century.

The prize in Drama, \$1000, for the original American play, performed in New York, which shall best represent the value and power of the stage, went to Maxwell Anderson for "Both Your Houses," which was produced at the Royale Theater during the season 1932-33. In commenting on this award the committee stated that "the spirit of the play is idealistic, it breathes a fine indignation, but it is so conducted that legitimate entertainment values are not lost and the characters speak and act with convincing naturalness."

For the best volume of verse published during the year by an American author, the \$1000 Poetry prize was awarded to Archibald Macleish for "Conquistador".

Frederick J. Turner was awarded posthumously the \$2000 prize for the best book of the year on the history of the United States for his "The Significance of Sections in American History", a selection of studies chosen by certain of the friends of Professor Turner from among his works. These studies, the committee stated, "treat important aspects of the evolution of American civilization in a thorough and fresh way, are based upon a wide reading of sources, and are clear and careful in their point of view." Professor Turner died March 14, 1932.

"Grover Cleveland," by Allan Nevins, was chosen as the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example. Mr. Nevins received an award of \$1000. This biography was characterized as "a book of value, in the first place, because it supplies what has been needed, a dispassionate and comprehensive survey of the subject. It makes a substantial contribution to our political biography and should prove of service for a long time to the lay reader and the historian."



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Earlier in the month it was announced that among the journalism awards the correspondence prize amounting to \$500 had been given to Edgar Ansell Mowrer, Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, author of "Germany Puts the Clock Back."

William Lyon Phelps presided as toastmaster at the dinner at which a number of former winners of Pulitzer Prizes were speakers.

Editor's note: Grover Cleveland, by Nevins, 8v. is in grade 2; The Frontier in American History, by Frederick J. Turner, 3v. is in grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.

James Truslow Adams

James Truslow Adams, American historian, was born in Brooklyn, New York, October 18, 1878, spent much of his boyhood abroad, and was graduated in 1898, at the age of twenty, from the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute with the degree of A.B.

In 1900 Yale conferred upon him the degree of A.M., in 1923 the Rhode Island State College awarded him the degree of LL.D. and in 1924 Columbia University honored him with the degree of Litt.D. "The Epic of America," published in September 1931, won from Allan Nevins the commendation: "This is the best single volume of American history in existence."

Mr. Adams is probably the only native of Brooklyn who can prefix his name with a Spanish "Don." Tho he makes it clear in his foreword to "The Adams Family" that he is not related to the Massachusetts Adamases, James Truslow Adams is, nevertheless, of equally distinguished ancestry. On his mother's side of the family, he traces back to Alejandro de Ineypoy Rojas who was Spanish governor-general in America in 1558. His father's ancestors came from England to Virginia in 1659, and his great-great grandfather went fox-hunting with George Washington.

At eighteen Mr. Adams wrote the libretto for a fairy operetta, "The Culprit's Quest," which was given public performance in Brooklyn. He was, however, advised to become an electrical engineer. But books were his forte. At Yale he had considered becoming a professor of philosophy, but it early struck him that professorial returns often concerned the spirit more than the pocket-book, and that if he were ever to be free to write the histories in which he was so deeply interested, he must make himself financially independent. To this end ~~if~~ he went into the business of stock brokerage in Wall Street. In 1912 he retired from business to study history. During the war he served on Colonel House's Commission to prepare data for the Peace Conference, and was later detailed for special duty at Versailles. In 1927 he was married to Miss Kathryn M. Seely.

Mr. Adams' "The Founding of New England," won the \$2000 Pulitzer Prize in History for 1921, and opened the eyes of scholars and the public generally to the fact that a new, vigorous, and original-minded historian had appeared.

This scholar, who was referred to by President Hoover in his speech at Yonktown October

19, 1931 as a "gifted modern historian," admits with a twinkle in his eye that his tastes are extremely simple - he merely prefers the best of everything in literature, food and friends! The ultimate object of his writing is, he says: "To make people think, and to relieve a certain pressure on my own mind. The latter is probably the real truth, as I have no confidence in my ability to accomplish the first." Book reviews and sales figures, however, contradict this modest conclusion.

Mr. Adams, altho he spends much of the year in London, where he delights in the Old World spirit of ease and leisure, often contributes to the leading American magazines.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The epic of America. Sv. BIA

The founding of New England. Sv. Chicago.

The march of democracy. Sv. Grade 2 CPH

Walter Lippmann. An article in the March 1933 Braille

Book Review, from The Saturday Review of Literature.

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Honore Willsie Morrow

Mrs. Honoré Willsie Morrow comes on her mother's side from a family of old New Englanders. Her mother was Lilly Bryant, her father William Dunbar McCue, and in her baptismal name is retained the memory of a French ancestral strain - Honoré is a family surname. Her father was an Ohio man, the youngest of the nine children of a Methodist circuit preacher.

After taking her A.B. at the University of Wisconsin, she went to Arizona and there she wrote her first book, "The Heart of the Desert."

After two years in the west, Mrs. Morrow came to New York, where her short stories began to appear in various magazines. Theodore Dreiser offered her a job on the "Delineator," but she refused, and continued her free lance work, writing short stories and articles. She did a series of articles on the American Indian, another on the divorce problem, a series on Immigration and one on the Reclamation Service. Her research work on Reclamation was the starting point for "Still Jim."

In 1914, Honoré W. Morrow became editor-in-chief of the "Delineator." In spite of that full-time job, she produced in the next five years not only "Still Jim," but "Lydia of the Pines," "Benefits Forgot," "A True Story of Abraham Lincoln," and "The Forbidden Trail."

In 1918, Mrs. Morrow resigned from her editorship and since then she has devoted herself to creative writing. Every one of her novels has been based on some large issue. In "Lydia of the Pines" it was forest conservation; in "The Forbidden Trail," desert reclamation; in "The Enchanted Canyon," it harks back again to the Reclamation Service; in "Judith of the Godless Valley," it is the American need of the sturdy religious faith of our forefathers; in "The Exile of the Lariat," it is the problem of the relative importance of staple industries and scientific research. In "The Devonshers," a whole community is arraigned, thru an individual, for failure to live up to the ideals of its pioneer ancestors.

In 1925, with the publication of "We Must March," her historical flair became apparent. The diary of Narcissa Whitman was the basis of this narrative of the winning of Oregon. In 1926, for the first publishing list of her husband, William Morrow, Mrs. Morrow wrote "On to Oregon! The Story of a Pioneer Boy." This, the only book she has written especially for younger readers, was dedicated to her son, Richard.



The publication in 1925 of two short books, "Benefits Forgot" and "The Lost Speech of Abraham Lincoln" had suggested the character of Mrs. Morrow's industrious research and given promise of the Lincoln Trilogy to come: Forever Free, With Malice Toward None, and The Last Full Measure. "Forever Free" presents Lincoln's first years in the White House, from the beginning of the Civil War to the moment when the President fixes his signature to the Emancipation Proclamation. "With Malice Toward None" opens with the year 1863 and closes with the return of Abraham Lincoln to Washington from City Point after the fall of Richmond. With the publication of "The Last Full Measure," Mrs. Morrow brings the chronicle of Lincoln down to the moment of his assassination.

Mrs. Morrow's other publications are: The Splendor of God, 1929, a novel about Adoniram Judson, first Baptist Missionary to Burma in 1813; and three biographies: The Father of Little Women, 1927, a study of Bronson Alcott; Mary Todd Lincoln, 1928; and Tiger! Tiger! The Life Story of John B. Gough, 1930.

In the winter Mrs. Morrow lives in New York, and takes a keen interest in the education of her children. In the summer, in her Connecticut home, her favorite avocation is gardening. She has great vitality and is unusually tall, with blue eyes and masses of black hair.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

Benefits forgot. 1v. APH

The Devonshires. 9v. Detroit.

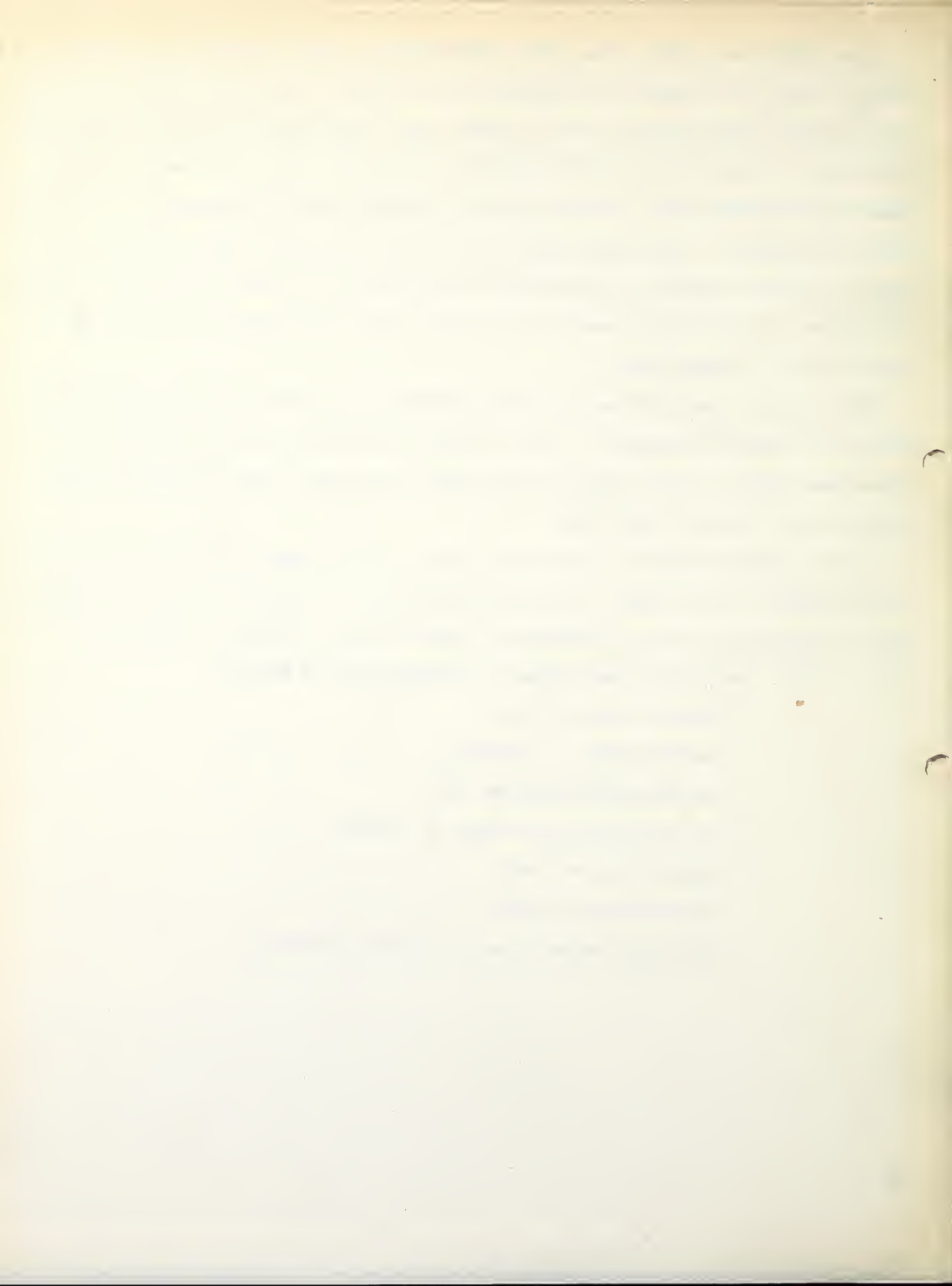
The enchanted canyon. 8v. APH

The father of Little Women. 5v. Perkins.

Forever free. 6v. APH

We must march. 7v. APH

With malice toward none. 8v. Cleveland, Chicago.



Selma Lagerlof

In the province of Varmland, Sweden, on November 20, 1858, Selma Lagerlof was born into a large family of brothers and sisters. She sprang from Swedish gentlefolk of the landowner class. Her father was a retired army officer and her mother was descended from a long line of distinguished clergymen. Their home was Warbacks Manor, in Sunne.

The child was never strong enough to run wild over the farm with the others, so she sat at home in a deep chimney corner reading or listening to "stories about all the great and wonderful things which had happened in the world." She was allowed to browse in the ample family library and both parents helped in her reading.

In "The Story of a Story" (in her collection of short stories, "The Girl from the Marsh Croft"), Selma Lagerlof tells about her own childhood, in the third person: "At the start it was not the girl's intention to write about the stories and legends surrounding her. When she tried to write, she chose material from her books. She went about at home on the quiet farm, filling every scrap of paper she could lay her hands on with verse and prose, with plays and romances." She was allowed to read Tegner, Runeberg, and Andersen thru twice each winter.

At the age of nine the girl spent the winter with her uncle in Stockholm, where the old housekeeper would often take her to the theatre. After she returned home, she played theatre with her brothers and sisters on school holidays. She relates, in the present tense: "We have no prompt book, only my memory to guide us. It is I who, with the help of quilts and blankets, make up the actors." The family was the audience. In their favorite piece she played the dual role of heroine and of an old man with long white hair, using her generous yellow curls for the effect.

"From that day," she continues, "I long to write great plays and not to sit on a school-bench and waste my time in composition and arithmetic. At fifteen I have read all the poets in the house and have written my first verse."

Miss Lagerlof went again to Stockholm at the age of twenty-two, and in 1882, after a year at Sjöberg's Lyceum for Girls, she entered the Royal Women's Superior Training College to prepare for teaching. She remained there three years. One day it suddenly dawned upon her



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that her own Varmland was rich in material for books and she determined to write a story of Varmland's Cavaliers.

Her studies completed, she went to Landskrona in the province of Skane to teach in the Grammar School for Girls. She wrote Sonnets for Swedish magazines and told endless folk tales to her pupils after school. One Christmas holiday, back in Varmland, she planned the first chapter of her story while riding in a sleigh thru a blinding snowstorm. She wrote it in verse, then did it in the repressed realistic prose style which was the fashion in Sweden. Later she discarded that style for her natural romantic manner, full of exclamations and interrogations.

In 1890 Miss Lagerlöf won a prize offered by the magazine "Idun" with the first five chapters of "Gosta Berling." The completed novel was published in 1894, when she was thirty-six. It is a wild, romantic book into which she gathered with youthful extravagance folk tales and legends of Varmland. Following the publication of her second book, "Invisible Links," King Oscar of Sweden and his son, Prince Eugen, extended financial aid to Miss Lagerlöf. She gave up teaching in 1895 and made a trip to Italy which resulted in "The Miracles of Anti-christ." A trip to the Orient brought forth "Jerusalem." At the request of the Swedish school authorities for a school teacher she produced two volumes of "The Adventures of Nils."

Miss Lagerlöf was created Doctor "honoris causa" at the Linnaeus Jubilee of the Upsala University in 1907. She received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1909, being the first woman to receive the award, and was made a member of the exclusive Swedish Academy in 1914.

A young woman journalist, Verma Swanston Howard, interviewed the inaccessible Miss Lagerlöf one day. They grew to be fast friends and with her English version of "Jerusalem," Mrs. Howard became Miss Lagerlöf's chief English translator. "Anna Svard" was her tenth translation.

Miss Lagerlöf spends her summers at Marbacka Manor, the place of her birth and the Liljecrona's Lovdalla of her stories. In winter she lives at Falun, Delarne, where "Jerusalem" was written. At Marbacka she cultivates 140 acres of land and looks after fifty-three tenants. She has modernized the old manor but it still retains its old dignity and simplicity. It is a friendly house with wide verandas, white colonial pillars, fine old trees, and rose gardens.





"Gulliver's Travels" is to be found in two editions, one for adult minds, the other for adventurous immaturity. The texts differ but little, if at all; differences are mainly differences in the reader. For one audience "Gulliver's Travels" is a story book like "Robinson Crusoe" and "Treasure Island." For the other audience it is a tremendous satire on human nature, a vast portrait of man, the nakedly simple narrative uttering profundities before which the sentimental quail and hypocrites wear an unhappy smile. The boy who follows the strange fortunes of Doctor Gulliver does not know that Swift is talking over his head to the parents who gave the boy the wonder book. All satire is dual in its nature. It speaks in parable, saying one thing and meaning a deeper parallelism. It is a preacher in cap and bells.

To the holiday mood of the world and the wholesomely childish popular mind Mark Twain's books, like "Gulliver's Travels" appeal instantly. For forty years he has been a favourite comedian, a beloved jester, picturesque, historic in all his public attitudes. His books have been sold by hundreds of thousands. Of "Joan of Arc," one of his least popular books ("I wrote it for love," he says, "and never expected it to sell"), sixteen thousand copies were sold in the years from 1904 to 1908. Mark Twain was the most successful man of letters of his time; in the duration and variety of his powers, in the number and enthusiasm of his audience he has no rival in English literature after Dickens.

To say in the face of that towering popularity that he is greater than his reputation may seem praise beyond reason, and it may be presumptuous to suggest that the millions who admire him do not all know how great a man they admire or what in him is most admirable. Nevertheless it is true that this incorrigible and prolific joker has kept the world chuckling so continuously that it has not sobered down to comprehend what a powerful, original thinker he is. If you mention his name, some one says, "Oh, yes! do you remember what he said when it was reported that he was dead?" You smile appreciatively and insist, "Yes, but have you read 'Joan of Arc'? Have you really read, since you grew up, the greatest piece of American fiction, 'Huckleberry Finn'?" The response is apt to be more willing than intelligent. Some men of letters, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, and some critics, such as Professor W.L. Phelps and Professor Brander Matthews, have measured his significance. Mr. Howells, after warning us not to forget the joker in the gravity of our admiration, said it all in a few words, "Clemens, the sole and incomparable, the Lincoln of our literature," and reserving highest praise for Mark Twain's equals who lived long ago, Swift, Moliere, Cervantes, Fielding.

Mark Twain began as a newspaper reporter, a "funny-column" man. He was a natural storyteller; his delightful, flexible voice was a melancholy vehicle for outrageous absurdities, and the mask of a grieved and puzzled countenance was a gift of the gods to a platform humorist. His natural talents of mind and manner made him successful on the Pacific Coast



before he thought of himself as a professional man of letters. As he grew older, he cultivated the gifts which he had discovered by accident, came in time to a perfect and conscious command of his art, and by much reading and writing and experience made himself a very great master of prose.

His first book of sketches, printed in 1867, is of no better quality than the work of hundreds of newspaper men who put a little fun into their day's scribbling and so get a little fun out of it. The sketches had given Clemens a local reputation before they were printed as a book, and prompted the proprietors of the Alta California to send him on the famous voyage of the steamer Quaker City. The report of that voyage is "Innocents Abroad," a first-rate book of travel, which revealed at once an accomplished writer of sincere, vigorous English.

In "Innocents Abroad," the self-deceptions and pious buncombe of the pilgrims, the mendacious guides, the "tall" traditional stories told for money to tourists by vergers and ciceroni (stories beside which "American exaggeration" is shrinking understatement) - all these impositions move the recording Innocent to cut capers, to play the vacant idiot, and then to pour out one of his level streams of deadly accurate and demolishing irony. It is a pleasure to read him in his abusive moods, and it was a greater pleasure to hear him in one of his coolly passionate tirades, speaking sentences amazingly finished and constructed as if a prose style were as natural to him as breathing, in a voice, even, deliberate, modulated and sweet with rage.

Mark Twain shows in this book, as in much of his writing, the deep enthusiasm for natural beauty which is impossible to people who can harbour dishonest admirations. The description of Vesuvius is powerful, graphic, as fresh as if no other man had seen and described it.

Clemens's next book, "Roughing It," is "merely a personal narrative" describing "the rise, growth and culmination of the silver mining fever in Nevada." It appeared at the time when Bret Harte was capturing the fancy of unsophisticated readers with his delightful, disingenuous tales of the Wild West. "O. Henry," in some respects a better story-teller than Bret Harte, has said that the editors of New York magazines (and their Eastern readers) are so naively ignorant that in a cowboy yarn the author can stab a man with a lariat and they will not know the difference. To this romantic ignorance Bret Harte appealed with pictures of pathetic California and portraits of miners such as never dug in the real earth. His tales are skilfully written, humorous, quasi-pathetic and engagingly readable, but they are made "for export" to people who do not know the flavour of better native wines.

The first strong voice of realism in the western part of America is Mark Twain, and "Roughing It" is its first expression. It is an important social study, reconstructing in its own unmethodical fashion a phase of American history, a section of the national life. Under the touch of a great instinctive humourist, whose vision is sharp and undeluded, whose lively caricature plays over a cold sense of fact, the silver boom-town, its comedy and tragedy, takes permanent and accurate shape for the benefit of an inquisitive posterity that will wish to study our social history.

In "The Gilded Age" Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner worked together two claims, only one of which shows real metal. The story is of two sets of characters brought together in a forced and unconvincing unity. The young people from the east with their commonplace love affairs figure in one plot, which crosses the fortunes and misfortunes of Colonel Sellers and his family. Everything in the book except Colonel Sellers may be sacrificed without great loss to literature.

The delight with which the public received Colonel Sellers encouraged Clemens to try another work of fiction. He wrote one of the best boys' books, "Tom Sawyer." The adventure in the cave and the finding of gold are the good old-fashioned stuff of dime novels. Mark Twain, like that other wise man with the heart of a boy, Stevenson, has taken the traditional boy romance and made it literature. Except for its one affluent adventure in treasure-trove, the book is all actual boy life, a masterly biography of the universal youngster. The adult novel in America is not yet adult, but four men of letters, Aldrich, Warner, Mr. Howells and Mark Twain, have limned us immortally as we all were in the golden age. It may be that "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," Howells's "Flight of Pony Baker," and Warner's "Being a Boy" are the reaction of humour and naturalism against the era of St. Rollo.

Like all true books about boys, "Tom Sawyer" gives glimpses of the social conditions and habits of the older generation. There are wider glimpses in "Huckleberry Finn." Indeed this is more than a boy's book or a book about boys. It is a study of many kinds of society seen through eyes at once innocent and prematurely sage. Those who are fond of classifying books may see in "Huckleberry Finn" a new specimen of the picaresque novel of adventure; some classifiers, going back further for analogies, have called it the "Odyssey of the Mississippi," which is strikingly inept. It is a piece of modern realism, original, deep and broad, and it is in American literature deplorably solitary. It is one of the unaccountable triumphs of creative power that seem to happen now and again, as "Robinson Crusoe" happened, and the surrounding intellectual territory has not its comrade.

Huck's dialect is a marvel of artistry. As Clemens says in a significant preface, the shadings in the dialects reported by Huck "have not been done in a haphazard fashion, or by guesswork; but painstakingly, and with the trustworthy guidance and support of personal



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familiarity with these several forms of speech." To maintain Huck's idiom and through it to describe a storm on the Mississippi with intense vividness; through the same dialect to narrate the tragic feud between the Grangerfords and the Shepherds; to hint profound social facts through the mouth of a boy and not violate his point of view - this is the work of a very great imagination.

"The Prince and the Pauper," which like "Huckleberry Finn," is read with delight by children, is a parable in democracy. Lazarus and Dives, in the figures of two pretty boys, change places, and for once the mighty learn by experience how the other half lives. The same idea is dramatized in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," where the king, incognito, goes out among the people.

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" has obvious kinship to "Don Quixote." Both books satirize the ideals of a spurious chivalry. Don Quixote, an idealist, tilts with facts and is beaten, until finally his mind is "freed from the dark clouds of ignorance with which the continual reading of those detestable books of chivalry had obscured it." The Yankee, the incarnation of facts, tilts with childish idealism and religious credulity and is beaten!

It may be that Cervantes ought to have laughed "Amadis de Gaul and all his generation" off the stage. Then we should have been spared those poor modern imitations of a genuine old literature, those legends of paper kings and tinsel knights which Tennyson and other men of our world, having no real feeling for them, except in a half-hearted anachronistic way, could not make convincing. That Tennyson should have devoted a lifetime to a masterpiece of such flimsy stuff as the "Idylls of the King", which are not of the spirit of the age and therefore not vital, and that people should take seriously as a kingly ideal his insufferable prig of a hero, show that unfortunately Cervantes did not succeed in clarifying the English mind, whatever medicinal effect he may have had on the Spanish. Wagner used legends akin to the Arthurian for operatic purposes, and in his Ring he turned the stories into parables on modern society. One English poet, Swinburne, tried to make the Arthurian story truly tragic by adding to it, or imputing to it, a Greek fate-motive of which the old legends are quite innocent. In the hands of most other modern poets the ideals of chivalry, not being native and intensely felt, but merely admired through a misty literary haze, are both confused and feeble.

"A Connecticut Yankee" is a humourist's jest at the falsification of history and at idiotic moonshine held up to admiration as serious story and clothed in the grave beauty of poetry. Not that Mark Twain was a conscious critic of nineteenth-century imitation romance, but like all realists he was filled with the spirit of his time, and quite without intention of making romantic poets and other sentimentalists uncomfortable, he sent the world of terrific and really interesting facts crashing into the stage world of false moonlight and tin armour. The knights.



of legend, as their modern poetic champions portray them, are garrulous boobies and bullies.

Their chivalric attitude toward women is a fraud that disgusts a truly chivalrous man. The sentimentalist who admires Arthur as "perfectly lovely" and who thinks it philistine to laugh at him, will never understand, of course, that Tennyson's Idyls are commonplace and the laureate himself a tedious philistine; nor will they ever understand the great realists, Moliere, Fielding, Cervantes, Mark Twain. True chivalry is possible only in those who detest false chivalry. Mark Twain was a supremely chivalrous man, a man of exquisite courtesy and of beautiful loyalty to all ancient and contemporary idealisms. I have read somewhere the opinion that he was vulgar, but the unique cannot be vulgar; moreover, as Pudd'nhead Wilson, says, "There are no people who are quite so vulgar as the over-refined." Clemens has also been called irreverent. He was disrespectful of all superstitions, including his own. Says Pudd'nhead Wilson, "Let me have the superstitions of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws or its songs either."

Mark Twain was a globe-trotter; he knew all grades and conditions of man, and he was a reader of history and biography; he was early cured of the grossest of superstitions, abject patriotism, with which all peoples are drenched and with which Americans, especially, seem to be afflicted.

"You see my kind of loyalty," says the Yankee, "was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over, and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease, and death. To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags, to die for rags - that is a loyalty for unreason, it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it. I was from Connecticut, whose Constitution declares 'that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such a manner as they may think expedient.'

"Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is dis-



~~published anonymously, many wise critics failed to guess the authorship.~~

In the work of no modern prose writer is there wider range than in the work of Mark Twain - from "Huckleberry Finn" to "Joan of Arc." He had wonderful breadth of knowledge and interest; whatever he encountered he pondered. And he seems to have turned almost every experience into a written page. When, at the end of his life, he came to write what was to be "the best and truest autobiography ever written," he confessed in whimsical desperation that he could not tell the truth and never had told the truth, that as Pudd'nhead Wilson says, the very ink with which history is written is rejudice. He must also have found that he had already written in his other books as much of his autobiography as it was possible for him to write. His books are a record of his career from his memories of boyhood to his last travels round the world.

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loyal; he is a traitor. That he may be the only one who thinks he sees this decay, does not excuse him; it is his duty to agitate anyway, and it is the duty of the others to vote him down if they do not see the matter as he does."

That is the Mark Twain who "jokingly" said that the only distinct native criminal class in America is congressmen, the Mark Twain who despairingly predicted that America, having proved that it was not capable of being truly democratic, would probably set up a monarchy in the course of another century, and who uttered as blasting an arraignment of American plutocracy as ever fell from a man's lips. Americans, complaisant and sentimental, do not yet know the power of Mark Twain's Swiftian attacks on our flimsy-minded patriotism and religiosity. After his death he was slandered by nice critics who purvey optimism and water to the multitude; they spoke of his "kindly wit and humour which never hurt any one." From such libel may he be defended! Some missionaries, politicians, soldiers, and priests of several churches from Rome to Huntington Avenue, Boston, will, if they have read his works, tell a different story.

Only a man whose heart is purged of counterfeit idealism can be the lofty idealist that Mark Twain was. He worshipped truth and worthy individuals dead and living. His "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" is a tribute to a heroine whose nobility is authentic, whose good head and good heart are proved by documents. It is an eloquent book, instinct with such reverence and passion for beauty as are possible in a soul that is not moved by hazy pieties or tricked by too easy credulity. The tone of the book is sustainedly perfect, the style excellently managed by the same imagination that holds unbrokenly true the character and diction of Huckleberry Finn. After he acknowledged the book everybody saw that he must have written it, and pointed to the obvious Mark-Twainisms, but when the story was first published anonymously, many wise critics failed to guess the authorship. ~~In one character~~ Mark Twain is enjoying himself in his everyday manner - in the Paladin, the comic foil, the picturesque liar whom Mark Twain likes to introduce into all human company. The episode in the Fifteenth Chapter of the Second Book, laughter in the lap of tragedy, is one of those wrenching contrasts of human feelings such as only the Shakespeares can draw unfalteringly.

In the work of no modern prose writer is there wider range than in the work of Mark Twain - from "Huckleberry Finn" to "Joan of Arc." He had wonderful breadth of knowledge

Clemens was a shrewd critic of books because he was a shrewd critic of men. He was not hypnotized by what other people thought of the good and the great; he thought for himself. The essays on Cooper and Shelley and Mr. Howells are better than most of the work of professional critics. Some of his casual remarks about books and authors are memorable. He disliked "The Vicar of Wakefield," because the misadventure of Moses at the fair is represented as funny, whereas it is a pathetic and touching thing when a boy is deceived. Clemens had no admiration for Jane Austen and used to argue with Mr. Howells, who adores her. Most people will agree with Mr. Howells, but nobody can forget, once he has heard it, Mark Twain's way of putting his disapproval: "A very good library can be started by leaving Jane Austen out."

and interest; whatever he encountered he pondered. And he seems to have turned almost every experience into a written page. When, at the end of his life, he came to write what was to be "the best and truest autobiography ever written," he confessed in whimsical desperation that he could not tell the truth and never had told the truth, that as Pudd'nhead Wilson says, the very ink with which history is written is prejudice. He must also have found that he had already written in his other books as much of his autobiography as it was possible for him to write. His books are a record of his career from his memories of boyhood to his last travels round the world.

He wrote three more books of the desultory type of "Innocents Abroad," and "Roughint It"-namely, "A Tramp Abroad," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Following the Equator." His sketches of travel are first-rate examples of that informal sort of tourists' essay to which in their way belong Thackeray's "Cornhill to Cairo" and Kingslake's "Eothen." Of travel books there are many; of vital ones there are all too few. Those few are made by great original talkers who find something more or less apropos to say in any scene they chance to visit. "Life on the Mississippi" is the record in "the King's English" of the country and types of life made even more surely immortal in the dialect of "Huckleberry Finn." "Pudd'nhead Wilson," a fantastic tale, is laid on the lower Mississippi before the war. Like Mark Twain's other attempts to write a novel in conventional form, "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is not well-constructed; it succeeds by virtue of one comic character, whose "calendar" became the vehicle of Mark Twain's epigrams. As he confesses in the introduction to "Those Extraordinary Twins," he is not a born novelist; his account of his difficulty in managing a story will make any one chuckle who has ever tried to write fiction.

"The book was finished, she (Rowena) was side-tracked, and there was no possibility of crowding her in, anywhere. I could not leave her there, of course; it would not do. After spreading her out so, and making such a to-do over her affairs, it would be absolutely ~~un~~ necessary to account to the reader for her. I thought and thought and studied and studied; but I arrived at nothing. I finally saw plainly that there was really no way but one - I must simply give her the grand bounce. It grieved me to do it, for after associating with her so much I had come to kind of like her after a fashion, notwithstanding she was such an ass and said such stupid, irritating things, and was so nauseatingly sentimental. Still it had to be done. So, at the top of Chapter XVII, I put a 'Calendar' remark concerning July



the Fourth, and began the chapter with this statistic: "'Rowena went out in the back yard after supper to see the fireworks and fell down the well and got drowned.'

"It seemed abrupt, but I thought maybe the reader wouldn't notice it, because I changed the subject right away to something else. Anyway it loosened Rowena up from where she was stuck and got her out of the way and that was the main thing.

Among Clemens's miscellanies are several little masterpieces, "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Eve's Diary," and "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven." "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" condenses human avarice and human mendacity into a fable that says, "There you are numbered," and leaves you laughing and morally naked. Hadleyburg is a town lying on the east bank of the Mississippi River; it extends eastward to the west bank of the river.

"Eve's Diary" is a beautiful piece of poetic prose. It is a joke, of course; the absent-minded brontosaurus is there to prove it, and the respectable American librarians and library trustees, who (owing to their lack of historical knowledge) objected to Eve's costume and ruled the book off the shelves, made the joke a perfect torture of hilarity. Nevertheless it is poetry. Eve's effort to gather the stars in a basket in such a conception as only genius is blessed with. The comedy of the sketch appeals immediately to that national calamity, American humour, which never was on earth until after the voyages of Columbus. Many Americans no doubt curl up in convulsed delight at the excruciating fun of the passage which closes the book; but a civilized man will appreciate its tender beauty.

"Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" completes the work which satire, science, and intellectual honesty have been engaged in for over a century - it makes ultimate nonsense of the sentimentalist's Heaven.

Mark Twain's mind was of universal proportions; he meditated on all the deep problems, and somewhere in his work he touches upon most of the vital things that men commonly think about and wonder about. As he once quaintly said: "I am the only man living who understands human nature; God has put me in charge of this branch office; when I retire, there will be no one to take my place, I shall keep on doing my duty, for when I get over on the other side, I shall use my influence to have the human race drowned again, and this time drowned good, no omissions, no Ark." His was the veracity of an accurately controlled

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extravagance. A destroyer of false idols, he was an idolator of beauty, especially of beautiful women. He was a man of exquisite dignity, very sensitive and fine, and yet capable at seventy of fooling like a boy.

The final philosophy of this lover of boys and men and women and cats is, as he says, "a desolating doctrine." That is, it is desolating to timidity, but very brave for those who can square their shoulders and look things straight in the eye. It teaches that we have an interior Master whom our conduct must satisfy and whom nothing but good conduct will leave in peace. It eliminates all extraneous bribes to be good. It is like the religion which is preached in a work by another austere moralist - in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet." And it bears some resemblance to the humane scepticism of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Without studying or caring at all for official philosophy (and all the wiser for the omission), Mark Twain came to a position of ethical and materialistic determinism which is rife in the thought of our time and is in one aspect as old as the Greek who said: "Character is fate." For his philosophy most readers quite properly care nothing. They care for his portrait of Mankind. And that is the greatest canvas that any American has painted.

Biographical Note

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. He died in Redding, Connecticut April 21, 1910. He never went to school after his father died, in 1847. When he was eighteen years old he wandered east for a year, supporting himself by setting type. In 1857 he became a pilot on the Mississippi. The war put an end to that occupation. His brother was appointed by Lincoln first secretary of the new Territory of Nevada, and Clemens accompanied him as private secretary without pay. He hunted for fortune in the mines, as he narrates in "Roughing It," and found fortune in his pen in the offices of local newspapers. A quarrel with a rival editor resulted in a duel (nobody hurt), and Clemens was obliged to leave the state. He went to San Francisco and worked on the newspaper there. For one of them he made the voyage to Honolulu described in "Roughing It." In 1867 he was sent by the Alta California as correspondent on the voyage of the Quaker City; the result was "Innocents Abroad", of which a hundred thousand copies were sold the

first year. For the next four years he lectured successfully. In 1870 he married Olivia Langdon. He bought an interest in the "Express" of Buffalo, New York, where he stayed a year. ~~xxx~~ Then he moved to Hartford. In 1873 he travelled abroad and lectured in London. A later journey in 1878 bore fruit in "A Tramp Abroad." In 1885 he put his fortune and brains into the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Company. He was the publisher - indeed, the instigator and editor - of Grant's "Memoirs," which was ~~xxx~~ hugely successful. But the business failed and Clemens assumed the debts of the firm, which he paid off by a lecturing tour in 1895-196. He spent the next few years in Europe. After his return to this country he lived in New York and later at "Stormfield" in Redding, Connecticut.

Mark Twain's biography in three volumes is by his appointed Boswell, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine; Mark Twain's "Autobiography" is to be published complete, it is understood, twenty-five years after his death; parts of it have appeared in the North American Review. Mr. Howell's "My Mark Twain" is a beautiful book. An admirable appreciation is Professor Brander Matthews's introduction to the complete edition of Mark Twain's Works. Another first-rate essay is that by Professor William Lyon Phelps in "Essays on Modern Novelists."

Editor's note: Among the books by and about this author the following are in braille:

Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's court. 4v. APH
Extract's from Adam's diary. 1v. NIB
Extract's from Capt. Stormfield's visit to heaven. 1v. NYPL
Following the Equator; a journey around the world. 13v. NYPL
Huckleberry Finn. 5v. APH
Joan of Arc. 4v. CPH
Jumping frog. Bound with quality by Galsworthy. APH
Life on the Mississippi. 4v. BIA
Mysterious stranger. 3v. APC
The \$1,000,000 bank-note and The Esquimaux maiden's romance. 1v. APH
Some short stories. 2v. N B
Tom Sawyer. 4v. APH
The prince and the pauper. 3v. APH
The \$30,000 bequest; and The danger of lying in bed. 1v. APH
Mark Twain. In volume one of American portraits, by Bradford. NYPL
Mark Twain. In volume four of American Writers on American literature. Grade 2. APH
Paine, A.B. Boys' life of Mark Twain. 7v. NYPL, Philadelphia.
-----A short life of Mark Twain. 7v. LC, Perkins.



In this distracted England, what place was there for authorship? That was a hard question, but one which in due time Samuel Johnson was called upon to solve. It was in truth the very hardest age for authors that England had ever known. Shakespeare had had his Lord Southampton on whom to rely, and many a lesser man than he had had some patron, gracious or supercilious as the case might be, but who at least had stood between the poor author and want, and had thus made the profession of literature possible. But if the age of the patron had not altogether gone, it was fast going, and the age of the public had not come. The author has like some shivering minstrel who had been thrust out from the comfortable light and warmth of a tavern, where he had at least been permitted to sing unmolested, if unhonoured, and there was nothing before him but the bleak winds and the homeless waste. Where was he to go? Who wanted him? He had no recognized place in the world: he was a dubious creature, for whom no chair was set at the board of life. His work was self-imposed and questionable, understood by few and valued by yet fewer. Had he been a bricklayer or a hostler, the world would at least have credited him with a definite vocation; but authorship was a term of reproach, and the author was only a shade more reputable than the highwayman. Horace Walpole, although he dabbled in literature, hated authors: Burke's political career was actually hindered in its early stages by the fact that he had written a book. It must ever be a matter for amazement that in such an age any man of spirit could have seriously thought of literature as a profession, and nothing but a miraculous endowment of that ethereal fire which men call hope could have sustained any man in such a purpose. Men turned authors only because every other livelihood had failed them: they were unwilling martyrs goaded on to an unheroic Calvary. He who turned his face towards the Calvary of literature by force of an inward and not an outward compulsion, could only do so because he was animated by some vision of a divine joy that was set before him, some supremely noble purpose that at once inspired and gladdened him, and was its own exceeding great reward. Had a new Fox flourished in the eighteenth century, and set about writing a new Book of Martyrs, it is probable that he would have gone to Grub Street instead of Smithfield for his chronicles, and have found his heroes in literature, not in religion.



The more thoroughly the eighteenth century is studied, the truer will these observations appear. The life of eighteenth-century authors is one prolonged Iliad of misfortune, misery, and shattered hope. Fielding died a broken man, in the very prime of life; Smollett had to toil like a galley-slave for subsistence; Richardson only succeeded in securing modest comfort for himself because he could print and sell books as well as write them. Burke said bitterly enough that figures of arithmetic were better worth his while than figures of rhetoric; Goldsmith was for years the literal slave of the booksellers; Chatterton perished unhelped; Johnson had to solve the problem of how to live in a London garret on eighteenpence a day. The day was past when the wit of Prior was rewarded with an embassy, and the graceful humour of Addison was a passport to a Secretaryship. Money might indeed be earned still, and in profusion, by a certain species of political authorship, but it was not money which any honourable man would care to touch. Walpole spent in ten years fifty thousand pounds among the writers of ephemeral articles and pamphlets, but not a single penny on any man whose name is remembered in literature to-day, except the pension he bestowed on Young. A few of the names of these truculent scribblers are still preserved in Pope's Dunciad: notably Arnall, who received in four years nearly eleven thousand pounds, and whose character may be measured by Pope's stinging line,

Spirit of Arnall! aid me whilst I lie.

Pope had indeed made a fortune by literature, but Pope was the first poet of his day, and was one of the shrewdest men of business who ever lived. But even Pope had no pride in his authorship, and claimed no dignity for the profession man of letters. It was the smart of ~~pride~~ personal vanity, writhing under the reproach of authorship, which made him so meanly anxious to dissociate himself from his poorer confederates in literature, and dictated the "Dunciad." Pope's great satire on Grub Street produces to-day an effect the very opposite of that which he intended: it reveals the malevolence of the poet, and holds up Grub Street not to eternal scorn, but to commiseration and sympathy. A large-hearted man would have been softened by his very success into some compassion for the poor ragged drudges whose service of literature, such as it was, brought them no better reward than the garret and the sponging-house, or at least he would have refrained from insulting their misfortunes. But Pope was not a large-hearted man, and was too much under the traditions of literature by



patronage to perceive that in Grub Street the foundations were being laid of a republic of letters, in which the patron would be abolished and supplanted by the public.

This, then, was the state of things when Samuel Johnson, a lean, purblind, friar-like scholar, made his appearance in London, humbly seeking from Mr. Edward Cave, of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, literary employment on the "Gentleman's Magazine." There was little enough to recommend him, and he had little to hope for. He was literally what Boswell's father, years later, contemptuously said he was, "dominie who kept a school and called it an academy." He was also a schoolmaster who had failed. Strange and rough in manner, odd almost to grotesqueness in appearance, liable to fits of self-absorption, quick in temper, keen and biting in speech, it is little wonder that his school had not prospered, and that after teaching Church history for many months to his pupils, one of these misguided students was under the impression that the monasteries were destroyed by Jesus Christ. Like Goldsmith, he was driven into literature by his necessities, and would gladly enough have escaped had he been able. One would like to know what were Johnson's first impressions of that strange, half-heroic, half-blackguardly, tatterdemalion world of letters into which he found himself introduced. The great light of the "Gentleman's Magazine" was a certain Moses Brown, and him he saw in an alehouse at Clerkenwell, wrapped in a horseman's coat, with "a great bushy, uncombed wig," much obscured in tobacco smoke; not an edifying vision, but one to be treated with due respect. Before long he was to find men of letters in far worse quarters than an alehouse: Derrick sleeping in a barrel, Savage finding his lodgings in the streets; Boyse in bed clothed with a blanket, through which holes had been cut that his arms might be thrust, in which pleasant position Mr. Boyse was accustomed to continue his literary labours with a somewhat imperfect success.

It was the custom of Boyse, as soon as he earned any money, to spend it on wine and truffles after which he returned to his blanket and dry crusts, with a refreshing sense ~~xxxxxx~~ that life might after all be worth living. Frangery naturally bred recklessness; and the darkness and sordid shifts of daily humiliation were occasionally illuminated by flashes of wild gaiety such as this. And it was with the Boyses and Derricks that Johnson must needs begin his literary life. His companions were men who only occasionally knew the satisfaction of a full meal, and whose life alternated between gluttony and starvation. If Johnson had ever enter-



tained any romantic notions of the glory of a literary life, a month of Grub Street was amply sufficient to undeceive him. But Johnson from the first had a perfectly clear vision of the life on which he was embarking. Romantic ideas of the pride of authorship did not trouble him; he said with blunt common-sense that "no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." The problem was how to get money by means that did not involve a sacrifice of honour, how to maintain his independence against the seduction of the patron on one hand, and the bullying extortion of the bookseller on the other. That was the real task which Johnson set himself to accomplish: to make the world understand that the work of a man's brains was as worthy of remuneration as the work of his hands, and that among many professions literature is not the least honourable, nor the least productive of good to a nation.

Perhaps Johnson did not perceive the aim of his work as definitely as we do: it is not the soldier fighting in the thick of the battle smoke who knows best how the fight is going. It is pretty certain that Johnson had no objection to patronage in itself. Why, indeed, should he? That the men to whom fortune has accorded opulence should recognize that wealth has duties as well as privileges, and that among the very highest services which wealth can perform for a country is that of fostering and developing genius, is in itself an altogether right and noble thing. The connection between a Southampton and a Shakespeare is honourable to both, and most honourable to the patron. The doctrine that literary men should shift for themselves, and that in the rough-and-tumble race of life they have as good a chance as anybody else, is very well for facile writers, gifted with commercial shrewdness; but in its application to the finer spirits of humanity, it comes perilously near Horace Walpole's cynical saying that poets are like singing-birds, who sing best if we starve them. Would it not have been a good thing for Goldsmith if a patron had secured him ease of mind, by freeing him from those sordid cares which wore his life out at six-and-forty? Have there not been delicate spirits in every age, whose genius has never reached its blossoming time, for want of some kindly shelter from the icy winds of penury? The false pride which prevents a man from accepting kindness, is little better than the callous heartlessness which prevents a man from bestowing it. It was the false pride of Chatterton that made him refuse a proffered meal when he was starving, and drove him into suicide; but a Johnson and a Carlyle knew how to receive graciously as well as give generously, and the former is more difficult than the latter. No, it was not the pride of



stubborn independence altogether which made Johnson repudiate the patron. He dimly felt the drift of his times, and perceived that the day of the patron was over. Literature had outgrown the patron, and wanted a larger air, a freer environment. That same democratic force which at this very time was startling Chatham by the return of timber merchants to Parliament, and which was breathing its fiery summons through the lips of Wilkes, was also preparing a new era for literature. Henceforth books were not to be the solace of the rich, but the inheritance of the common people, and in the common people authors were to find a far more munificent public than in the select circles of the titled and the wealthy. The day was nearly over when Cowper dared not speak of Bunyan, lest so despised a name ~~xxxxxx~~ should earn a sneer. The reign of the common people was commencing, and the barriers which had hitherto divided authors from the public were about to be broken down. Johnson was the last great Englishman who endured the contempt which had been associated with authorship; and it was the advent of the democracy which freed authorship from reproach, and threw open to it the gates of a world-wide liberty.

The significance of Samuel Johnson in literature lies for us, then, in this one fact, that it was he who proclaimed the Republic of Letters, and in him a literary revolution centred. Two periods met in him: he was the last man of the one and the first of the other; the last great English author who wrote dedications to wealthy patrons, and the first to cast himself boldly on public appreciation for support. Now Johnson, Tory as he was, at last was led into active rebellion, and proclaimed in ~~stentorian~~ stentorian tones, which still vibrate on the ears of men, this new Republic of Letters, we all know. When he wrote his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, saying, "Seven years have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door," and went on to describe a patron as one who "looks with unconcern on a man struggling in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help," Johnson rang the death-knell of patronage. It was a noble letter, worthy of the man and the occasion, breathing the spirit of proud independence, and touched also with a sort of rugged pathos, especially in those concluding epigrammatic sentences: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and can not enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not



to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself." That letter marks an epoch in English literature. It is the vigorous birth-cry of a new power: the Magna Charta, if you will, of authorship: its Declaration of Independence, which, like another similar document of modern times, seems to state in no doubtful tones, not that American slaves, but that English writers are then, henceforward, and forever free. It was in vain that Johnson signed that letter, "Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, Sam. Johnson": henceforth he was no man's servant, and not obedient; he had elected to stand or fall by his own genius, and had inaugurated a revolt not less important to the world, perhaps, than John Wilkes' riots, or even French Revolutions.

Perhaps, in a minor degree, that was not a less significant service to literature which Johnson performed when he knocked down Thomas Osborne, the book-seller, with one of his own folios, for daring to bully him for negligence in some miserable hack-work he had undertaken for him. That a poor author should knock down a bookseller was certainly as startling to shabby, dim-eyed, drudging Grub Street, as that he should insult an earl. It was much like a schoolboy who had been sent up to be thrashed, turning round upon the master and thrashing him instead; and was received with the same species of jubilation. The folio with which this prodigious act was performed is still in existence, and should certainly be ~~xxx~~ preserved as literally one of the most famous instruments by which liberty has been achieved. For when the worst has been said about patrons, there is still worse that might be written about publishers. If it were a hard thing to eat the bread of charity at a patron's table, it was incontestably harder to earn one's bread amid the rapacious tradesmen of Paternoster Row. There were publishers who were honourable, and even generous, as Johnson testified; but there were others of the Griffith species, who bought men like Goldsmith at so much a week, and grew rich and even kept two carriages, as is reported of Griffith, by the lucrative process of sweating poor authors. Not less ignorant than rapacious, such men knew just enough of books to perceive that they might be produced for little and sold at a good profit, and their ^{function} ~~function~~ was to pick the brains of authors and then kick their skulls down Paternoster Row. Their contempt for literature went far to make literature itself contemptible, and the famished Grub Street

drudge might well look back to the days of patronage as to a shining Paradise, the feel
that the most scornful charity of the patron was better than the dull avarice of the back
bookseller. This insolence of the man to whom literature was known only as a commercial ~~com~~
commodity, Johnson had also to fight, which he literally did when he knocked down Osborne.
~~His~~ His task was a hard one: it was to convince a reluctant world that the man who wrote books
deserved well of mankind, that he would no longer be content to work for nothing, that he
was about to emerge from his sordid Inferno and Valley of Humiliation, and become a power
to be reckoned with, and that henceforth he would vigorously refuse to bare his back to the

Whips and scornes of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes.

Alone, unaided, asking neither charity nor pity, Johnson set himself to his appointed task,
and opposed to the shocks of time and fate a stubborn, unvanquishable patience, altogether
noble, memorable, and heroic. If to-day the man of letters is honoured and even opulent,
if it be his great vocation to mould the minds of myriads through the press, and to preach
in a secular temple as wide as the horizons, it was old Samuel Johnson who won for him this
liberty, and by his poverty and sorrow made many rich.



Libraries for the Blind in 1932

The statistical report of the American Library Association's Committee on Work With the Blind for 1932 appears in the June number of the Outlook for the Blind. The figures from twenty-five libraries are included in this report and cover the circulation for the year, the books in stock, and the territory ordinarily served by each. The total circulation for the year was 451,661. From the figures given in this report the number of ^{using the libraries} readers ^{total} 17,537 but as no attempt has been made to delete the names of those who use several libraries, the figure does not mean a great deal. In any attempt to estimate the number of readers in the United States and Canada it must be remembered that quite a number of readers are content with magazine reading and are not enrolled in any library. Also the figures from several of the smaller libraries have not been included in this Committee's report.

The figure 17,537 represents the number of readers ^{actually} who used the libraries during 1932



Braille Book Review

2nd year Contents for August-September Number 19

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Book Announcements, August - September 1933

A book is an offer of friendship from him who writes to him who reads.-Meiklejohn.

Boy Scout Handbook: In co-operation with the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America, the American Printing House for the Blind is undertaking to publish the Boy Scout Handbook in braille. The Handbook is being specially edited for the use of blind Scouts, and is expected to satisfy a long-felt need for a more complete manual. The first edition will be printed early in August. Since this book will be used largely by boys of high school age, it has been decided to print it in standard English braille grade 2.

Buswell, G.T. and W.H.Wheeler. The silent reading hour: third reader. 2v. IMF

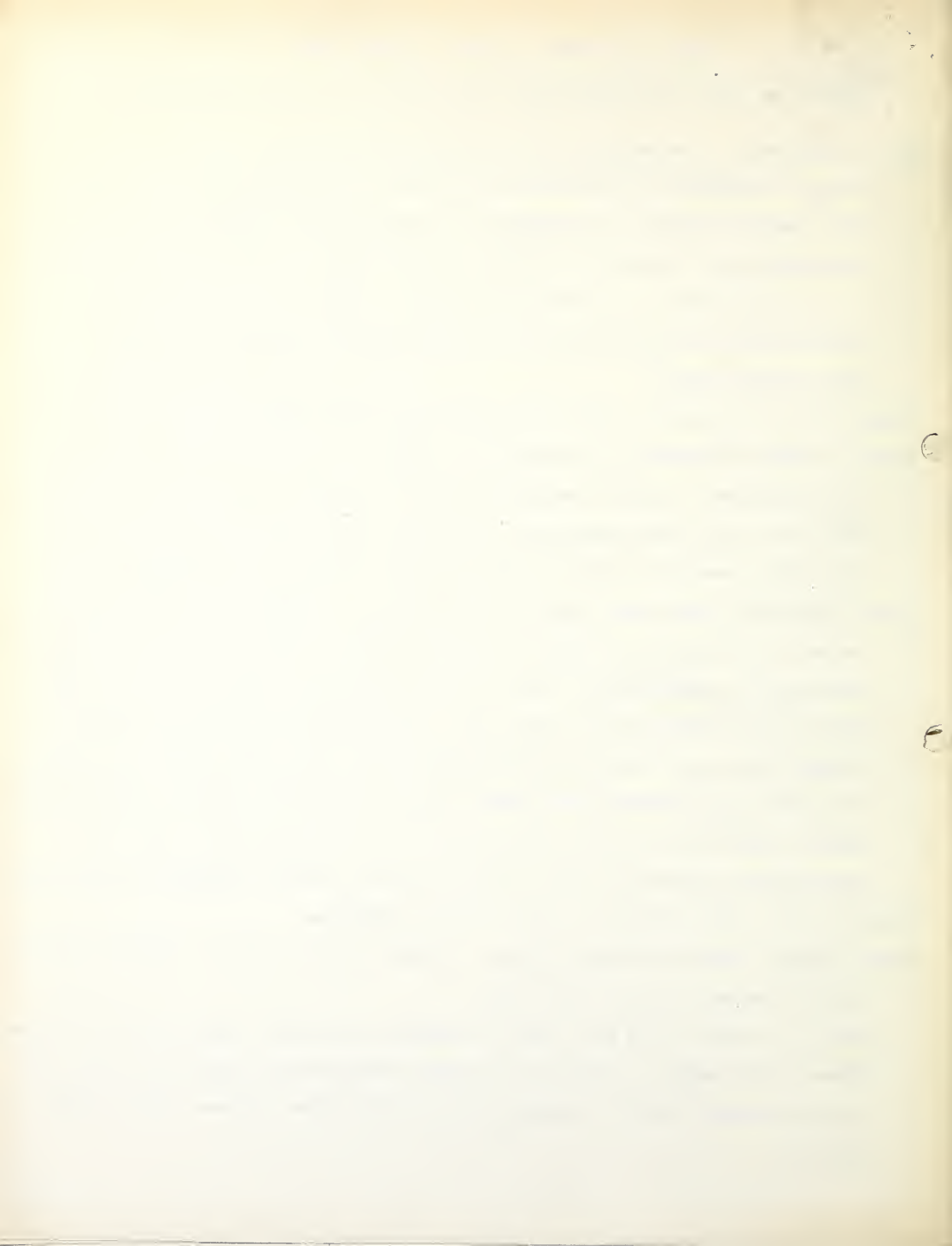
Canfield, Dorothy. Rough hewn. 5v. 1922 APH FF Grade 2 A prelude to the author's "The brimming cup", giving in detail the biographies of Neale and Marise from childhood to the time of their engagement. "The brimming cup" is in braille by the Red Cross, Garin process, 8v. It is a story of family life in a Vermont village.

Carroll, Gladys H. As the earth turns. 3v. 1933 APH FF A chronicle of the events of one year in the lives of the family of Mark Shaw, a Maine farmer of the present day. Winter chores, spring plowing, summer work, fall harvesting; a wedding, a death, and a birth are all recorded "as the earth turns." The principal character is the oldest daughter, Jen, about whom all the family life revolves. This first novel runs smoothly and deeply in its seasonal rustic rhythm. It is a fine, honest, serious and even poetic piece of work, true not only to the externals of the New England scene, but to the ~~max~~ peculiarly reticent and elusive idiom of life and character indigenous in those parts.

Chamberlin, V.H. Soviet Russia. 5v. 1931 CPH To be embossed.

Conrad, Joseph. Youth and two other stories. 3v. 1903 BIA FF Grade 2 Contents: Youth; Heart of darkness; The end of the tether.

"Youth", is a story of the sea; "Heart of darkness", is a study of the white man in Africa; "The end of the tether", a narrative of an heroic old sea-captain who, for the sake of a dependent daughter, retains command of his vessel even after blindness renders him incapable.



Culbertson, Ely. Culbertson's summary. lv. ARC Contract bridge at a glance.

De la Roche, Mazo. Finch's fortune. llv. ARC This is the last of a series of three novels. The first in the series is "Jalna" and the second is the "Whiteoaks of Jalna." Both of these are in braille. This last story centers around Finch, the musical genius. -----Portrait of a dog. 2v. ARC The story of the author's little black Scotch terrier, as well as a keen and intimate observation of dogs, horses and cats. Will appeal to all lovers of animals.

Dombrowski, Baroness. Boga the elephant. 2v. Grade 1 APH The folk of the jungle - chimpanzee, baboon, crafty leopard, the brilliant chameleon - are an animated background for this story which is chiefly concerned with an elephant's child and Etta, the black man's baby. It is amusing.

Ertz, Susan. After noon. 6v. ARC A wholly charming story concerned with Charles Lester, deserted by a flighty wife, and his twin daughters, Ventia and Caroline. Charles has a deep and understanding affection for his daughters, whom he has brought up with due respect for their different individualities, and he suffers keenly when they marry. However, there remains the frank and delightful Lydia Chalmers, the American widow with the poise and mellow charm of the afternoon of life.

Fitzgerald, J.G. and others. The Priscilla basketry book. no.1. lv. ARC Lessons in weaving, Indian basketry, splint work and chair caning. lv. ARC

Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The revolt of mother. lv. ARC One of the author's best known stories of life in a New England village.

Golding, Louis. Magnolia Street. 5v. 1932 BIA FF Grade 2 This is a long, full novel telling "the tale of a small street in the Longton district of Doomington, in the North Country. Its name is Magnolia Street. The Jews lived in the odd-numbered houses on the south side of the street; the gentiles lived opposite in the even-numbered houses. So it is to this day. Now the space that divides the two sides of the small street is a matter of thirty feet or so. But during the greater part of the time covered by this history that space might have been a broad sea, so strange to each other did those folk seem. But there were moments or periods or passions, in which they were as one folk, either all of them publicly or few of them secretly. \



Grenfell, Wilfred T. What life means to me. lv. 1910 BIA FF Grade 2 The author is an English physician and missionary. Began work on the Labrador coast in 1892. Fitted out the first hospital ship for North Sea fisheries.

-----What the Church means to me; a frank confession and a friendly estimate by an insider.
lv. 1911 APH FF Grade 2

Hauck, L.P. Two together. 2v. 1932 CPH To be embossed.

Kyne, P.B. The enchanted hill. 8v. 1924 ARC The Enchanted Hill is the name of a ranch in New Mexico owned by the hero. The story is provided with tragedy, mystery, the villains' day of reckoning and a satisfactory end.

Marshall, F.W. The layman's legal guide. 5v. 1932 BIA FF Grade 2. Contents: Aeronautics acts. Agency. Anti-trust laws. Arbitration acts. Automobile laws. Bankruptcy. Bills of lading. Conditional sales act. Constitution of the United States. Constitutional law. Contracts. Copyright. Corporations. Criminal law. Equity. Evidence. Flag-respect laws. Frauds, statute of. Fraudulent conveyance act. Habeas corpus. Home loan bank act. Instructions on common law. Insurance. Negotiable instruments. Partnership law. Patents - first steps in obtaining. Personal relations. ^{Exhibition} Prohibition. Real property. Relief act. Sales of goods. Stock transfer act. Torts. Trusts. Veterans acts. Warehouse receipts. Wills. Addendum: Declaration of Independence.

Mason, D.G. Romantic composers. 2v. 1906 APH FF Grade 2. Includes Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, Felix Mendelssohn, Frederic Chopin, Hector Berlioz, and Franz Liszt.

Mason, Gregory. Columbus came late. 2v. 1931 APH FF Grade 2. A popular presentation of the story of ancient American civilizations - Maya, Inca, Toltec, Aztec, Pueblo - civilizations which the author contends are as old or older than those of Europe and Asia and in which were developed a painting, a sculpture, a mathematics, and an astronomy worthy of comparison with the best art and science of Europe of the same period.

Noel, John B.L. The story of Everest. 5v. ARC 1927 Captain Noel, who was official photographer of the two expeditions to Mount Everest in 1922 and 1924, describes the heroic adventures of these two unsuccessful assaults in the second of which Mallory and Irvine made the record ~~xxxxxxx~~ climb to within 600 feet of the summit. An ther



member of the party at a point further down caught a fleeting glimpse of the two climbers ~~afix~~ through his telescope, then they disappeared from sight never to return. No passage in the literature of exploration better reveals the splendor of courage and patience and endurance than this.

O'Neill, Eugene. The Emperor Jones. 1v. BIA FF Grade 2. A remarkable study of the psychology of fear as illustrated in a negro braggart and bully lost in the tropical forest at night.

Oppenheim, E.P. The Ostrekoff jewels. 3v. 1932 CPH To be embossed.

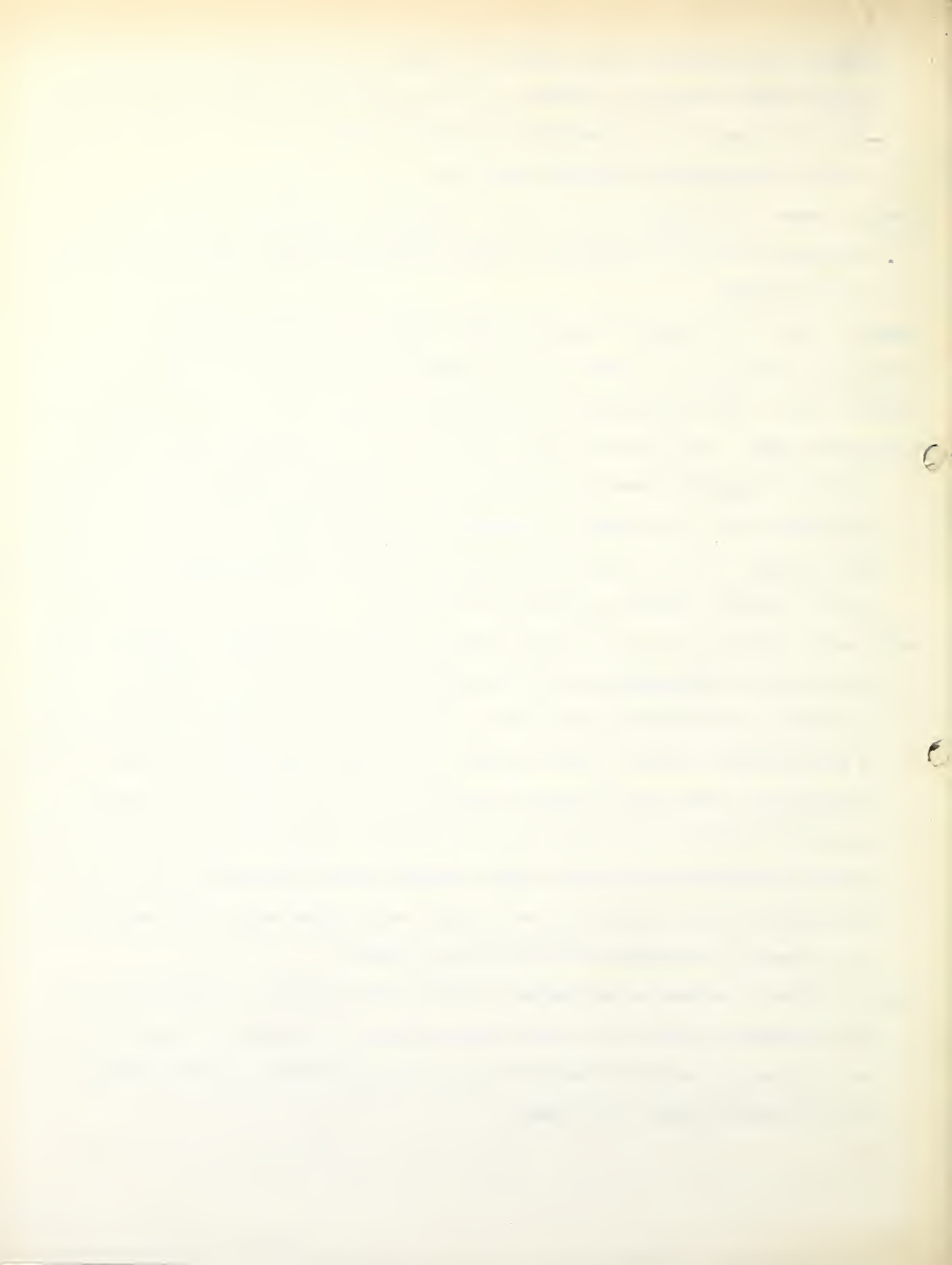
Payne, E.S. Quiet place. 2v. 1932 CPH To be embossed.

Phillips, A.M.L. Hooked rugs and how to make them. 2v. ARC

Sienkiewicz, Henry. With fire and sword. 9v. 1926 APH FF Grade 2. The first of a trilogy by Poland's favorite author in which is depicted the romance of Polish history from 1647 to 1751. The scheme is even wider in the multitude of personages introduced than Tolstoy's War and Peace, and the impression left is of a succession of scenes of battle, carnage, devastation, lust and fiery heroism.

Wain, Nora. The House of Exile. 3v. 1933 APH FF Grade 2 Miss Wain is a daughter of a Quaker family of Philadelphia who for generations have traded with a Chinese family of high rank, here called the House of Lin. During her early years Miss Wain developed a keen interest in Chinese things, collecting old maps, manuscripts and Chinese dictionaries. Then in 1920 she went to China for two years lived as an adopted daughter in the home of the Lins, the House of Exile. She married an Englishman in the Chinese government service and has spent the years since then mainly in China, a sympathetic witness of the strife and struggle taking place there. This book is made up, she says, of selections from her Chinese journals.

Zangwill, Israel. Dreamers of the Ghetto. 4v. 1898 APH FF Grade 2. Conversations with and imaginative memoirs of historic representatives of the Jewish race, particularly of such as rebelled against the narrow limits of orthodox Judaism: Acosta, Spinoza, Heine, Ferdinand Lasalle, and others.



Hand-copied Books

- Aiken, Conrad. Selected poems. 4v. 1929 NYPL Born in Georgia, graduated from Harvard, Mr. Aiken moved to England in 1921. He is sympathetic with the poets of anti-traditional tendencies but his own poems are not in that manner. He writes rather vague and dreary poetry.
- Akeley, Mary L. J. Carl Akeley's Africa; the account of the Akeley-Eastman-Pomeroy African Hall expedition of the American museum of Natural History. 9v. 1929 LC
- Bailey, H.C. The small dog. 1v. Perkins. A magazine story.
- Barrie, J.M. The old lady shows her medals. 1v. IC, Cleveland. A short play.
- Boswell, Ira M. Recollections of a red-headed man. 2v. 1915. LC
- Brandeis, Madeline. Little Anne of Canada. 2v. 1931 Oklahoma. Juvenile fiction.
- Brown, Royal. Both ends against the middle. 1v. NLB
- Cary, Lucian. What New York is really like. 1v. IC This is taken from the National Geographic Magazine, and tells how New York is made up of subways, and really what goes on under-ground, and describes Hudson-tube, etc.
- Catullus, select poems of. (Latin text). 2v. IC
- Cross, Donzella. Music stories for girls and boys. 3v. 1926. ST.Louis
- Cullen, ^{Countee} ~~Countee~~. Color. 2v. 1925 IC A first book of poems, reprinted from The American Mercury and other periodicals. They are somewhat morbid lyrics, but with a touch of the real thing in them. The author is a negro, and "color" is the color of race.
- Dempsey, Jack. In this corner. 1v. Denver.
- Desmond, Alice C. Far horizons. 3v. LC An excellent book of travel. Some of the unusual experiences of the author and her husband. The book is divided into three parts, Europe and Africa, The Orient and South America. Her first experience which she relates is their trip into Northern Norway in October, the wrong season, frigid cold accompanied by a guide who admitted he had spent six months in American Plattsburgh jail. After a trip in Sweden on a canal boat they go to Germany and tell of a charming evening outside Marienbad in the mountains where they go to hear the deer's matin call and to enjoy a venison dinner at an old and picturesque log cabin Inn. So on, from country to ~~oaxt~~ country, the book is delightfully written and a real pleasure.



Drake, F.V. Pegasus express. 1v. ~~XXX~~ NLB

Durant, Will. A guide to Plato. 1v. 1922 LC This is from a pocket series, and it is said that much of the information is included in Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy".

Eaton, W.P. The man who found Christmas. 2v. 1927 Albany, Portland.

Guest, Edgar A. The passing through. 3v. Denver. 1923.

Harrison, H.S. The good hope. 2v. NLB This is the tale of a young man, who in 1927 was a bank clerk. He inherited \$42,000 from an uncle, and led a gay and merry life. In 1929 he lost everything. Got drunk and tried to commit suicide but was prevented by a young lady in the same apartment house. They went to his apartment where he drank more, and then apparently the two go for a walk - ending up at The Good Hope, a book shop owned by the girl. Next he wakes up in his own place and finds a note from the girl telling him to call on her lawyer. He does so and finds she died about the hour they were (supposedly) starting for the walk, and left him The Good Hope to run. Queer, but interestingly done.

Hepworth, G.H. Hiram Golf's religion. 2v. LC A story of a man who makes much of his religion as he works at his trade of shoemaker. Very interesting and well written.

Herrmann, John. The big short trip. 2v. NLB

Hooker, Mrs. Forrestine. Star, the story of an Indian pony. 3v. NYPL A story of the Comanche Indian tribe. Star is a black Comanche pony, who is the hero of the story. The adventures of the Indian tribe are related through the thoughts and experiences of the pony.

Horton, Priscilla. The spirit of the street. 2v. 1927 Now in Dallas, Denver, Portland. Book of short stories about Chinese children and their habits, customs, Told in an interesting manner.

James, Henry. Turn of the screw. 3v. NYPL A ghost-story of an extremely subtle and thrilling kind, tells how two spirits of evil strive to ruin the souls of two innocent children.

Jewett, Sarah Orne. The country of the pointed firs. 3v. 1910. Now in Cincinnati. NYPL, LC

Johnson, Martin. Cannibal-land. 3v. Now in Seattle and Sacramento. Interesting, and readable. An account of trips among the cannibals taken by the author and his wife.

The Journal of Countess Francoise Krasinska. 3v. Detroit. Delightful. Tells about the life of Countess in a castle in Warsaw. A translation.



Kendall, James. At home among the atoms; A first volume of candid chemistry. 6v. 1929

Sacramento.

Le Buffe, F.P. My changeless friend. 4v. Chicago.

Lee, Robert E. Recollections and letters of General Robert E. Lee by his son. 12v. 1924
St. Louis.

Lord, D.A. When Mary walked the earth. 1v. Chicago, St. Louis.

Meyer, Conrad F. The saint. 4v. Cincinnati. A translation. Excellent historical novel
with the life of Thomas Beckett as the saint. Full of medieval atmosphere.

Miller, A.D. Cold-blooded northerner. 2v. MLB A magazine story.

Ovid, edited by Frank J. Miller. (Selections.) 3v. LC

Petrova, Natalia. Twice born in Russia. 3v. Sacramento. A daughter of the old Russian
nobility writes this auto-biographical account of her experiences during the revolution.
She contrasts the sheltered life of her girlhood, the country after her marriage, and
the happy relationship between the peasants and landowners with the terrible years of
increasing poverty, suffering and degradation during the height of the revolution. The
book ends on a note of recovery and stability under the new communist regime.

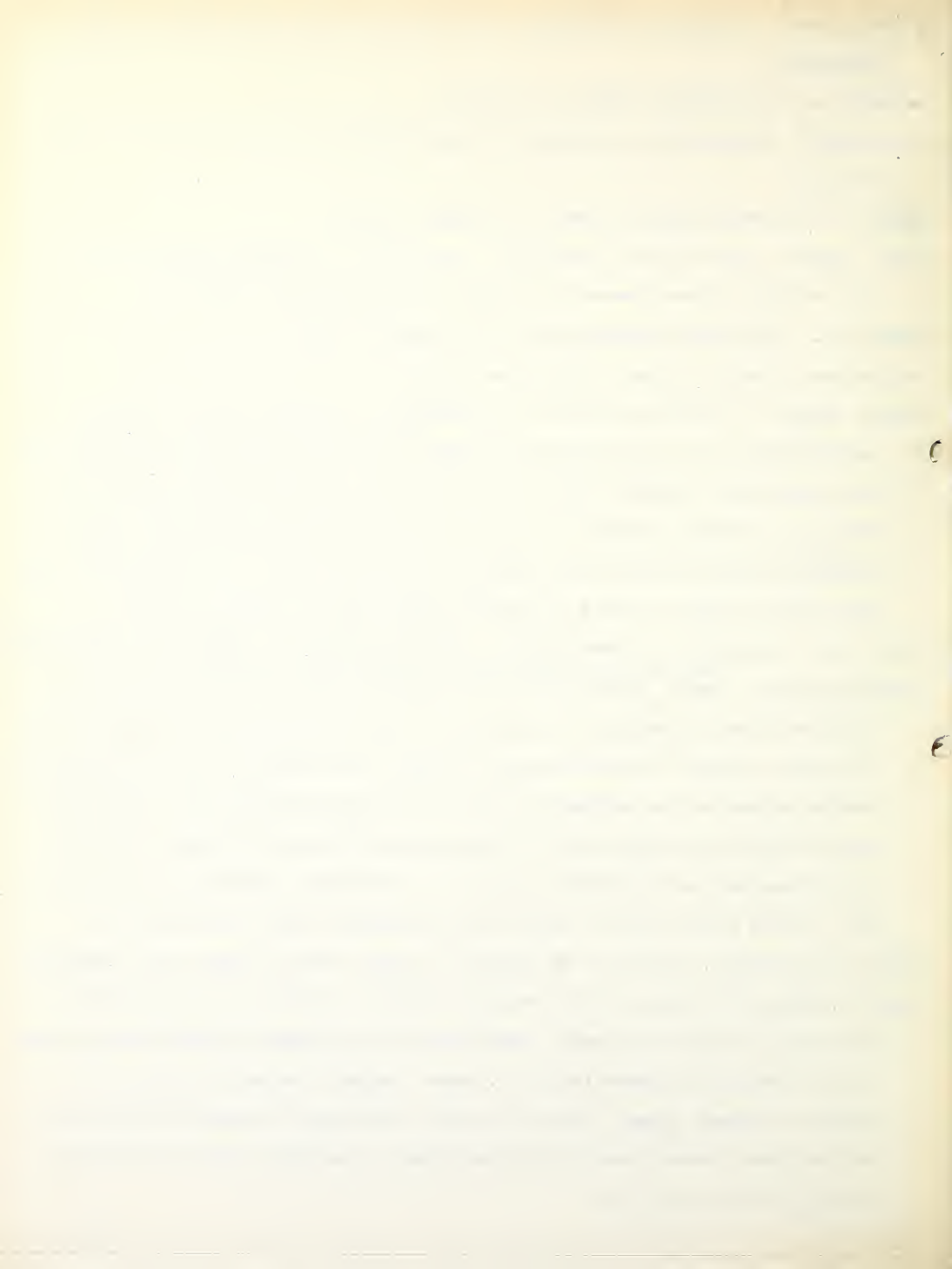
Poling, Dan. The heretic. 3v. Cincinnati, LC. 1928

The story of a clergyman's campaign for better living conditions. His able assistant is a man whom the community considers a heretic.

Ponafidine, Anna C. Russia, my home; an intimate record of personal experiences before,
during and after the bolshevist revolution. 5v. 1911 NYPL The daughter of an American
missionary in Persia, the author married, in 1885, P.E.P. nafidine, ably enlightened
Russian nobleman and an outstanding student of the Near and Middle East. The largest
and by far the most important part of the book deals with the revolution. It was on
their estate that the Ponafidines weathered the revolutionary storms up to the end of
1920. And it is here that the almost unique documentary value of the book lies.

Porter, Gene Stratton-. The song of the cardinal. 2v. 1915. Now in Detroit, LC, Sacramento.

Powell, E. Alexander. Marches of the north. 4v. Portland. An interesting guide book of
Canada from the east to the west. Enough history to be important but not boring. Takes
in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, St. Pierre, Halifax, Acadia, St. John, The St.
Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, The Lakes, The Prairies, Winnipeg, The Mountains,
National Parks, Jasper, Lake Louise, etc., Victoria, Vancouver, trip up the coast of
Alaska and into the Klondike.



Reeve, Arthur B. The silent bullet. lv. Cincinnati.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts. The door. 8v. 1930 LC With the maiden aunt who tells the series of murders that ~~mx~~ happen near her big old-fashioned house, the reader has a perfectly fair chance to follow the clues in each dramatic, swift-moving episode in t is excellent mystery story. A welcome successor to those famous mysteries, "The circular staircase" and "The man in lower ten". Both of these are in braille.

-----The oyster has a mouth. lv. MLB

Ritter, Friederick. Adam and Eve in Galapagos. 2v. Philadelphia.

Rogers, Will. Ether and me; or "Just relax". lv. 1929 LC

Smith, H.L. Pollyanna's debt of honor. 6v. 1927 Albany

Snedeker, C.D. Verres' prisoner. lv. Cleveland. A magazine story from "Lutheran Young Folks."

Streeter, D.W. Denatured Africa. 5v. 1926 LC The author's experience of travelling in Africa, tells about the life in the jungles of Africa, and other personal experiences.

Terhune, A.P. The way of a dog, being the further adventures of Grey Dawn and some others. 6v. LC 1932.

Tucker, G.F. The boy whaleman. 4v. LC 1924

Turk, M.H. The shepherd of Jerusalem. lv. 1929 LC A fanciful tale of a shepherd, who resents the intrusion of the Romans and the tyranny of Herod, and later sees the sign in the sky that the Christ child is born. He leads his two companions to the manger. A simple little story.

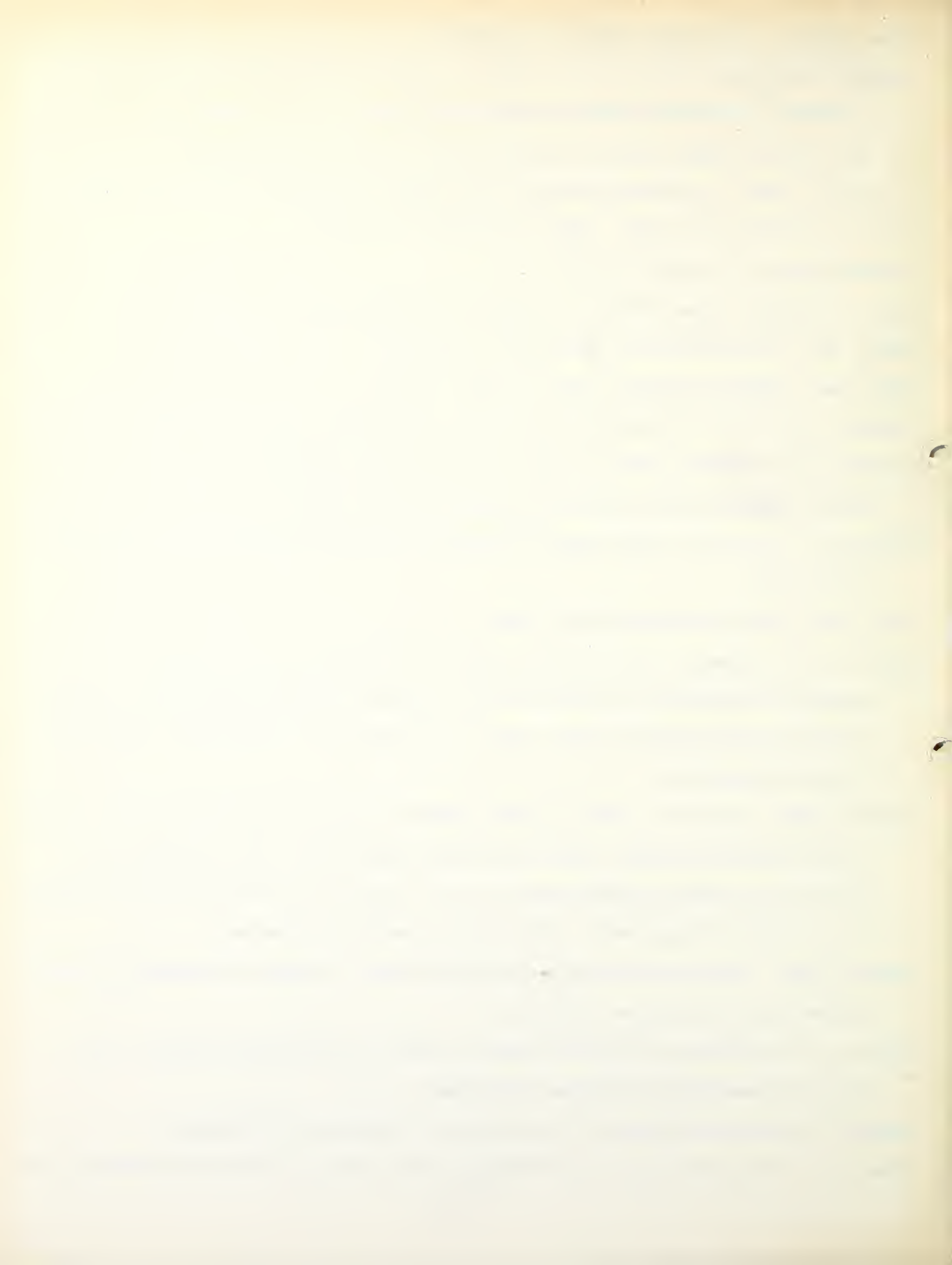
Undset, Sigrid. The axe. 8v. 1928 LC, NYPL Awarded the Nobel prize for literature. It is a rich picture of Norwegian life in the Middle ages (10th and 14th centuries), and resembles the "Kristin Lavrendsdatter" trilogy in that it is concerned with the secret sin of a pair of young lovers, their suffering and final atonement.

Wallace, Edgar. The man at the Carlton. 5v. 1932 Detroit. Plenty of excitement, a bit of romance and a big surprise at the end.

Wensley, F.P. Forty years of Scotland Yard, the record of a life-time's service in the Criminal Investigation Department. 7v. LC 1931.

Williams, Valentine and D.R.Sims. Fog, a mystery of the sea. 6v. Pittsburgh.

Wilson, E.C. The sunlit way. 2v. LC "This book comes to you as a friend who knows you not

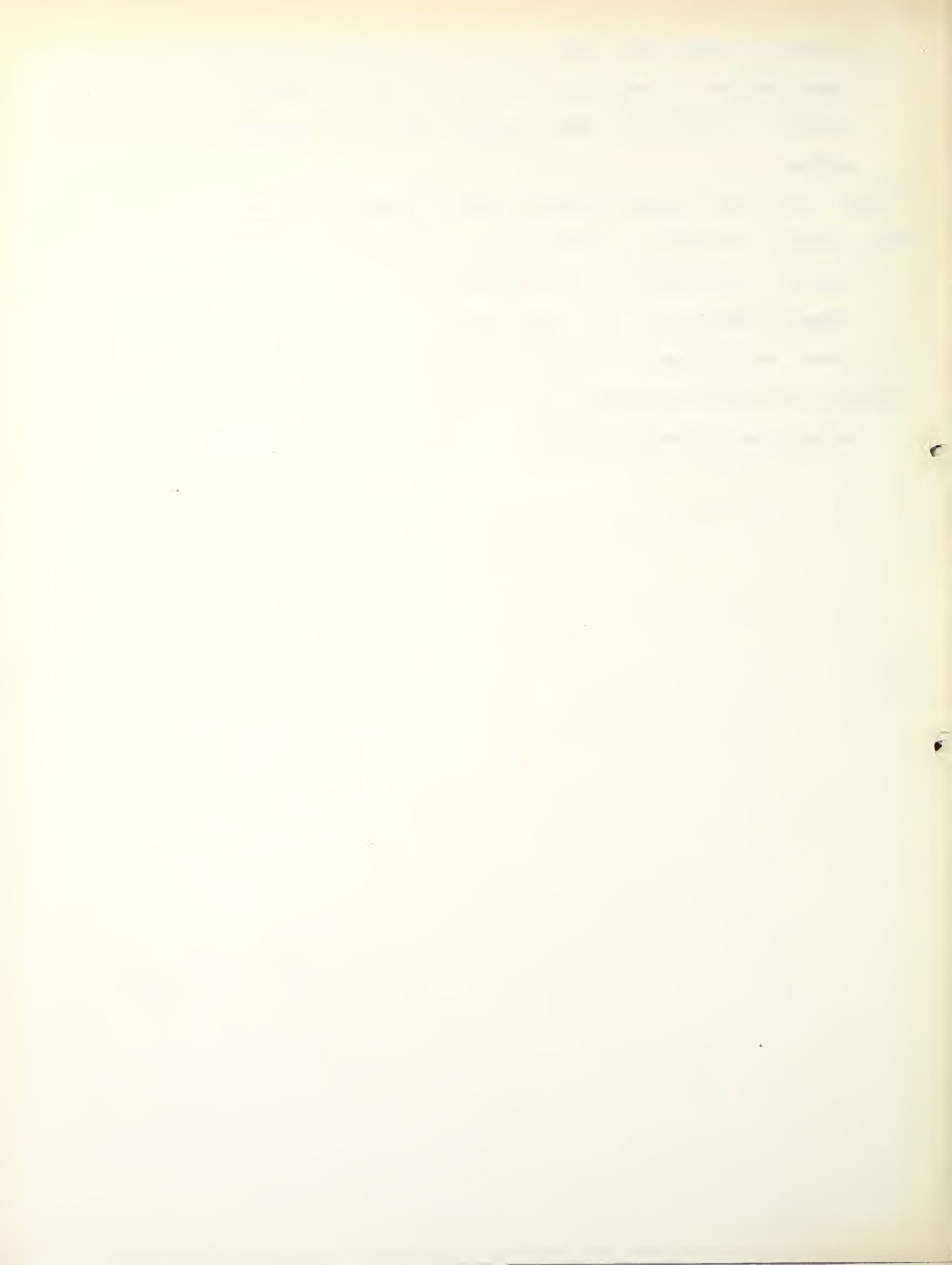


for what you seem but for what you are and are capable of becoming. It comes to remind you that The Sunlit Way is not only a fancy but a fact as well to help you discover for yourself and within yourself a way that is radiant with light."- The author.

Wright, H.B. Helen of the old house. 6v. 1921 St.Louis, Sacramento.

Young, Emily H. Miss Mole. 6v. NYPL A witty and sympathetic character study of a house-keeper in the x family of a non-conformist minister in an English provincial town. Outwardly Miss Mole is a shy, drab spinster; in reality she is a ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ courageous adventurer, sensitive to beauty and to droll situations.

Young, Vash. Lets start over again. 2v. 1932 NIB Optimistic advice on how to get out of one's personal depression, by the author of "A fortune to share."



Library Notes

A letter recently received from Miss Grace Allen of Orlando, Florida, asks that the attention of readers be called to the collection of religious books now in the Library of the Full Gospel Publishing Company for the Blind, 431 Delany Street, Orlando, Florida. A number of new hand-copied books have been added to the library. Among them is a book of hymns, compiled by Rev. Bernard Owen of Atlanta, Georgia. In this collection which is in sixteen volumes, the words and melodies are given and in some instances the harmonies also. Readers in any locality may borrow books from this Library.

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We will state once more for the sake of new subscribers to the Braille Book Review that the name or initials of one or more libraries following a title mean that a hand-made copy of the book is in the libraries indicated. The initials of a printing house indicate that the book is press made and probably is in all the libraries.

Gene Stratton-Porter. Taken from
"Authors of The Day", by Grant Overton.

Mark Stratton, the father of Gene Stratton-Porter, described his wife, at the time of their marriage, as a "ninety-pound bit of pink porcelain, pink as a wild rose, plump as a partridge, having a big rope of bright brown hair, never ill a day in her life, and bearing the loveliest name ever given a woman - Mary. God fashioned her heart to be gracious, her body to be the mother of children, and as her especial gift of Grace, He put Flower Magic into her fingers."

From tiny seeds found in rice and coffee, Mary (Shellenbarger) Stratton started little vines and climbing plants. Rooted things she soaked in water, rolled in fine sand, planted according to habit, and they almost never failed to grow. When, intent on growing a tree or shrub from a slip or cutting that appeared hopeless, she cut the slip diagonally, inserted the lower end in a small potato and planted as if it were rooted, she was nearly always successful. Being of Dutch extraction, bulbs were her favourites - tulips, daffodils, star flowers, lilies, dahlias, little bright hyacinths that she called "blue bells." From these she distilled perfume by putting clusters, at the time of perfect bloom, in bowls lined with freshly made, unsalted butter, covering them closely, and cutting the few drops of extract thus obtained with alcohol. In Ohio a man gave her two tiny cedars of Lebanon which she brought with her to the farm in Tabash County, Indiana, planting one in her front yard and one in the small cemetery on the corner of her husband's land. It stands, thirty feet tall or over, two feet in circumference, guarding her grave.

All twelve of her children lived to be eight; an attack of scarlet fever joined with whooping cough was fatal to two of them a little over that age. The house, "Hopewell Farm," was an oblong box kept speckless. The liberal table and appetising food were known by all who travelled that way. She made the clothing for her brood. In the house that she kept so faultlessly clean, at the table she heaped with hearty dishes, Mark Stratton, conscious of his worthy British blood, praised her "tidiness" and accepted responsibility for the mental and spiritual welfare of his wife and children. It was understood that he had been named for a Mark Stratton who lived in New York and married a beauty, Anne Hutchinson.

We must note Mr. Stratton rather carefully. "His very first earnings he spent for a book; when other men rested, he read" - toiling upward in the night, in that time of Long-

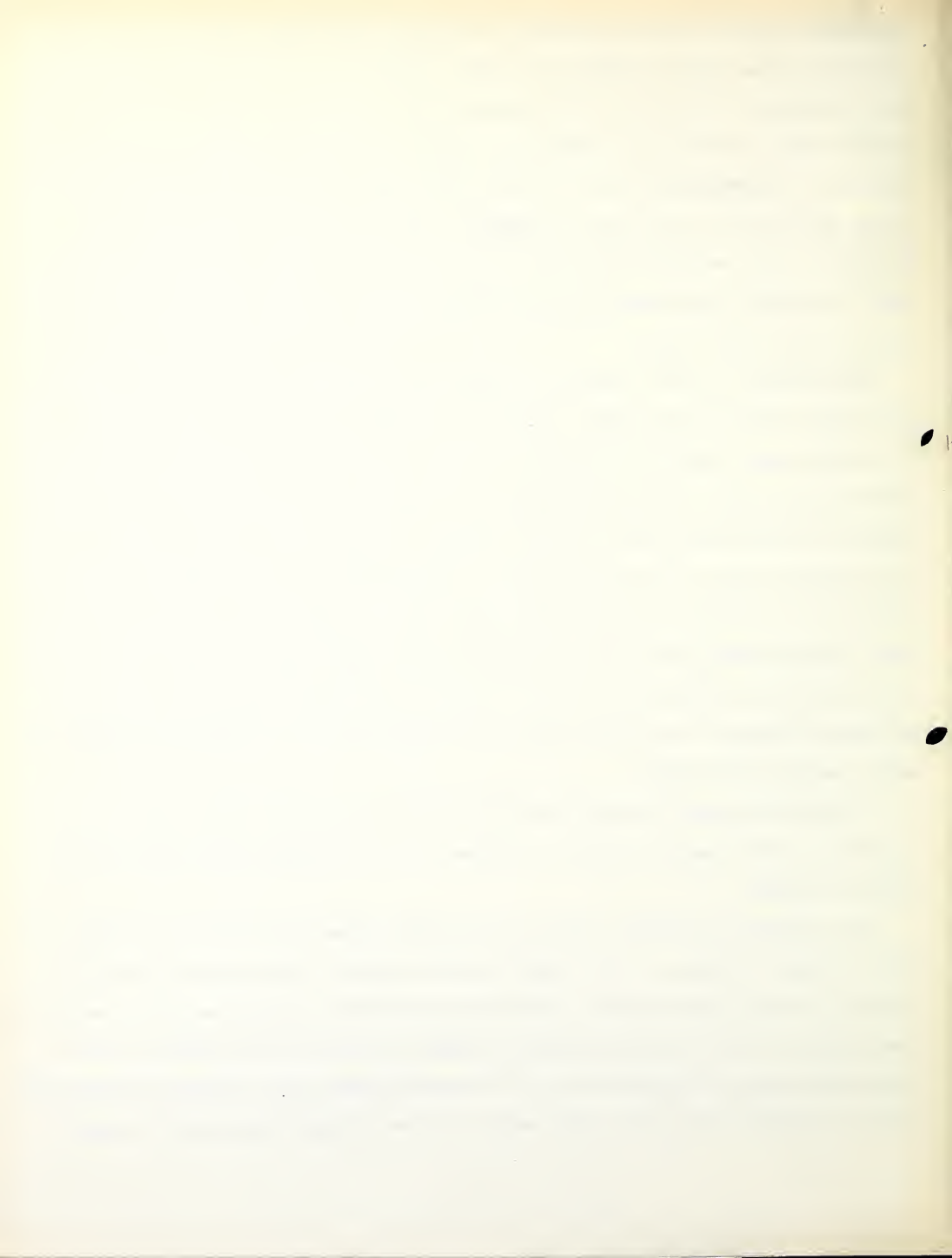


fellowship, that has since been abandoned for fifteen minutes a day, in this era of Eliotry. The memory of Mr. Stratton enabled him to quote paragraphs at a time from Hume, Macaulay, Gibbon, Prescott and Bancroft - he was perhaps fondest of history - while as for the Bible, he could repeat it entire, his daughter says, except for the genealogies, and give chapter and verse. The genealogies were "a waste of grey matter to learn." Mrs. Porter confesses: "I was almost afraid to make these statements, although there are many living who can corroborate them, until John Muir published the story of his boyhood days, and in it I found the history of such rearing as was my father's, told of as the customary thing among the children of Muir's time."

Gene Stratton was only a few years old when her mother, who had once nursed three of the children through typhoid fever, contracting it herself, broke down. Mrs. Stratton lived for several years, suffering continually, frequently tortured by pain. The youngest child was therefore allowed to follow an impulse and escape the training given her sisters. She followed her father and brothers outdoors, sleeping on their coats in fence corners, awakening sometimes, to find shy creatures peering into her face. "I trotted from one object which attracted me to another, singing a little song of made-up phrases about everything I saw while I waded, catching fish, chasing butterflies over clover fields, or following a bird with a hair in its beak; much of the time I carried the inevitable baby for a woman-child, frequently improvised from an ear of corn in the silk, wrapped in catalpa leaf blankets." She made a special pets of birds.

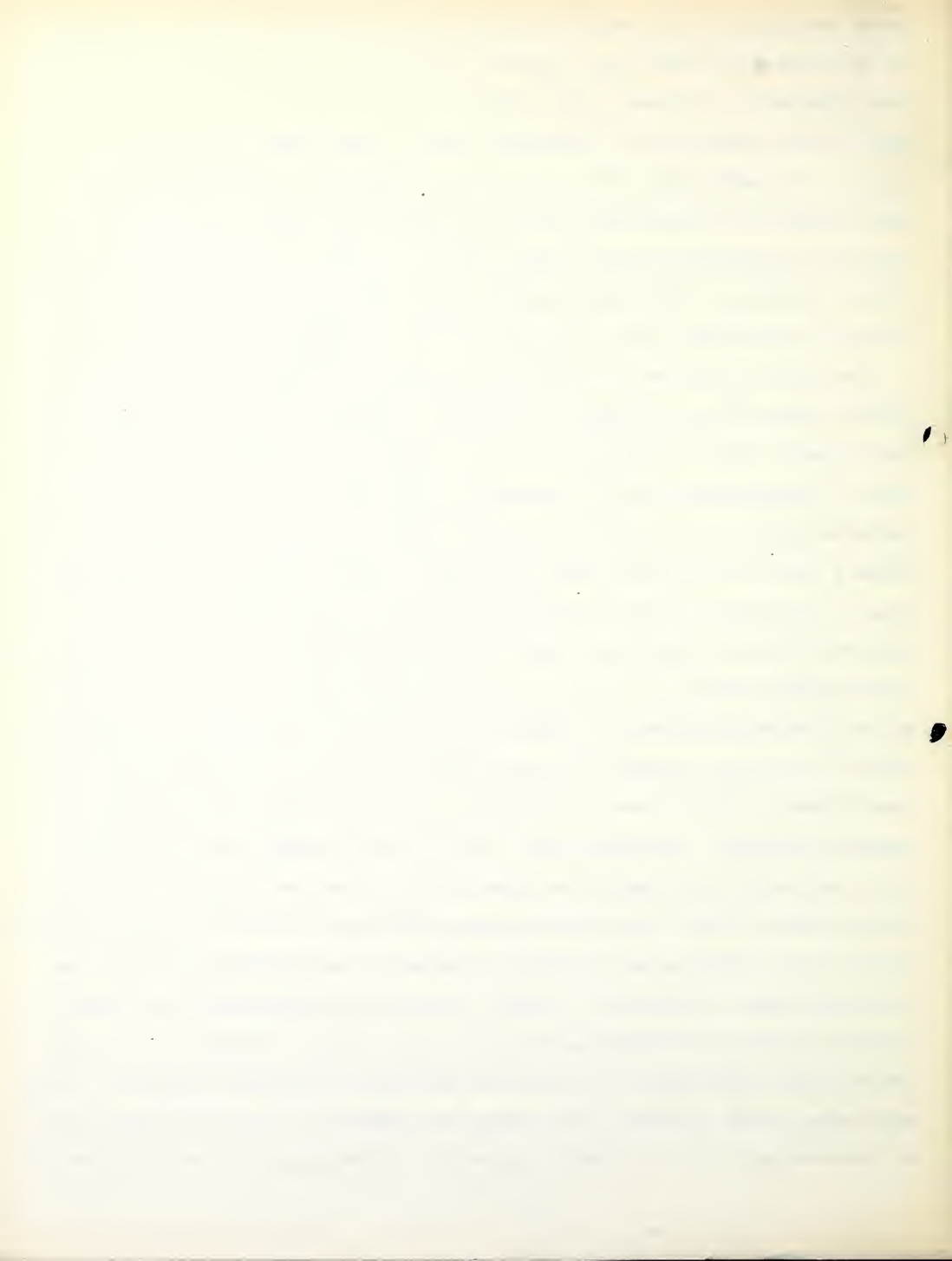
All this life became a thing of memory just before the mother's death. Then they left the farm and went to town, to the city of Wabash, that Mrs. Stratton might have constant medical attention.

Gene Stratton was married in 1886, at the age of eighteen, to Charles Dawin Porter, of Wabash, Indiana. Marriage, a home of her own, and a daughter were successively brought to bear upon a nature already powerful; none of them succeeded in eradicating the impress of Mark Stratton. The new home was a cabin of fourteen rooms (at first), standing on some fifteen acres near the Limberlost Swamp. The familiar address runs: "Limberlost ~~xxxx~~ Cabin, Rome City, Indiana." Red, white, pink, blue, lavender and yellow flower-beds of an acre



apiece were laid off in the deep woods running down the shore of a lake; the cabin stands in the middle of the yellow bed, a dwelling of large rooms and four fireplaces, two of which Mrs. Porter built, to a large extent, herself. One is of pudding stone, red and blue pebbles; another in the living room, is constructed of field boulders split to expose their quartz crystals that sparkle under artificial light. The windows were built with broad, deep casements especially to furnish feeding-tables for birds. On the open, cement-floored porch may stand in winter wheat, apples, cabbage and celery bunches. Chickadees, titmice, nut-hatches, sapsuckers, flickers, song sparrows, jays, cardinals and squirrels come to the sills to eat the chopped wheat, ground corn and suet put out for them.

But this is to mix past and the comparative present. It was not long before Mrs. Porter's daughter was old enough to go to school. "I knew how to manage life to make it meet my needs, thanks to even the small amount I had seen of my mother. I kept a cabin of fourteen rooms and kept it immaculate. I made most of my daughter's clothes, I kept a conservatory in which there bloomed from three to six hundred bulbs every winter, tended a house of canaries and linnets, and cooked and washed dishes, besides, three times a day. In my spare time (mark the word, there was time to spare else the books never would have been written and the pictures made) I mastered photography." but we need not go with her into the details of this one among many of her personal triumphs. She was for two years a editor of the camera department of Recreation, for two years on the natural history staff of Outing, for four years specialist in natural history photography on the Photographic Times Annual Almanac. She had a dread of failure and, at first, carried on her special work as secretly as possible. "My husband owned a drug and book store that carried magazines, but only a few people in our locality read these, none were interested in nature photography or natural science; so what I was trying to do was not realised even by my own family. ~~if~~ I did not want to fail before my man person and my daughter and our respective families." She was further afraid of ridicule in a community "where I was already severely criticised on account of my ideas of housekeeping, dress and social customs." When she first attempted "nature studies sugar-coated with fiction" she proceeded with the same furtiveness. "I who waded morass, fought quicksands, crept, worked from ladders high in air, and crossed water on improvised rafts with out a tremor, slipped with many misgivings into the postoffice and



rented a box for myself, so that if I met with failure my husband and the men in the bank." - Mr. Porter was president of the Bank of Geneva - "need not know." Through loss of her address at the New York end, she waited unanswered until one day, months later, when she went into "our store" on an errand and the store-keeper said: "I read your story in the Metropolitan last night. It was great! Did you ever write any fiction before?" Mrs. Porter relates: "My head whirled, but I had learned to keep my own counsels, so I said as lightly as I could, while my heart beat until I feared he could hear it, 'No. Just a simple little thing! Have you any spare copies? My sister might want one.'"

The appearance of her first story led to an order for a second, to be illustrated with her own photographs. She had a day, or less, to fill the request for photographs, and kept a number of persons up all night to pose for her. The genesis of "Freckles," her second book, was the discovery by lumbermen of a nest of the black vulture in the Lumberlost Swamp. Her husband, whose business had compelled him to allow her to work alone but who was also a natural history enthusiast, insisted that he must go with her. "A Lumberlost trip at that time was not to be joked about. The swamp had not been shorn, branded, and tamed. There were most excellent reasons why I should not go there. Much of it was impenetrable. Only a few trees had been taken out; oilmen were just invading it. In its physical aspect it was a treacherous swamp and quagmire filled with every plant, animal, and human danger known in the worst of such locations in the Central States.

"A road inside the swamp on a road leading to an oil well we aired to the carriage hubs. I shielded my camera in my arms and before we reached the well I thought the conveyance would be torn to pieces and the horse stalled. At the well we started on foot, Mr. Porter in kneeboots, I in waist-high waders. The time was late June; we forced our way between steaming, fetid pools, through swarms of gnats, flies, mosquitoes, poisonous insects, keeping a sharp watch for rattlesnakes. We sank ankle deep at every step, and logs we though solid broke under us. Our progress was a steady succession of prying and pulling each other to the surface. Our clothing was wringing wet, and the exposed parts of our bodies lumpy with bites and stings. My husband found the tree, cleared the opening to the great prostrate log, traversed its unspeakable odours for nearly forty feet to its farthest recess, and brought the baby and egg to the light in his leaf-lined hat.

We could endure the location only by dipping napkins in deoderant and binding them



over our mouths and nostrils. Every third day for almost three months we made this trip, until Little Chicken was able to take wing."

The idea of "Freckles" came one day when they were leaving the swamp. A big feather with a shaft over twenty inches long came spinning and swirling earthward, and fell in Mrs. Porter's path. It was an eagle's feather, but although she instantly looked aloft, Mrs. Porter's well-trained eyes could not catch sight of the bird. She has always regretted that to her story the title "Freckles" was given; her wish was for "The Falling Feather" - that tangible thing drifting down out of Nowhere, just as the boy came in the story of her fashioning.

The insertion of marginal drawings of nature subjects in Freckles made a distinct impression ~~and caused~~ that it was imply a nature book, with the result that three long years were required for the novel to attain its enormous popularity. Published in 1904, the book had sold, ten years later, 670,733 copies in the regular edition.

The tendency to become statistical, in speaking of the late Gene Stratton-Porter, is difficult to resist. We may as well indulge it to the extent of saying that ~~at~~ at the time of her death, December 6, 1924, more than 10,000,000 copies of her books had been sold. Four posthumous books, two novels, a collection of nature studies and a book of essays, are not in the reckoning. A check for \$75,000 represented the advance sale on one of her novels; her later novels were bought for serial publication in magazines; and altogether it seems reasonable to estimate her earnings at \$2,000,000 in a productive period of twenty years, and about twenty books. It is probably a record among the authors of our day.

Her distinction lay not in this, but in the amazing influence of her writing. No one did more to promote widespread interest in nature study and not even Mr. Harold Bell Wright can be credited with a stronger moral effect. Marked freshness and vigor of feeling, unmistakable sincerity and a very limited sense of humor were the qualities of Mrs. Porter's fiction.

She spent most of her life in the region she made famous, near the Limberlost Swamp; but her later years were spent in California.

She was thirty-five when her first book was published, and nearly forty before she had her audience - for "Freckles" took three years to achieve its success. Her autobiography,



written about 1914, has never been published in full.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

At the foot of the rainbow. 5v. LC, Sacramento, Philadelphia.

Freckles. 3v. In grades 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2.

Girl of the Limberlost. 5v. CPH

The harvester. 4v. BFA

The keeper of the bees. 6v. APH

The magic garden. 3v. LC, St. Louis.

Song of the cardinal. 2v. Philadelphia, Sacramento.

Tales you won't believe. 6v. Sacramento.

When Literature Went to Sea
Taken by Those Three Immortal Mariners, Cooper, Dana, Melville
by Elsie A. Parry. Abridged from The Bookman, 1932

In these decadent days of ocean travel, the watchwords of which are luxury and speed, it is possible to descend by means of flight upon interminable flight of hot, narrow, ladder-like stairs into a liner's torrid abyss, where a single man, lounging indifferently under the diminishing tunnel of a ventilator, keeps watch over the huge oil-burning boilers; it is possible, moreover, to mount those swaying flights and arrive on deck once more with a white costume unsoiled by either soot or grease. It is a far cry from the mechanical perfection that such a condition implies to Dana's fo'c'sle where everything was "wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching" with "that inexpressible sickening smell from the steerage caused by the shaking up of the bilge-water in the hold." It is a far cry from the modern captain who has time to exchange blithe nothings with fair passengers in love with the gold braid of his authority to Ahab of "the steady, ivory stride", who found his frenzied crew in indissoluble, fanatic league against the White Whale. But the sea is still the same - the sea whose clean wide reaches Cooper loved, whose strength and magnetism Dana knew, and whose unassailable mystery tormented the morbid sensitiveness of Herman Melville. These three men, whose kinship lay in their love of the sea, demonstrated, each in his own individual fashion, the possibilities of that turbid vastness as an integral part of a sustained narrative, not mere background lugged in upon the scene, but a controlling factor in the lives of men whose most trivial actions and most important decisions were alike under its impartial influence.

Do not suppose for a moment that they "discovered" the sea as a literary field - the sea is an old field and it has been cultivated ever since Ulysses sailed "the unharvested deep". English literature is filled with references to it, from Beowulf, whose "foamy-necked ship, sped by the wind, went over the billowy sea", to Conrad, who owes much to the pioneering of Cooper. Hakluyt's "Navigations," Raleigh, Shakespeare, the inimitable Samuel Pepys, Wycherley, ~~King~~ Congreve, DeFoe, Swift's "Gulliver", Smollett's naval portrait gallery, Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon," "the Pirate" of Scott, Marryat - to skip hurriedly down the years, leaving out entirely the poetical references, which are legion. It is a long and interesting list. And all that long and interesting list was the rich heritage of the Americans,



Cooper, Dana, and Melville.

It is not surprising that an insular people like the English, dependent upon the sea for commerce and defence, should incorporate it into their literature - its beauty, its mystery, its fury; but it is astonishing that life on the sea, from the sailor's viewpoint, should have so long escaped the novelist's attention as a vehicle for narrative. Once the way was shown, imitators of Cooper, who gave sea-fiction its first enlivening touch, found a wealth of material for their tales.

With "The Pilot", Cooper can be said to have launched a new variety of sea fiction. "The Pilot" and "Red Rover" made the sea a place of romance instead of fear; Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" reached romance through the agency of prosaic fact, a book as "entertaining as a well-contrived fiction and as luminous as poetry"; and "Moby Dick" captured within the two covers of a book the sea of fact and the sea of man's imagination in a tremendous epic swing.

Cooper, Dana, and Melville represent three outstanding tendencies in sea writing: the romance, pure and simple; the literary "log-book", based wholly or in part upon actual fact; and the psychological study. The gap between Cooper and Melville is tremendous, the whole wide difference between the objective and the subjective; between running narrative and profound analysis; between a sloven, confused, often involved style that descends not infrequently to downright bad grammar, and one which has the richness of the early seventeenth century, lucid, eloquent, grand, and yet, by a swift change of pace, capable of homely reportorial narrative. The progression from Cooper to Melville reflects the nineteenth-century tendency of the novel in other fields; it charts the transition from the novel of incident to that concerned with the study of character and with the conflict between nature and man. It is the evolution from the simple and spontaneous to the complex and self-conscious.

"Two Years Before the Mast" occupies a strategic middle ground between Cooper's sea novel and "Moby Dick", partaking to some degree of the qualities of each. I suppose the inclusion of Dana's masterpiece in a fiction category is open to dispute, but the fact remains that no artificial literary plot could boast a better curve than that made by the unadorned events of the author's memorable voyage. Dana intended his book to be a descriptive



narrative of objective fact; it is that, but it is also much more, for Dana achieved, quite without design, a self-expression in which the unconscious element is as important as the conscious.

An analysis of Cooper's success with "The Pilot" and "Red Rover," the most popular of his sea tales, offers no complications in spite of the author's early misgivings. Cooper had a story to tell and he told it, with a sublime disregard of novel technique and the demands of the English language; he told it successfully, however, to the discomfiture of hounding critics and to the everlasting delight of every boy, no matter what his age. Cooper, who went to sea at twenty, knew ships and sailors. His vivid sea pictures convey the suggestions of vastness and limitless space; his common sailors are invested with more interest and reality than the heroes themselves. "Cooper", as one critic says, "does not describe the sea; he takes us thither. We feel the salt mist in our face; the deck slants; we hear the wind in the rigging; the rhythm of the long waves on the open ocean." The salt of Cooper's sea never loses its savour; his tars are real sailors, from furzy brown chests, half-bare, to rolling gait, which Leigh Hunt describes as "a sort of heavy lightness of ~~faux~~ foot, like the combination tread of a wagner and a dancing master."

Cooper interprets the thoughts, emotions, and motives of his characters by means of their actions. To describe these significantly is the high attainment of the romancer; and however much sophisticated critics may deplore Cooper's lack of profundity, his lack of any key to unlock human hearts, the looseness of his plots, and the absence of his humour, the continued steady demand for his books gives the lie to their studied pronouncements. Cooper's supreme merit is the vital interest of his best stories. He knew the art of suspense and the art of movement.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., who came of an old Massachusetts family, left Harvard in his sophomore year to ship before the mast in the hope of curing an affection of the eyes. He brought to the rough and difficult life of a sailor a sensitive, highly-strung nature, cultivated tastes, and an education that had taken cognizance of Spenser, Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth. Coupled with a landsman's inexperience, it was an unprepossessing equipment for service on a merchantman as could well be imagined, resembling in its unsuitability the "son-of-a-gentleman" incubus which Herman Melville never entirely shook off. That Dana was

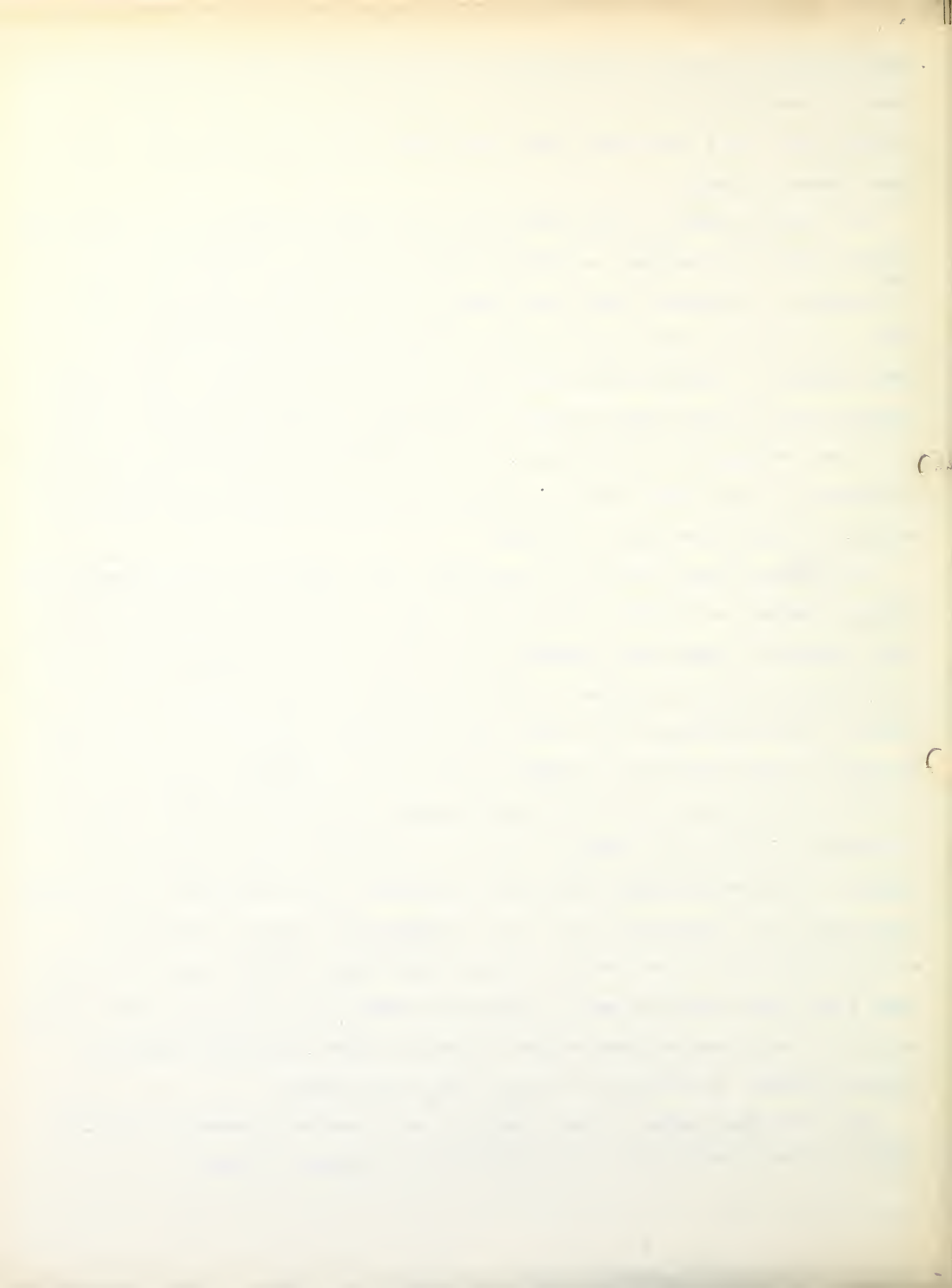


able to level the barriers which separated him from his fo'c'sle mates is a tribute to the powers of adaptability that are the result - or ought to be - of a liberal education. It is safe to say that a professional sailor could hardly have reversed the process with an equal degree of success.

The romantic aspects of life at sea were far from Dana's thoughts as he chronicled with careful accuracy what happened, and described what he saw down to the last knot on the top-most skysail. We learn from him how men lived in a ship's fo'c'sle, how and what they ate, where they slept, what they wore, the nature and manner of their duties, x the extent of their pleasures. A careful picture, with no sop thrown to the fastidious. Dana has been likened to Defoe, whose direct simplicity and whose power of getting the effect he wanted by the most ordinary means, Dana also had. Dana was incapable of rhetorical extravagance or insincerity of any sort. Yet in his prosaic, matter-of-fact fashion Dana stumbled unwittingly through the back door of romance.

Bliss Perry believes that Dana's book belongs to the "literature of escape" as truly as Thoreau's "Walden" and Parkman's "Oregon Trail." There is something to be said for that view, although the voyage was not undertaken with retreat from civilization in mind. The sea exercises an hypnotic influence that defies analysis and Dana fell a victim to its sorcery. He was well aware of the danger attending prolonged sojourn on the sea and when his return to Boston within the specified two years became questionable, he grew alarmed. He writes: "But one year more would settle the matter. I should be a sailor for life." The immediate difficulty was remedied, however, and Dana returned home to Harvard and a degree, to the practice of law, to political controversy, to the ramifications of an honourable career; but he returned too late, alas, to achieve peace of mind in conventional activities after his two years at sea. He wrote other books, but never again did his mind open to pour forth its riches upon the pages of an immortal work. Dana took refuge with his memories of "sails like sculptured marble", of rushing billows raised into foam under a freshening breeze. But the sails of his mind were furled forever.

But if "Two Years Before the Mast" belongs to the literature of escape by a sort of involution, "Moby Dick" belongs to it by Melvill's own statement. He says:



21

Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul. . . I quietly take to the ship."

Like Cooper and Dana, Melville wrote of the sea from personal experience. Whaler, merchantman, and man-of-war, each made its contribution to his knowledge of life on the deep. At seventeen, in common with adventurous boyhood the world over, the idea of a trip to sea dazzled him. His father was dead, his mother too busy with her suddenly augmented responsibilities to spend time whittling down young Herman's squareness to fit into the round hole of her conventional existence; the world on land turned a cold shoulder to his adolescent problems, and the sea spelled adventure. Accordingly Melville shipped aboard the "Highlander" for Liverpool. ~~Those~~ Those thirty days as a greenhorn sailor on a dirty little ship, with f'c'sle associates well down on the ladder ~~ix~~ toward bestiality and sordidness, ~~x~~ were an outrageous introduction for the sensitive lad to life beyond the sheltered cleanliness of home. Two things happened to Melville on that voyage - his experiences were stamped indelibly upon his mind, and the sea claimed him for its own. Three years after the Liverpool voyage he shipped from New Bedford on an extended whaling cruise, in the ~~course~~ course of which he arrived in the South Sea islands, where he deserted ship, driven to desperation by continued ill-treatment. His sojourn in the Marquesas Melville describes in "Typee" and "Omoo".

In 1851, after much mental and spiritual travail, Melville brought forth "Moby Dick," the stupendousness of which is just beginning to be appreciated. The reader's reaction to the book depends upon his purpose in reading it. He may read it as a story of the sea, which it ~~is~~ is; as a treatise on whaling, which it is; as an epic of the human spirit, which it assuredly is. Or he may read it as a combination of all three.

As a story of life on the sea "Moby Dick" belongs with "The Pilot" and "Two Years Before the Mast." Once more the reader is taken aboard a sailing ship to view life there through a sailor's eyes; once more he looks upon the sea "when all the waves rolled by like scrolls of silver; and by their soft, suffusing seethings made what seemed a silvery silence, not a solitude." Melville's descriptions are seldom uncoloured by reflection; his narrative is almost never free from philosophical interpretation of the march of events, and herein "Moby Dick" differs from Cooper's romances and Dana's factual narrative.



As a treatise on whaling "Moby Dick" is a monument to an industry whose glamour has ~~xxx~~ vanished with the old square-rigged "spouters". Whales are still hunted, but the romance is gone.

The meaning of the fable of "Moby Dick the White Whale" has puzzled the wits and taxed the imaginative inventiveness of many who have tried to sound the bottom beneath the surface of Melville's sea. "Moby Dick" has been likened to "Beowulf" in its epic qualities. Memford calls it "a portrait of the whale and a presentation of the demonic energies in the universe that harass the frustrate and extinguish the spirit of men." Van Tyck Brooks compares the White Whale with Grendel. "Was not Grendel", he asks, "also the symbol of 'all that most maddens and torments, all that stirs up the lees of things, all truth with malice in it, all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain, all the subtle demonisms of life and thought, all evil visibly personified?'"

One is inclined to wonder at times just what Melville's own idea of the White Whale really was. Personally, I think the symbol of Moby Dick as the resistless maliciousness of ~~his~~ blind force falls short of its mark. Somehow there is a pathetic element in the White Whale, a kind of helpless hugeness in spite of his specific powers of destruction. One is inclined to pity him as one pities that huge Satan of Milton engulfed in the fires of Hell, knowing full well that all that hugeness, all that cunning, all that active malignity is doomed to final extinction. Victory comes for a space - Adam is deceived and many an angel falls in the heavenly war; so too does victory come to Moby Dick - Ahab and all his crew save one are destroyed. But even as Ahab's body is slowly settling to the ocean's bottom, his spirit is arming for the conflict that ends in victory, in another body, in another age; perhaps, but the puny force of Moby Dick will bend reverently before it.

In his essay on "The Causes of Sterility in Literature" Walter Pater lays the paucity of great works to the fact that most writers are mere lazy pilferers of other men's ideas rather than open-eyed observers of the world's phenomena. That criticism does not apply to Melville, nor, indeed, to Cooper or Dana. Cooper saw, remembered and wrote; Dana saw, remembered, meditated, and wrote; Melville saw, ~~x~~ remembered, philosophized, and wrote. Three immortal mariners! In their books ~~xxx~~ "the great flood-gates of the wonder-world swung open" and with them we too can sing:



2

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.

Editor's note: Moby Dick and Two years before the mast are in grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, from APH and HMP.

The pilot and Red Rover, are not in braille but of Cooper's books The last of the Mohicans,

The spy, and The deerslayer are in grade 1, APH



Oliver Goldsmith. From The Makers of English
Prose, by W. J. Dawson

If the interest excited by Dr. Johnson has been great and lasting, not less permanent is the interest which attaches itself to Goldsmith. But it differs altogether in quality. Johnson is in all things the strong man, a Hercules wrestling with his seven labours, rude and rough, but rarely less than heroic in a stolid and indomitable fashion, and above all a humourist, whose humour was a weapon, with which he fought his way to fortune. He tells us that he was once touched by the description which a ragged female beggar gave of herself - "an old struggler"; and he was touched because the phrase applied itself with curious felicity to his own arduous life. We are fascinated with the spectacle of Johnson storming his way onward to esteem, as we should be with the spectacle of a forlorn hope pushing its way upward against flaming battlements: he touches the soldier instinct in us. But Goldsmith was not a strong man, nor a wise man, nor a successful man. His qualities were precisely those which do not help a man to overcome the world, but through which the world is able to inflict severe suffering and much secret torture. His two dominant characteristics were simplicity and sensitiveness, and the hard discipline of life never taught him how to barter the one for worldly shrewdness, or the other for worldly callousness. It was his simplicity which Walpole jeered at when he called him "an inspired idiot"; it was his ~~sensitiveness~~ sensitiveness which laid him open to many of those conversational disabilities which Boswell recounts with such malicious glee. No experience of the venomous jealousies of the world ever cured Goldsmith of his native habit of wearing his heart upon his sleeve; no experience of the ingratitude of the world ever soured the native kindness of his nature. In sweetness of heart, in tenderness of feeling, in all that constitutes charm of character, Goldsmith, with all his faults, was and still remains the most lovable man whom English literature has produced.

The whirligig of Time brings strange revenges, and it is one of the revenges of Time that the very qualities which were the secret of Goldsmith's earthly troubles are now the sources of his fame and fascination. A soft, unfading radiance clothes him, and our hearts go out with unfailing affection towards one to whom we owe so much. For, in a wider sense than we can readily conceive, the simplicity and sensitiveness of Goldsmith were the forces which shaped all the really memorable work which he has done in literature. Who but a

tender-hearted man could have written the "Deserted Village," who but a man of guileless simplicity could have wandered through those many sharp experiences which find such delightful reflection in the "Traveller," "The Stoops to Conquer," and the "Citizen of the World?" More than any other writer of his time, more even than professed novelists like Smollett and Richardson, Goldsmith drew upon the wealth of his own experiences in all that he wrote of abiding interest. None but a simpleton would have mistaken a squire's house for an inn, but out of that ludicrous misadventure his best comedy was born. None but a man of ineradicable guilelessness of nature would have entertained the idea of fluting his way through Europe, but the fruit of those strange wanderings was one of the loveliest and most perfect poems in English literature. A man less sophisticated and world-hardened than Goldsmith could never have conceived such a story as the "Vicar of Wakefield," a story on which, to quote a phrase of Bunyan's, "the very dew of heaven is still fresh." It may be that in the ordinary sense Goldsmith was not a wise man, but there is a frequent wisdom in simplicity which is denied to profundity, and in the truest sense simplicity may be the last art of profundity. Certain it is that for the production of the most delicate bloom of literature the childlike mind is needed, and Goldsmith was an eternal child. Amid all the rude and violent influences of his time, he still retained something of the child's divine innocence and grace, the child's sensitiveness and impressionability, and for us he possesses also all the child's loveliness. If he occasionally manifested also the foibles and the petulance of the child, these are faults which can be readily forgiven him. Without the foibles, the harmless egotism and amusing vanity, the love of fine dress and incapacity of understanding the duty of paying for it, the careless generosity, the total lack of prudence, the unforeseeing pleasure in the hour, the gay neglect of the lessons of the past and the stern monitions of the future, he would not be Goldsmith, he would not be the man whose simplicity is more attractive, and whose folly is more endearing, than the heroism and wisdom of far greater men.

The life of Oliver Goldsmith may be described as a prolonged misadventure, a comedy with tragic shadows always lurking in the background, a tragedy lit up to the very last with sunny flashes of comic mirth. What a series of immortal pictures glow before us, in living vividness and colour, as we read his history! From the first our sympathies go



out to the little, ugly, pock-marked child, under whose clumsy demeanour so rare a spirit is concealed. We laugh at his innocent college excesses, his elation in the possession of a guinea, his prodigal wanderings, and return on his "fiddle-backed Rosinante," his excuse that after so much trouble to reach home his mother might at least have been glad to see him, his ~~fruitless~~ futile efforts to study law and medicine, his still more futile attempt to become a cleric, his reckless generosity, his insouciant philosophy, his light-hearted way of following delusive hopes and attempting foolish enterprises. There was never so lovable a ne'er-do-well, so innocent a prodigal. But it often happens that our laughter comes perilously near to tears, and the picture of Goldsmith standing in the shadow of the Dublin streets listening eagerly to some street hawker singing his songs, is as immortal in its pathos as the picture of Goldsmith spending his last guinea in buying tulips for his uncle Contarine is immortal in its humour. Throughout the life of Goldsmith the pathos and the humour go together, and the ludicrous and tragic chase each other in his history, as cloud and sunshine in an April firmament. To him, however, that was often enough tragic which is ludicrous to us. In the world's great school he was one of those awkward scholars whose fate it is always to be imposed upon by shrewder, and bullied by stronger, natures. Like all sensitive people he had a great capacity for love, a thirst for recognition which the undiscerning mistook for vanity, a desire for sympathy which the callous interpreted as egotism. Even Johnson misunderstood and was unfair to him, and often caused him poignant if unintentional pain. No one else tried to understand him, and no one took him seriously. To the members of the Literary Club he was what he had been at Trinity College, Dublin, at Dr. Milner's Academy at Peckham, at Mr. Griffiths' dingy shop - a person of no particular account, whose amiableness invited imposition, and whose awkwardness was a theme for ridicule. Those who knew him best had recognized his genius so little, that when he published the "Traveller," it was difficult to persuade them that he had written it himself. He was throughout life the butt of inferior wits, and in the arts which secure earthly success was completely distanced by inferior men, because he had no power of impressing himself as others. He had the finest wit, but it was not at command; he had genius and eloquence, but an invincible awkwardness and timidity prevented the display of either when their display would have won him respect. In conversation he was like a man who has



course of gold, but who cannot produce the single silver coin which is wanted at the moment. The same illustration may be applied to his entire life. With a heart rich in affection, a nature incomparably wealthy in noble qualities, he possessed nothing of that exterior fascination by which friendship is invited and retained. Misunderstood, repulsed in his affection, the hunger of his heart was satisfied with no human food; and therefore to his loss, but to our infinite gain, he transferred his love to the creatures of his fancy, and let the restrained kindness and learning of his nature overflow in pages which are the delight of the world to-day, not less for their literary beauty than for their moral tenderness and sweetness.

If Goldsmith's life had been less chequered, if he had possessed personal charm as well as genius, his writings would have been very different, and possibly we should miss much that is our delight to-day. He was so intensely individual that the reflection of his own life is seen in everything he wrote. Even in his meanest hack-work we come over and again on passages saturated with personal feeling, passages which, like some still pool in a barren moorland, hold in their depths the clouded blue of his own troubled life. It is not only in his private letters that he talks of starving in the streets of London, where Otway and Butler starved before him, and says that no one cares a farthing for him. Buried in the reviews which he wrote for Griffiths in the earliest period of his drudgery, we find sentences like these, which at once arrest the ear with the ring of personal experience: "The regions of taste," says he, "can be travelled only by a few, and even those find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not yet a passport from Nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame." Here again, in his "Inquiry into the State of Learning, is a passage which is too clearly wrung from his own bitter knowledge of life, and is but too faithful and prophetic a transcript of his own career. He says that the author is "a child of the public in all respects; for while so well able to direct others, how incapable is he frequently found of directing himself! His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning; his sensibility to the slightest invasions of contempt. Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxiety shorten his life, or render it unfit for active employment; prolonged vigils and intense application still further contract his span, and make his time



glide insensibly away. Let us not then aggravate those natural inconveniences by neglect: we have had sufficient instances of this kind already. It is enough that the age has already produced instances of men pressing foremost in the lists of fame, and worthy of better times, schooled by continual adversity into a hatred of their kind, flying from thought to drunkenness, yielding to the united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow, sinking unheeded, without one friend to drop a tear on their unattended obsequies, and indebted to charity for a grave." He cannot even write his "Natural History" without this touch of heart-felt humanity: - "The lower race of animals, when satisfied for the instant moment, are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man. His mind anticipates distress, and feels the pang of what before it arrests him. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer, so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as a happy escape from famine, are known at last to die, in reality, of a disorder caused by hunger, but which in the common language is often called a broken heart. Some of these I have known myself, when very little able to relieve them; and I have been told by a very active and worthy magistrate, that the number of such as die in London of want is much greater than one would imagine - I think he talked of two thousand a year." In passages like these we have not only gleams of poetry and pathos, but we have Goldsmith's own life. All the reward he obtained for his poetry was his misery, his garret, and his fame. Tasteless meals and mean distresses in Green Arbour Court, threats of arrest from Griffiths, midnight vigils and ill-paid drudgery, a life whose every day was a happy escape from famine, were the actual elements of Goldsmith's lot, and wore his strength out in the very prime of his years. That ~~strange~~ strange disorder called a broken heart, of which two thousand persons died annually in London, including some he had known and could but little relieve, was his destined end also; for were not his last words the confession that his mind was not easy? and was it not that united pressure of labour, penury, and sorrow which weighed him down into the grave? How much does it say for the true nobility of Goldsmith's nature, that hard as his life was, one of its unhappy results at least he he never knew: he never flew from thought to drunkenness, or was schooled by adversity into a hatred of his kind.

There is another respect also in which the nobleness of Goldsmith's nature was dis -



played. He had a higher vision of the functions of a man of letters than even Johnson had, and, with far less natural strength of character than Johnson, was equally sturdy in the maintenance of his own honour and independence. We are accustomed to praise Marvell for refusing a king's bribe, and Milton for turning his back upon a king's messenger, but in Goldsmith's life there occurred an equally striking but less-known scene. We have seen that while men of genius starved, political pamphleteers of the meanest abilities rolled in luxury, and there came a time when the Government made a bid for the pen of Goldsmith. The infamous Sandwich had a certain Parson Scott as chaplain, and Scott was sent to Goldsmith to induce him to write in favour of the administration. "I found him," says Scott, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority: I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' and so," said the reverend plenipotentiary, with unstinted contempt, "I left him in his garret." What Goldsmith's exact earnings were at this time, it would be interesting to know: what sum it was that he found sufficient for his wants; but we know that this offer came at the close of twelve years' desperate struggle for bread, during which his first work had brought him little profit, and the "Vicar of Wakefield" had been sold for 60 lbs. to pay his landlady. He was now forty, and had but a few more years to live. Eight years before he had made despairing attempts to free himself from the unsought yoke of literature, and had thus described himself: "Years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two big wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig; and you have a perfect picture of my present appearance." It was this man, who had toiled like a galley-slave, and with scarcely more honour, who had produced some of the finest things in English literature for the wages of a porter, who had been banded ~~xxxx~~ from pillar to post by booksellers and editors, hustled, bullied, threatened, a miserable drudge whose only familiars were ignominy and hunger - it was this man who was now tempted with the vision of opulence, and he refused it. It may seem little enough to some ears to-day to say that Goldsmith refused to sell his pen to a party, but let

us measure the temptation rightly that we may rightly measure the heroism of the refusal. There were few writers of that time who would not have welcomed the Reverend Chaplain Scott on such an errand. In many a garret not more miserable than Goldsmith's, his advent would have seemed like the birth of light itself after long darkness. Had he gone to Chatterton's garret in Brooke Street, Holborn, he would have been welcomed, for Chatterton, boy as he was, had measured the world with cynical correctness enough to see that any man was a fool who could not write on both sides of a question. Neither Marvell nor Milton was tried by so terrible a test as this, for neither touched the depth of miserable poverty in which Goldsmith was proof against the bribe. Much as he had lost in the long struggle, he had not lost self-respect; broken as he was in hope, he was not broken in noble pride: with prompt magnanimity he said "No" to Parson Scott, and that covetous intriguer and pluralist left him to his misery, his garret, and his fame.

Horace Walpole once said, with characteristic coxcombry, to a correspondent, "You know how I shun authors, and would never have been one myself if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all these things and divert myself." When Goldsmith shut the door upon Parson Scott, he performed the last definite act which bound him to authorship. He had begun life with far different hopes, he had become author only by compulsion, but at last he had come to see that authorship was the one vocation for which he was supremely fitted, and he regarded it with seriousness and earnestness. The special fitness of Goldsmith for authorship lay in two things, and the first of these was style. He touched nothing that he did not adorn: if he had written upon a broomstick he would have written beautifully, said Johnson, and it was no more than the truth. Where did this careless idler, this unscholarly scholar, this poverty-stricken wail, pick up the secret of his style? We do not know and cannot tell, for in truth literary style is born and not made. Clumsy as Goldsmith was in conversation and unskilled in repartee, no sooner did his hand hold a pen than he was at once master of a most delicate humour, a rare felicity of thought, a diction of exquisite purity and grace. Open where we will in Goldsmith, we come on passages as clear as running water, and as full of refreshing mistic. He never tries to be eloquent: all is simple, natural, unaffected, and yet all is expressed with such concision



and polish of phrase that we feel in every line the skill of the true artist. When he said that if Johnson had written of little fishes he would have made them talk like whales, he exactly hit the fault of Johnson's prose - its wearisome pompousness, its artificial and grandiose pretension. But Goldsmith could make little fishes talk like little fishes; in other words, he was master of a perfectly supple and lucid style, and always wrote not only with engaging simplicity, but with a true artistic perception of the adaptation of the means to the end. A perfect finish characterizes even his most hasty and lightly-considered work. His "Animated Nature" was little better than hackwork, but it contains passages like this: "It is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that gives the bird's song its true relish. These united improve each other, and raise the mind to a state of the highest yet most harmless exultation. Nothing can in this situation of mind be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling on the wing, raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to ~~wik~~ see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its next, the spot where all its affections are centred, the spot that has prompted all this joy." Here is the hand of the true artist, who writes well because he feels exquisitely, and whose phrases have the spontaneous eloquence which springs from true feeling, alike charming to the intellect and the heart. In freshness, elegance, grace of style, Goldsmith has few rivals, and he who desires to write noble English cannot go to a better school than that of the "Citizen of the World" and the "Vicar of Wakefield."

But it needs more than a fine mastery of language to make a great writer; and the second source of Goldsmith's literary greatness is his temper. He breathes the spirit of a noble benevolence, an unaffected piety, a heart-moving compassion. His own rough experiences of life, so far from teaching him aversion from his kind, had bred in him a boundless sympathy.

"ere I to be angry with men for being fools," he writes, "I could here have found ample room for declamation; but alas! I have been a fool myself, and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?" This sentence is admirably characteristic of Goldsmith. With the child's fascinating artlessness he is the historian



of his own folly, he laughs at his own blunders, he reveals his own most secret affections. He finds something of gold in the poorest dross of human nature, and refuses to speak meanly of the lowest, or harshly of the worst. He himself has been a fool: why indeed should he laugh at the folly of others? He himself has also found out, by living contact and experience, that human worth and kindness are to be found everywhere, and most perhaps in the least-expected quarters. No one ever understood the poor better, or has treated them with so touching a reverence. Goldsmith's feeling for the poor was not mere sentimental pity; it was a profound respect. He was the son of a country clergyman "passing rich on forty pounds a year": he had seen the austere nobleness of poverty, as well as its mean shifts; and in those early wanderings of his, he had often broken bread with some such peasant saint as he describes:

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten in the blaze.

It was of his brother's humble life he wrote:

Blest be those feats with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

The luxury of doing good was the only luxury Goldsmith ever knew. Perhaps it compensated him for the lack of many other things which most men esteem luxuries. He believed in goodness and practiced it, and it was out of that temper of unrestrained love for humanity that all that is noblest in his work sprang. Its most direct fruit is the "Vicar of Wakefield." Who that has ever read those immortal pages, who that has laughed at the harmless simplicities and vanities of the little group, has not also felt the presence of something beside humour and pathos in the book, a sunny humanity, a divine atmosphere of compassion, the pulsations of a pure and boundless sympathy? Is there in the whole realm of English literature anything more profoundly touching than that scene in which the old Vicar suddenly stops himself in the curses which he has uttered on his daughter's betrayer, and says, "I did not curse him, child, did I?" "Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice." "Then may heaven forgive me and him, if I did." It is a great power to touch at will the sources of tears and laughter, but it is a yet greater to breathe into the very spirit of a man some-

thing of the charity of God, and that is what Goldsmith has done in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The fresh wind of Eden blows across its pages, it is the picture of a lost Paradise, and the lesson of how it may be regained. Goethe has recorded how great a blessing the book was to him. He read it in his youth; he has recorded his obligations in his autobiography; and "standing at the age of eighty-one on the very brink of the grave, he told a friend that in that decisive moment of mental development, the "Vicar of Wakefield" had formed his education, and that he had recently, with unabated delight, read the charming book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection of how much he had been indebted to the author seventy years before. Then we think of this noble spirit of piety which breathes through all Goldsmith's writings, and of its effect in softening the emotions and purifying the thought, we may say of Goldsmith, as he has said of the great poets whom he loved, 'To such would I give my heart, since to them I am indebted for its humanity.'

Much of Goldsmith's writings must perish, but his best writing is secure. The impression which he made upon the men of his own time was deeper even than they knew, and it was only the hour of bereavement that revealed to them all that they had lost. When the unexpected news of his death came, Burke burst into tears, and Reynolds threw away his brush; but more affecting still, as a token of what his life had meant to many, was the crowd of unhappy creatures who thronged the staircase, and wept bitterly, because the only friend they had ever known lay dead above. Perhaps he would have valued the tears of these poor retakers at a higher rate than the praises of posterity; and yet, too, there was a fame which Goldsmith sought, and to which he knew himself entitled. There is nothing more pathetic in his history than that keen tormenting consciousness which possessed him of capacity squandered in uncongenial toil, of genius equal to the highest tasks but bound to the meanest by the need of bread. He did his hack-work, but he loathed it; he did it as hack-work was never done before, but he chafed under its degradation, and still more under this sense of conscious waste of power; and if he had stopped there, we should not be writing of him to-day. But deep in the heart of poor Goldsmith there was that fiery thirst for fame which is the portion of all great spirits, and without which it would be impossible for genius to endure the hardships and reproaches of its lot. The foolish call this thirst vanity, and the undiscerning name it egotism, but it is in truth neither one nor other: it is simply the effort of

a great mind to attain its greatest, to be worthy of itself, to secure the recognition which it feels that it may justly claim, to live again in the life of distant ages as an influence and a power, secure in an eternal esteem, immortal in the power of doing good. "There is," says a modern writer, "a kind of life after death which is enviable; such as Apuleius had all over the cities of the East; the fame which bent down before it alike the Pagan and the Christian world, which united ~~ixix~~ in it all the glories and all the forces of the pontiff, the poet, the orator, the teacher, the seer." Apuleius lived in the flesh eighteen hundred years ago, but he lives to-day in the spirit, in the mind of every scholar. Can we think of the sweetness of Psyche without remembering her poet? Can we ever hear an ass bray in the streets without a vague fancy that the heart of Lucius is beating under his shaggy skin? That is fame, because it is indissoluble attachment with the minds of men, and a power over their emotions, which is secure amid all changes of time and taste. It is this vision of a place in the

Choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,

that has been the divine, sustaining hope of all those great spirits whose thoughts yet move us, and whose memories are dear and vital to us. It has been also their reward. When Goldsmith toiled in secret on the "Traveller," he had a definite aim before him; it was to "catch the heart and strike for honest fame." He could not better have described his claim to immortality. He has caught the hearts of men in the charmed web of his exquisite and tender simplicity, and has found honest fame in the love of multitudes made not merely wiser but better by his presence. The first installment of that fame was paid in the praise of Goethe, and each succeeding generation has followed where he led, and has been eager to pay its tribute of affection and acclaim at the shrine of Oliver Goldsmith.

Editor's note: Among his books the following are in braille:

Deserted Village. APH

Good-natured man. NIB

The Deserted Village and The Traveller. NIB

Present State of Polite Learning. NIB

She Stoops to Conquer. APH and NIB

The Vicar of Wakefield. APH



Book Announcements. October 1933

- Boyd, James. The long hunt. 3v. 1930 APH FF Grade 2. A realistic study of the Tennessee frontier in 1800 and of the trappers, pioneers, Indians and traders who roamed the forests and meadows of the new country. The psychological treatment of the "long hunter" of the title, who fears the loss of his freedom through marriage, yet covets the love of the fair young daughter of a pioneer, is absorbing. Episodes of frontier life are treated with considerable frankness..
- Chamberlin, William Henry. Soviet Russia, a living record and a history. 5v. Revised edition 1931. CPH FF Grade 2. The revised edition has two new chapters on the working of the Five year plan. Mr. Chamberlin's book not only ranks among the best of the all too few serious scientific ~~analyses of life under the first proletarian dictatorship~~ analyses of life under the first proletarian dictatorship, but it may even lay claim to being the most comprehensive, penetrating and informative account of Soviet Russia which has yet appeared in English.
- Connelly, Marc. The green pastures; a fable suggested by Roark Bradford's southern sketches, "Ol Man Adam an' his chillun." 1v. 1930 BIA FF Grade 2. An original and beautiful play which presents a negro's interpretation of the Bible. The seventeen scenes show Old Testament stories in terms of child-like imagination and faith.
- The Davis Mystery Chef. The little book of excellent recipes and cooking tips. 3v. 1932 APC
- Fleg, Edmond. The Jewish anthology. 3v. 1925 BIA FF Grade 2. A collection of excerpts from Jewish writings, mostly prose, which throws much light on the emotional, religious, moral, social, and artistic experiences of the Jews from the Hellenistic epoch to the present. What the book shows, chiefly, is the Jew as a human being - sometimes noble, sometimes childish and small minded, but always human.
- Foster, Larimore. Larry; thoughts of youth. 3v. 1931 ARC A selection from the diary, letters themes and poems of a young American college boy who was accidentally killed during a summer vacation in Arizona. It is an involuntary legacy to all youth who may doubt that the good life is the best. And lest it be thought that Larry was what is contemptuously described as a "goody-goody," let it be said at once that he was a healthy, normal boy, full of the zest of life, that he was an athlete who could run, jump, play ball, and fence with the best of the, that he could play and sing, debate and write, and that he made "Phi Beta" marks in his studies.
- Goethe, J.W. von. Hermann und Dorothea, edited by Calvin Thomas. German text. To be embossed.
- Grenfell, W.T. Forty years from Labrador. 4v. ABFR FF Grade 2 In this new autobiography, superseding "A Labrador Doctor," published thirteen years ago the records of childhood and youth remain unchanged, but otherwise the entire book has been rewritten with Sir Wilfred hopes, "the better perspective and riper wisdom of age," and the story has



been brought down to date.

Grey, Zane. The call of the canyon. 2v. 1924 BIA FF Grade 2 A typical Zane Grey western story ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ which also points a moral, namely the injustice that has been done the disabled World war veteran and the lonely often disheartening fight he has had to put up to come back.

Hauck, Louise P. Two to-gether. 2v. 1932 CPH To be embossed.

-----The wifehood of Jessica. CPH To be embossed.

Hindus, Maurice. Red bread. 3v. ABFR FF Grade 2. In a series of chapters, replete with anecdotes and character sketches, the author, a Russian-born American gives a picture of the Russian peasant of 1930 as he was affected by the policy of "collectivization" under the five year plan.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. Poet at the breakfast table. 3v. APH FF Grade 2. The third and last volume of a series of talks full of brilliant wit and buoyant seriousness.

Huffcut, Ernest W. The elements of business law. 5v. 1925 XI BIA FF Grade 2.

Newberry, Julia. Diary, with an introduction by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Janet Ayer Fairbank. 1v. 1933 CPH FF Grade 2 This diary of a young Chicago girl, begun in 1869 when she was fifteen years old and continued to October 1871, has only recently been brought to light by a relative. At sixteen Julia Newberry was sent East to school and the next year she was in Europe, where the news of the Chicago fire, with the loss of the family home, brought consternation. Julia confided to her diary the fresh outpourings of a bright and independent mind, comments on the world she moved in and the people she met, among whom some familiar names appear, and especially frank opinions on the young men of her acquaintance.

Norris, Frank. The octopus. 5v. 1928 BIA FF Grade 2. A novel of the railroad's stranglehold upon the Western farmer of a generation ago. Norris died at thirty-two, leaving unfinished his trilogy: "The Epic of the Wheat." Even though it lacks the concluding volume, some think that we already have "the great American novel" in the first two parts of this trilogy which are The Octopus and The Pit.

O'Neill, Eugene. Mourning becomes Electra. 2v. 1930 CPH FF Grade 2. A trilogy in which the Orestes-Electra legend is presented in modern terms against a New England background. Walter Prichard Eaton says of it "It has been freely called a masterpiece. In one sense it unquestionably is. In it, O'Neill's method is as nearly classic as we can well ask of the modern drama, but he deals with small, spiritually insignificant, almost contemptible characters. It is a gripping and emotional play, but it is not a Greek tragedy. J.W. Krutch calls it a great play but points out that when compared with such as Hamlet and Macbeth one realizes that it does lack one thing and that thing is language - words as thrilling as the action which accompanies them.

Oppenheim, E.P. The Ostrekoff jewels. 3v. 1932 CPH FF Grade 2 A tale of intrigue and adventure in Russia in 1917.



Peters, Lulu H. Diet and health, with a key to the calories. 2v. 1918 APC Embossed from metal plates. Gives good-humored advice about how to reduce or gain.

Pitkin, W.B. Life begins at forty. 1v. CPH FF Grade 2. The thesis of the book is that Americans of forty or a little over are the luckiest generation in the history of the United States. The author maintains that the man or woman of forty, instead of being on the shelf as the younger generation would have us believe, is just beginning to live. From the researches of psychologists and biologists of note he attempts to prove that there need not be any decline of mental powers after forty; that "at forty or never, we begin to live our own lives."

Rinehart, Mary R. The album. 3v. 1933 BIA FF Grade 2 It's almost superfluous to say that Mrs. Rinehart gives you oodles of first-rate horror, all the fun you need, a female narrator of the pure Rinehart breed, a whiz of a criminologist and, in short, that peculiar and very comfortable feeling that you get in positively no other tales. Accept no substitute.

Rosman, A.C. Protecting Margot. HMP To be embossed.

Scott, Sir Walter. The betrothed. 6v. APH FF Grade 2. First published in 1825. A romance in the time of the Crusades.

Seymour, Paul H., editor. The new Hoyle: standard games. 3v. 1931 APH FF Grade 2 To be embossed.

Tarkington, Booth. Seventeen; a tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family, especially William. 2v. CPH FF Grade 2. An amusing story of the puppy-love stage in a boy's life, with some delightful characterizations of members of the family, especially of his mother and little sister, Jane.

Taylor, F.L. Adventures in happy living. HMP One of the "Adventures in wonderland series." ~~Supplies~~ Supplementary reading for the kindergarten.

Tschiffely, A.F. Tschiffely's ride; ten thousand miles in the saddle from Southern Cross to Pole star, with a preface by R.B.Cunningham Graham. 3v. 1933 APH FF Grade 2. Taking two and a half years to complete the trip the author rode horseback from Buenos Aires to Washington, D.C. using the same two Argentine horses. The trip had two objects, first to provide the schoolmaster-author a vacation, and second to prove the hardiness

and power of the two horses, both of them more than fifteen years old.

Washington, Booker T. Up from slavery. 2v. 1901 HMP FF Grade 2 The inspiring story of a colored boy's gradual rise, by hard work and ambition, from an unconsidered child in a dingy cabin to the recognized leader, and benefactor of his race.

Wilson, H.L. Two black sheep. 3v. CPH FF Grade 2. A gay, satirical novel. With wit, good looks and an amazing disregard for facts, two young people, a French prince incognito and a girl who claims to be a New York society heiress, conquer Hollywood and invade the talkies. As aides and abettors they claim the allegiance of a traveling salesman in jewelry and the head of an exclusive dressmaking establishment.



Hand-copied Books

- Adams, Evangeline. Astrology, your place in the sun. 9v. 1928 LC
- Adams, John, pseudonym. Symphony of six million, a novelization of the Fannie Hurst screen story. 4v. 1932. Cleveland.
- Aldrich, Barragh. To mother with love; bound with The tinsel star, by Mary Roberts Finehart. 1v. LC
- Bercovici, Konrad. The story of the Gypsies. 7v. 1928 LC, Sacramento. Many legends and stories are woven into this colorful account of gypsies from their first appearance in Europe to the present day.
- Berry, Mildred. The essential truths of Christian faith and practice. 1v. Braille Circularizing Library, Richmond, Virginia.
- Biggers, Earl Derr. Keeper of the keys, a Charlie Chan story. 6v. 1932. LC A mystery story.
- Booth, Charles G. Sinister House. 7v. 1926 LC A mystery story of Southern California.
- Brenner, Rica. Ten modern poets. 6v. 1930 Cleveland. Rather careful analysis of the work of five modern American poets: Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Milley, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, and five English poets: Walter De La Mare, Alfred Edward Housman, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, and Alfred Noyes.
- Bromfield, Louis. The green bay tree. 4v. 1924 Sacramento, Cleveland, Detroit. The story of two sisters: Lily who sinned courageously and flourished like the green bay tree, and Irene who was too righteous and perished of drought. Essentially, however, it is far more the story of an epoch in Middle-Western American life, a bar of light thrown on that brief period during which wilderness became farmland and farmland became factory-yard.
- Christie, Agatha. The big four. 5v. 1927. Seattle. A detective story.
- Covello, Leonardo, and Annita E. Giacobbe. First book in Italian. 7v. 1928. Perkins.
- Darling, Jay N. Ding goes to Russia. 4v. 1932. Chicago. A most delightful account of personal observations. If the narrative were really to be taken seriously, one might be inclined to comment on the refreshing ignorance of Soviet economic and political institutions which it displays. But artistic license permits of naive exaggerations in order to create the desired atmosphere.



De Schweinitz, Karl. The art of helping people out of trouble. 4v. 1924 Cleveland. This practical book for welfare workers is written by a social worker of wide sympathy and applies psychology in a sane way to social problems. In a series of interesting cases he analyzes the causes of failure to meet the troubles that arise in human life, and suggests the remedies to apply.

Dixon, Royal. The human side of birds. 4v. 1917. LG, Sacramento. According to this author the birds have all the traits and habits of men. He shows them as home builders, garden makers, dancers, road makers, street cleaners, aviators, policemen, fishermen, etc. It contains interesting as well as instructive material, and is well expressed.

Dobie, J. Frank. Coronado's children, tales of lost mines, and buried treasures of the southwest. 9v. 1930 Dallas, Sacramento, St. Louis. Since the time when Coronado was fascinated and deceived by the fable of the Seven cities of Cibola, the Southwest has lured men with its legends of lost mines and hidden treasures. It is a dream that never dies, and its followers, children of Coronado, are still numerous. Mr. Dobie tells in stirring fashion tales of this wealth gleaned from old documents and from present-day seekers, and reproduces charts and symbols used by treasure hunters.

Durant, Will. The crisis in Communism, bound with The tragedy of Russia: the road to Moscow. 1v. From The Saturday Evening Post. LC

Eddington, Arthur Stanley. Science and the unseen world. 1v. 1929 Sacramento.

A lecture delivered by the eminent Professor of Astronomy of Cambridge University at Friends' House, London, in 1929. A penetrating and scholarly exposition of his attitude as a scientist toward spiritual values. Science has no creed - merely an "assurance that we are on the road. So too, is religion at its best, unhampered by dogmatic knowledge of God.

Edison, Thomas A., see note under author Henry Ford.

Farmer, Fannie Merritt. The Boston cooking-school cook book. 19v. Cleveland. Comprehensive and reliable. It is frequently revised.

Ford, Henry, and Samuel Crowther. Edison as I know him. 2v. ~~Pittsburgh~~ 1930 Pittsburgh. An appreciation of Thomas Edison, which records his friendship with Henry Ford from their first meeting in 1896 to the present. In the opening chapters of this book,



Mr. Ford (in collaboration with Samuel Crowther) expounds his general views on production, wages, unemployment and other contemporary economic problems. In the body of the volume he describes what has been done within the Ford plant itself with regard to the solution of these problems.

France, Anatole, pseudonym. Crainquebille; and Putois. lv. NYPL These are two of the best short stories in literature by the foremost writer of prose in contemporary France.

Gould, Laurence McKinley. Cold; the record of an Antarctic Sledge Journey. 5v. 1931 Chicago. This volume by the second in command of the Byrd Antarctic expedition is mainly concerned with the sledge journey to the Queen Maud mountains made by the author in 1929-30.

Harraden, Beatrice. Ships that pass in the ~~xxx~~ night. 3v. 1927 Detroit, LC Portland, Perkins. The action takes place in an Alpine health resort and has to do with the comradeship that develops between two invalids.

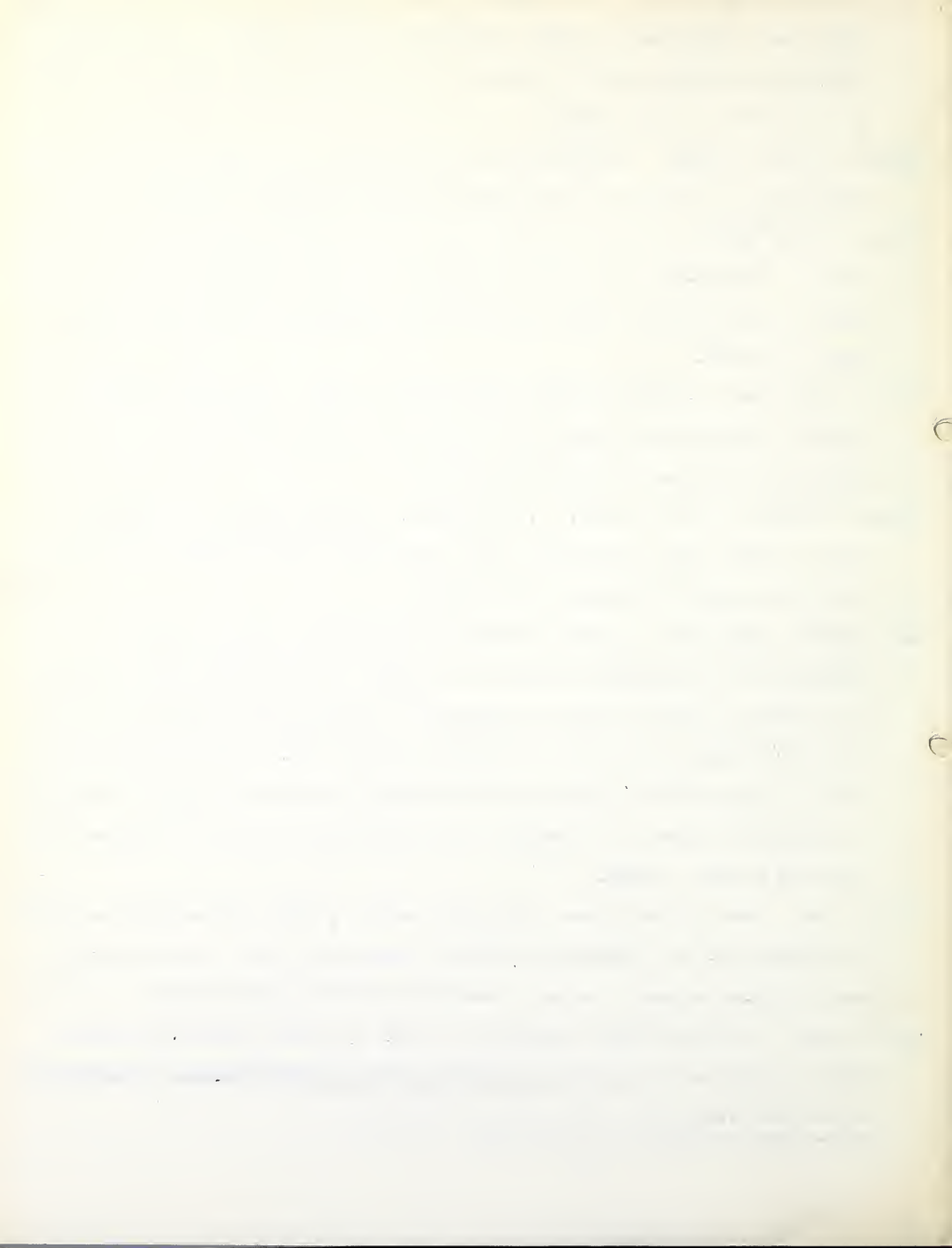
Irving, Washington. Rip Van Winkle. lv. LC, Perkins. A famous legend of the Hudson valley in which a man's supernatural sleep through years that transform his native village from ancient to modern, is the motive.

Kerr, Annie B. Wednesdays. 3v. 1929. Oklahoma, Philadelphia. The author while an executive of the International Institute of Brooklyn, put into short story form some of the wealth of material about the immigrants. The first five stories are Italian, two are Lithuanian, two Syrian, one Armenian, and one Greek. They describe the difficulties of adjustment with which they are struggling, their native customs of marriage and treatment of women, and something of the contribution of ideals and culture which they bring to this country.

Kilmer, Joyce. Trees and other poems. lv. 1914 Seattle, LC, NYPL Joyce Kilmer was killed in the Great War. His poems are of familiar, commonplace things, and are strong in their religious sentiment. He was a convert to the Roman Catholic faith.

Kobbe, Gustav. The loves of great composers. 3v. 1905. Cleveland, Perkins, Sacramento.

Contents: Mozart and his Constance.--Beethoven and his "immortal beloved."--Robert Schumann and the Countess Delphine Potocka. The Schumanns.--Robert Schumann and his Cecile.--Chopin Clara.--Franz Liszt and his Carolynne.--Wagner and Cosima.



Lang, Lincoln A. Ranching with Roosevelt. 7v. 1926 Cleveland, Sacramento. Lincoln Lang, the author of this book, was born in Ireland, and when sixteen years old came to America with his father and mother to settle on a ranch in the Bad Lands of Dakota. It was on this ranch, later, that Theodore Roosevelt spent some time. The author relates many interesting things about Roosevelt, and give his own personal impressions of him.

Laur, John. Church history, a complete history of the Catholic Church to the present day. 14v. 1932 Chicago.

McCutcheon, George Barr. Beverly of Graustark. 6v. 1904 St.Louis. McCutcheon was an Indiana author, a prince of story-tellers, and a master of light romance. His stories deal with mystery, intrigue, adventure and fabulous love scenes while they are the same time free from sensationalism.

-----Nedra. 6v. 1905 Chicago.

Mademoiselle Miss; letters from an American girl serving with the rank of Lieutenant in a French Army Hospital at the Front, with a preface by Doctor Richard C. Cabot. 1v. 1916 Perkins.

Marshall, Archibald. Simple stories. 2v. 1927 LC Fairy tales, nonsense stories, and modern fables written in matter-of-fact style.

Merz, Charles. The great American band wagon. 4v. 1928 Sacramento, Seattle. This good-humored satire touches on certain American idiosyncracies: jazz, bathing beauties, the silver screen, the radio, murder trials and prize fights.

Morrow, Honore Willsie. With malice toward none. 8v. 1928 Chicago, Cleveland, NYPL Mrs. Morrow's second Lincoln novel deals with the last two years of the Civil war and is concerned chiefly with the conflict between Lincoln and Charles Sumner over reconstruction policies. Mrs. Lincoln is pictured as a loyal, lovable and very human woman who played a large part in her husband's success.

Mukerji, Dhan Gopal. The face of silence. 3v. 1926 Chicago. A beautifully written biography of a holy man of India, Ramakrishna, a mystic whose teachings of tolerance and spirituality were directed toward all peoples and all religions. A fine interpretation of eastern mysticism.

Munro, H.H. The toys of peace, with an introduction by C.H.Chesterton, and a memoir by



Rothay Reynolds. 5v. 1930 Sacramento. Seattle. To this collection of short stories of characteristic Saki savor, G.K. Chesterton has written the introduction and Rothay Reynolds has contributed an appreciative memoir of his friend. Brief, vivid with a power which comes of quiet irony, they leave one with that full satisfaction which is the truest test of greatness.

Nason, Leonard H. Chevons. 2v. 1926 LC There is all the pageantry of war unrolled before you - the rugged advance of harried infantry, the artillery in action - men sweating and panting as they drag their one-pounders forward to the lines, airplane fights and a town being smashed into fragments - but this is not all. The way soldiers talked - their catchwords, their slang, the very moods which prompted their utterances are produced with utter authenticity.

Noyes, Alfred. Poems. 4v. 1906 Dallas His best known poem is "The Barrel Organ" written in a measure that is a good imitation of grind-organ music. Something of this mechanical quality is evident in all his verse, which, because of its regular rhythm and song tempo, is very popular.

Omar Khayyam. The rubaiyat, translated by Edward Fitzgerald. 1v. Now in Pittsburgh, IC and Philadelphia in grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Also in grade 2.

Parry, Edwin S. Betsy Ross, Quaker rebel; being the true story of the romantic life of the maker of the first American flag. 4v. 1932 IC

Rabindranath Tagore. These brief poems are of the type with which Sir Rabindranath Tagore was accustomed to inscribe fans and pieces of silk when he was in China and Japan. Fragmentary and dissociated, they are exquisitely fanciful, and the pattern of their thought is as intricately woven as the designs by Boris Artzybasheff, which accompany them.

Ramakrishna, see note under author's name Mukerji.

The reference spelling book, compiled by Nellie G. Flegg. Miss Flegg writes that this book contains ten thousand words arranged in alphabetical order; it is in five small volumes about forty pages per volume. The book is sold for \$1.50 per copy, postage included. Address Miss Nellie G. Flegg, 4106 North 18th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rice, Alice Hegan. Lovey Mary. 2v. 1903 Chicago, Dallas, IC, St. Louis. A sequel to

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The heroine and her three-year-old protege find a home.

Riley, James Whitcomb. Neighborly poems and dialect sketches, from "Poems and Prose Sketches."

3v. Sacramento.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts. The tinsel star, bound with To mother with love, by Barragh

Aldrich. lv. LC

Roosevelt, Theodore, see note under author, Lincoln A. Lang.

Roosevelt, Theodore, see note under author Owen Wister.

Service, Robert W. Rhymes of a Red Cross man. 2v. 1917 LC

Simpich, Frederick. Out in San Francisco. lv. Sacramento. From National Geographic Magazine, April, 1922.

Starrett, Vincent. The eleventh juror. From "The World's 100 Best Detective Stories." lv. LC, Philadelphia.

Sykes, James. Anne Disraeli, the story of Viscountess Beaconsfield. 4v. 1928 LC, Philadelphia
Throws a new and agreeable light on the most baffling and enigmatic figure in the annals of British statesmanship.-Foreword.

Tagore, see Rabindranath Tagore.

Turgenev, Ivan. A house of gentlefolk. 5v. 1917 LC Touching and beautiful story of two loves separated by fate. Liza is Turgenev's most beautiful woman character.

Turk, M.H. The shepherd of Jerusalem. The story of Reuel. lv. 1929 LC, Sacramento. A fanciful tale of a shepherd, who resents the intrusion of the Romans and the tyranny of Herod, and later sees the sign in the sky that the Christ child is born. He leads his two companions to the manger.

Twenty popular hymns, by various authors. lv. Philadelphia.

Van Dine, S.S. The scarab murder case, a Philo Vance story. 8v. 1930 Dallas, Philadelphia.

Vries, P.J.C. de. The princess who gres; translated from the Dutch. 2v. Pittsburgh.

Waller, Mary E. The windmill on the dune. 9v. 1931. Sacramento. A very human story of life, scene laid on Cape Cod and in Paris.

Webb, E.T. and J.J.B.Morgan. Strategy in handling people. 7v. 1930 Chicago, LC. This is applied psychology illustrated by incidents from the lives of successful men.

Wharton, Edith. Ethan Frome. 3v. 1922 Albany, Cleveland, NYPL, Portland, Detroit. A grim

tale of retribution told in so masterly a manner that the story seems a transcription
~~from real life. The~~ from real life. The
three characters are a discouraged New England farmer, his hypochondriac wife, and a
girl who still finds some joy in living. Ranks among the author's best works.

Wister, Owen D. Roosevelt, the story of a friendship. 9v. 1930 Chicago, LC. An intimate
picture of the Roosevelt Owen Wister knew at Harvard, as governor, president and at
Sagamore Hill.

Wright, Harold Bell. The shepherd of the hills, a novel. 6v. 1907. St. Louis.

Benét Wins Roosevelt Medal

"John Brown's Body," the book that won the Pulitzer Prize for its author, Stephen Vincent Benét, in 1928, has won a fresh laurel sprig for him this year. He has been awarded the 1933 Roosevelt Medal, a three-inch solid gold plaque, a distinction which Mr. Benet now shares with such Americans as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Robert A. Millikan and Charles W. Eliot. The Roosevelt Memorial Association, in announcing the award, stated that Mr. Benét had been given the medal not only for the intrinsic merit of his poetic panorama of the Civil War, but also because Theodore Roosevelt believed so strongly in American material for American writers. The poem has had a remarkable sales history. When it was first published in 1928, it sold 100,000 copies, an undreamed of sale for a poem, and made its young author, just turned thirty, one of America's most famous writers. The poem now sells about 1500 copies annually.

Editor's note: John Brown's Body is in braille, grade 1½, 3v., published by The American Braille Press.

Sketches from Living Authors: Stephen Vincent Benet.

Stephen Vincent Benet was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, July 22, 1898. He probably assimilated the art of writing from his family for his elder brother and sister, William Rose and Laura, are both poets and critics.

The name Benet is Spanish, which may explain his dark hair and brown eyes. He is tall, six feet or over, and has a slight stoop due to hours spent at writing. The Benet family came originally from the Island of Minorca and settled in St. Augustine several generations ago. Stephen Vincent cherishes the belief that he is related to Black Pedro, the Mexican bandit.

"From a rather early age," writes his brother William Rose Benet, "there was a distinct tendency in the author of 'John Brown's Body' to grit his teeth. In human relationships both mild and amiable, poetry was yet from the first a bright valour in his blood. It was a direct inheritance from a father whose love of the ringing line was well known to the evening circle in a certain home."

Benet's father, grandfather and great-grandfather were army officers and, like the children in most military families, Stephen Vincent had many homes. His father was transferred from New York to Benicia Arsenal, California, just in time for the seven-year old boy to see the red glow of San Francisco burning thirty miles away. After having lived and gone to school in California for several years, and then in Georgia, Benet entered Yale, from which he graduated in 1919.

While in France studying at the Sorbonne on a scholarship, he met Rosemary Carr of Chicago, who was on the staff of the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune. They were married later in Chicago.

"My brother," continues William Rose Benet, "depended upon his typewriter for a living and there came a certain fairly straitened season during which the short stories he was writing failed more and more to satisfy him, tho they happened to pay the rent. The opportunity to go to Paris again, this time on a fellowship, was a welcome turn of fortune. He wished to concentrate all his powers upon a longer work which would either be better poetry than he had ever written, or a failure. That he suddenly knew his theme was to be the American Civil War did not seem at all extraordinary to his immediate family. Books in his

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father's library, the 'Battles and Leaders,' old Army records, had from the time he was very young helped to ruin his eyesight quite as much as Ferrero on the Roman emperors."

In the two years of writing "John Brown's Body," which won the Pulitzer prize in 1929, Mr. and Mrs. Benét and their two children, Stephanie Jane and Thomas Carr, lived at Neuilly on a Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship. On their return from France they lived in Rhode Island until late in 1930, when they moved to New York City.

Mr. Benét, altho still a young man, has been publishing for years. When he was only seventeen his first volume of poetry, "Five Men and Pompey," was published. Critics considered this collection of six dramatic monologs remarkable for so young a writer and the book was given favorable attention. It was followed by other books of poetry, Young Adventure, 1918; Heavens and Earth, 1920; Young People's Pride, 1922; Ballad of William Sycamore, 1790-1880, 1923; Tiger Joy, 1925; his long narrative poem John Brown's Body, 1928; and Ballads and Poems, 1915 -1930, 1931.

Mr. Benét has written three novels. The Beginning of Wisdom, 1921; Jean Huguenot, 1923; and Spanish Bayonet, 1926.



Exile and Postman, by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. From the jubilee number of The Atlantic Monthly, November 1932. This number was made up of reprints of the most notable articles published in the magazine during the seventy-five years of its existence.

It used to make me homesick, in our little African clearing, to see the albino woman. She would move about among her brown companions like a flame - and her white body, that flickered in the sun and glimmered in the shade, used to knock at the door of nostalgia. Homesick people always long for a visit, and that albino was so white!

Once, to our neighborhood, where in those days white women did not come, there came a white woman. She did not lodge with us; she lodged with the white officer because she was an officer's wife. We used to wonder if she would call upon us. One of us had a pair of field glasses, and we used to watch her little figure coming and going about the clearing on the government hill. When one day she was seen to come down into our valley by the zigzag trail, we thought we had a Visit. I cannot tell you how anxious we were, in that little bark house, to make a good appearance - or what fresh disposals were made, with our eyes upon that descent, of our properties. I do not wish to make you too sad, but that white woman did not visit us. She went away. She did not know about us, or about exiles - that they are always dreaming of a Visit.

It seems a hard thing, sometimes, when night closes the doors of all the little trails, that the day has passed without a visitor. It is true of exiles that they have the most unreasonable expectations of the sort, based perhaps upon the migrations of swallows, and not relinquished until the hour of dusk. Yes, then the little trails of the forest are perceived by the mind's eye - which like a cat's eyes sees them better for the dark - to wander away into an infinite distance and a solitude.

Dusk is altogether the most illuminating hour for the exile; he then knows so exactly where he is; he has a perfectly visual sense of his surroundings. He sees where he is, but how came he there? The geography of his circumstance is plain, but not the logic. He who has no other companions than himself suspects this companion, in that hour of dusk, to be a fool. It must be a poor fool, he thinks, who has drifted into such a clearing by such a river!

The forest of the Cameroon is as good a place as any to be homesick; but I will not be saying that the members of my profession - and I am a missionary - are chronic sufferers.



Missionaries are, in the main, gay, and for excellent reasons - some of them pagan reasons, for they are little brothers of Antaeus; some of them Christian reasons, for they are of the company of successful fishermen. A fisherman with a good catch can defy even the dusk; his string of silver fish is a lantern to his feet.

No, if there were an altar and a service to placate nostalgia it would not be that fisherman who would most attend that service. The path to that altar would be worn brown by the feet of the trader. I think the trader is lonelier than the missionaries are; he is better versed in solitude. He goes into the forest with a backward look; he comes out of the forest sometimes with a secret and a stricken countenance. More than missionaries do, he does. More often than they, he builds out of his lonely horror and the license of solitude a perverse habitation for his soul. Sometimes - and this is very sad - he is afraid. He lingers and lingers on the margin of that green sea of forest.

"The heart," say the Bulu, "has gone to hide in the dark." And this is a Bulu way of saying that the heart is not worn upon the sleeve. Well, upon the sleeve of the white drill suits that beach traders wear there is, I will agree, no device of hearts. But those lonely inland traders, - those that have traveled ten, twenty, thirty days from their kind, - what is that they sometimes seem to wear upon the sleeve of their singlets? And who cares where he wears his heart if there is never a white man's eye to fall upon it! In those little bark huts on the trading posts, where young white men pale with the passing hours, there comes to a careless fashion in wear, whether of hearts or of collars. In the warm dusk of those little houses, where there is an earthen floor, where there are tin trade boxes as bright as jockeys' jackets, where there are trade cloths printed with violent designs, where there is salt fish, and cheap scent and tobacco, - where all these desirable things may be had for ivory and rubber, - there the trader may wear his heart upon his sleeve without shame. None of those brilliant eyes, set in those dark faces, know a white man's heart when they see it. There in his hut is a monotony of brown bodies quick with vehement gestures; there is a tumult of controversy in a tongue he does not know. The sudden glitter of brass ornament is there, and the glitter of brass spears. There are fantastic headdresses studded with buttons and shells and beads, and scented with the odor of wood fires. Between those brown bodies and the body of the white man lies the counter. More lies between them than this. There are be-

extremely rough ground. With the one-wheel chair she could travel steep and narrow paths



tween them such barriers that the white man is not more lonely when he is alone.

Yet how still it is of an idle day under the thatched leaves of that little house!

The sun does its exaggerated violence to the yellow earth of the clearing; the forest hangs its arras over its secret. How far it is, in this place not named on the map, from Manchester! How, when the rain falls, it is other than rainfall on the Clyde! How the pale fruit that hangs high on the ajap tree is not like the apples that ripen in Wishaw!

Do not speak of apples! Nostalgia in her cruel equipment carries a scented phantom apple.

At night there is about that young trader a trouble of drums that never rest. There is the sharp concerted cry of the dancers. There is the concerted wail for the dead. There is about him all the rhythmic beating of the mysterious life of his neighborhood, tormenting him where he lies under his mosquito net. For this he will rise and walk about, the ember of his pipe drifting back and forth in the dark, and his gramophone, roused by himself, making its limited obedient effort.

There is this about a gramophone: it is a thing that speaks the home tongue. I have seen him sitting under the eaves of his little hut, by his little table spread with a checkered cloth, his gramophone beside him, trying, with its tale of the old grouse gunroom, to divert that lonely meal. Now that I think of it, the gramophone is a kind of hero of my little piece - a kind of David with five tunes to do battle with nostalgia. Back in the tent broods Saul, and this poor patient David plays the endless round of five tunes. Until some day there is a javelin in the wall, and a proud black man goes away with a gramophone into the wilderness.

The night sky does more permanent ministry to the homesick, and of all the bright ministers the moon is the most effectual. It is the great reflector of lights; there it comes, swinging up its old path in the sky, and the fires of home are mirrored on its disk. You who read have spread your hands, in hour hour of homesickness, to those phantom fires - and other hands are always spread. Some of us were sitting on our heels about a little flame in a new clearing; all of us were alien in that clearing; one of us was white. And the black women said to the white woman when the moonlight fell upon all those women faces, -

extremely rough ground. With the one-wheel chair she could travel steep and narrow paths



"The moon looks upon the villages and upon the home village. We black people, when we sit in the towns of strangers and the moon shines, we say, 'Now by the light of this same moon the people at home dance to the drums!' However far we walk, we look upon the moon and we remember our friends at home."

Upon another moonlight night, sitting in a forest camp with young black girls for companions, these sang for me a little set of songs. ~~after songs, they told me of the~~
This little refrain they sang; clapping their hands ever so lightly, and the meaning of the singing was a warning:

"Ah, little gazelle, the night has deepened! Ah, little gazelle!"

It was a song of the moon, a song for wanderers. And the moon on that remembered night, dragging its net of broken silver cords in among the trees of the forest, caught everywhere the wandering hearts and drew them back on the little rough trails to the home fires. Every night that is a moonlight night there is the casting of that silver net upon far rivers and forests deeper than rivers - wherever aliens make a bed of leaves or sleep on a canvas cot.

On such a night, and caught in such a net, I have met the postman. Yes, on just such a night, when the world appeared as it hangs in space, a crystal globe, and, when so observed from a little clearing in an African forest, it was seen to be charted for boyagers, and all its little paths ran readily about the globe to that gilt side which is home. On such a night, and upon such a ~~path~~ path I met the postman.

To hang upon a little wicket gate under the moon at the end of a moon-filled clearing in a breach of the forest, - to see the black body of the postman suddenly darken the checkered light upon the path from the west, - how to speak of this adventure with moderation! How to speak of postmen at all with moderation! And of those postmen who thread the lonely forests of the world, their loads upon their backs, their rations of salt fish on top of their loads; how to recall their aspects, their monthly or bimonthly or semiannual arrivals, the priceless treasures they carry! How speak of these things to men and women who have never followed the little gazelle into those forests where the night has deepened; who have never felt the divinity in postmen!

Imagine that there is a people ~~x~~ in this world who let a postman walk up the path unattended, and who wait until he knocks on the door! Who do not shout to their neighbors when

extremely rough ground. With the one-wheel chair she could travel steep and narrow paths



they receive a letter, and who receive one every day! These items alone prove the truth of the Bulu proverb that there are tribes and tribes, and customs and customs.

And I will agree that there are, even on the trail of the wilderness, postmen and postmen. There are even, though I hate to dwell upon it, postmen whom I do not trust. Not all postmen have wings upon their heels. The ideal postman does of course fly. He is like

The bird let loose in eastern skies
When hastening fondly home.

He avoids idle wanderers. But they do not all do so. I remember to ~~have~~ have been awakened one night in a village by the gossip of two old headmen. They had met before my tent; there in the moonlight they chatted together. All the little life of the village was sleeping; the two old men alone were abroad. They were about the business of the post. ~~It is~~ It is a pioneer custom in Africa, east and west, that the white man's local letter is franked from town to town. The black man to whom the white man gives his letter carries it to the headman of the next settlement, who carries it in turn to his brother headman down the trail; and so from hand to hand, by day and by night, with a glance from any passing white man, the letter goes forward. Such a letter - carried, as the custom is, in a split rod from which there hung, like a flag, a bit of turkey red - changed hands that night before my tent. And now I write it in a white man's book that the postmen littered.

To stand and chat there in the moon-light with the exile's letter in your hands - how could you do that, you ~~two~~ two old heartless headmen? I watched you from my little green tent. It is remembered of you that you so delayed, while in some lonely hamlet under that same moon a white man sickened for a letter. And when one gave the forked stick to the other, it was then too late. If indeed, as you would say, you spoke no more than five words of gossip one to the other, those words were five too many. It is remembered of you, and a thousand nights since when I have waited for the mail, if it were a moon-light night, I have told myself with an extreme self-pity and a bitterness, "The carrier is gossiping in some clearing." I have seen in my heart that man with the load of mail upon his back, standing for hours by a friend of his, laughing and asking news one of the other. This conjured vision of two black men holding up the mail is the sad issue of an imagination infected beyond cleansing. You see, I saw them do it.



Some postmen have come in late because their feet were sore. And some, in passing through their home town, have permitted themselves an illness or a marriage. Some have waited, with the mail in their loads, to bury the dead. Such a postman, so given to misadventures and clumsy ill-timed tragedies, was once late to the tune of eleven days. Who remembers what delayed him or what exquisite reasons he gave? And who of us in that little clearing forgets the long hours of that year of days?

Another postman, of an extreme beauty and an extreme speed, arrived before his time. There was a shouting when he came. All the inhabitants of that little settlement of white men called to each other; the four or five of them filled a room of a bark house - those white faces that were growing daily like the face of the Asra, were all lit by the flame of the mail. In all that little commonwealth, with its pioneer trades and its pioneer gardens and its pioneer hospital and school and church - in all that settlement all the busy crude wheels of industry slackened and stood still while the white men opened the load of the mail.

"Now they will be reading the books from home!"

And of Ebengé, that young carrier, it is still remembered that he arrived before he was due. "Ah, Ebengé," you still say to him from time to time, "that was a fine walking you walked so long ago when you slept but three nights with the mail!"

Another postman, never to be forgotten by those exiles whom he served, never came at all. It was a boy, too young, you would think, for his great office. The letters in his little pack were from husbands to wives, and they must travel a hundred miles of forest trail in time of war. Not twenty miles they traveled when the postman, surrounded by black soldiers, was called to deliver. He did not deliver. He could not give the white man's letters to another hand. He said, No, he could not. And for this they killed him. That young body tarried forever upon the trail, witnessing in that interminable delay - as Ebengé had witnessed in his swift coming - to the sacred element in the mail.

Here is the king's touch for the king's evil - the hand of the postman dropping a letter. For this the victims of nostalgia do long service. For this they scribble, in their lonely and various dwellings, their letters. There is a night, in those alien settlements all about the world, that is unlike other nights. It is the night before the mail is closed.



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The lamp is full of oil that night, and the cup of coffee is at the elbow. On and on, while the stars march, the white man's hand runs upon the page. In villages where there are no street lamps, the white man's window is a lamp all night of the night before the mail. From steamers that are tied to trees among the rushes, in rivers that you do not know, the officer on whatch may look all night through such a window at such a man writing, writing a long, long letter - the beating heart of man, articulate in all that hearless darkness.

How quick a seed, you would say, the seed in such a letter! How such a letter must bear, some sixty-, some an hundred-fold! Yet myself I say this: I saw the harbor master of Kabinda, a settlement of white men on the west coast of Africa, come aboard the monthly steamer to get the mail. He was an old Portuguese, coffee-colored in his gray linen suit. A long time he had been harbor master, and many times he had taken the brown bag of mail ashore. This day, when he lifted his bag, he "hefted" it: the lightness of it in his hand made him smile. Some irony that was the fruit of his long experience of exiles and their letters made that old indifferent man curl the lip. I think that in Kabinda that night there went white men hungry to bed. I would not like to live in Kabinda, where the postman is so old and so wise. The white postmen know too much; they can count more than ten. And other things they know: they know a thing too sad to tell. Better Ebenge, who ran so swiftly with his load, or little Esam, who thought that for a load of letters some would even dare to die.

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Of people who have represented the United States In Africa, Jean Kenyon Mackenzie is one of the most sincere, efficient, and charming. It is pleasant to think of the influence she must have exerted during the fourteen years she served as a missionary in the French equatorial territory. Now that she has retired for the present from active field work she continues the service through her writing.

It is almost impossible for the outsider to realize how intensely local African villages are and that not more than a generation ago, in the more backward sections, a tribe had little or nothing to do with neighboring tribes unless it was to make war and carry off captives, Miss Mackenzie pointed out. On one of her journeys she heard her porters marveling over the fact that people of four tribes were working together, carrying one hammock in relays, this confidence and cooperation being the result of the introduction of the Christian ideal of brotherhood. Big chiefs had often never seen the sea, though they may have lived but a week's walk away from it. The people are inclined to settle into narrow grooves and have little conception of the outside world. In the more primitive parts, the people could not comprehend the breadth of the ocean and when the missionary left on a trip through the forest they would give her gifts to take to her mother in America. Yet in spite of this provincialism they are keenly intelligent and eager to learn.

Miss Mackenzie found the missionary's life in the southern Cameroons a strenuous but happy one. She enjoyed the rough living, the great beauty of the forests and the "reducing of life to so simple a pattern that you did not confuse the issues." She was the first unmarried woman to be sent out by the Presbyterian Board to interior work in Africa, and being without domestic ties, she was sent hither and yon, wherever a ~~xxx~~ call came for her services. She has spent as many as a hundred nights in the forest, away from the clearing where she lived. She journeyed through the true jungle, traveling in a one-wheel chair drawn by four porters and sleeping most of the time in the open.

"But nothing ever happened to me," she says, with her engaging smile. "I have lain down with a little net over me thinking, 'now if a snake falls I mustn't have a panic.' But a snake never fell. ~~At~~ Nothing serious ever happened."

Yet leopards prowled about the premises, elephants and other dangerous beasts haunted the forest trails. Sometimes she walked, and would cover about twelve miles a day over extremely rough ground. With the one-wheel chair she could travel steep and narrow paths



rough country was a good average for her, but she told of another woman who had made sixty-five miles with four strong young porters.

On the trail, Miss Mackenzie dressed in white. All her clothing could be boiled, and even her shoes went to the spring for washing. For African villages are often full of vermin and contagious disease. She carried a collapsible bath tub, a cot and blanket, a net and a few cooking utensils. Every bit of water swallowed had to be boiled. When possible she slept out because she liked the open air, and the huts were not usually well ventilated, though often they were new and clean.

Miss Mackenzie worked with the village girls in many instances, teaching them and striving to interest the chief in their welfare. Once she had a hundred girls turned over to her for training. They were owned by their brothers in a kind of domestic slavery. The native women have a curious acquiescence up to a certain point, she found. But a girl will endure just so much mistreatment and then will do violent things in order to escape from it. Dowry is a large factor in a girl's life.

The efforts to reach the native African through his sense of drama are among the most interesting and promising made by white teachers. Old Testament stories and native African folk lore have provided material for successful plays. Margaret Cropper, a writer of religious plays, says in a recent number of the bulletin: "The drama is the open door. The people understand the drama in some ways better than we do ourselves. Obviously, in the end, Africa must make her own plays, secular or religious. She has material enough. She has saints of her own. She has better animal stories than almost any other race, and she has some beautiful folk tales hidden among a host of terrifying ones. The native animal stories are full of telling dialogue. Masks and tails would provide sufficient animal make-up, with the excellence of African acting. African music could be used to heighten the dramatic effect, the fine drumming and the singing. A chorus of singers might act as a Greek chorus in interpreting the action to the audience or as a prologue. We know how dramatic drumming can heighten our sense of expectation. The drum is truly African and has a dramatic value peculiarly its own, which should be studied from the African viewpoint."

Although she is the author of a goodly list of successful books, poems, magazine articles and stories, Miss Mackenzie says that writing is not her metier. In "African Clear-



ings" she has given unforgettable pictures of the forest wilds and written fascinatingly of native life and customs. "The Trader's Wife" is a brief novel, relating in terse detail the experiences of a white woman in a black world. Her poems are exquisite, and she has done a number of books, such as her "African Adventures," which are used as educational material in missionary training schools. Through her knowledge of native languages and her sympathetic comradeship with the people, Miss Mackenzie gets under the skin of her subject and reveals the heart and soul of the African.

Editor's note: Among the books by this author the following are in braille:

African clearings. 3v. LC

The story of a fortunate youth. 1v. LC

The trader's wife. 2v. Detroit, NYPL

The venture; verse. 1v. NYPL

Other Books on Africa:

Condenhove, Hans. My African neighbors; man, bird and beast in Nyasaland. 5v. NYPL

Johnston, Sir Harry H. The opening up of Africa. 2v. NIB Grade 2.

Johnson, Martin. Lion; African adventure with the king of beasts. 5v. NYPL

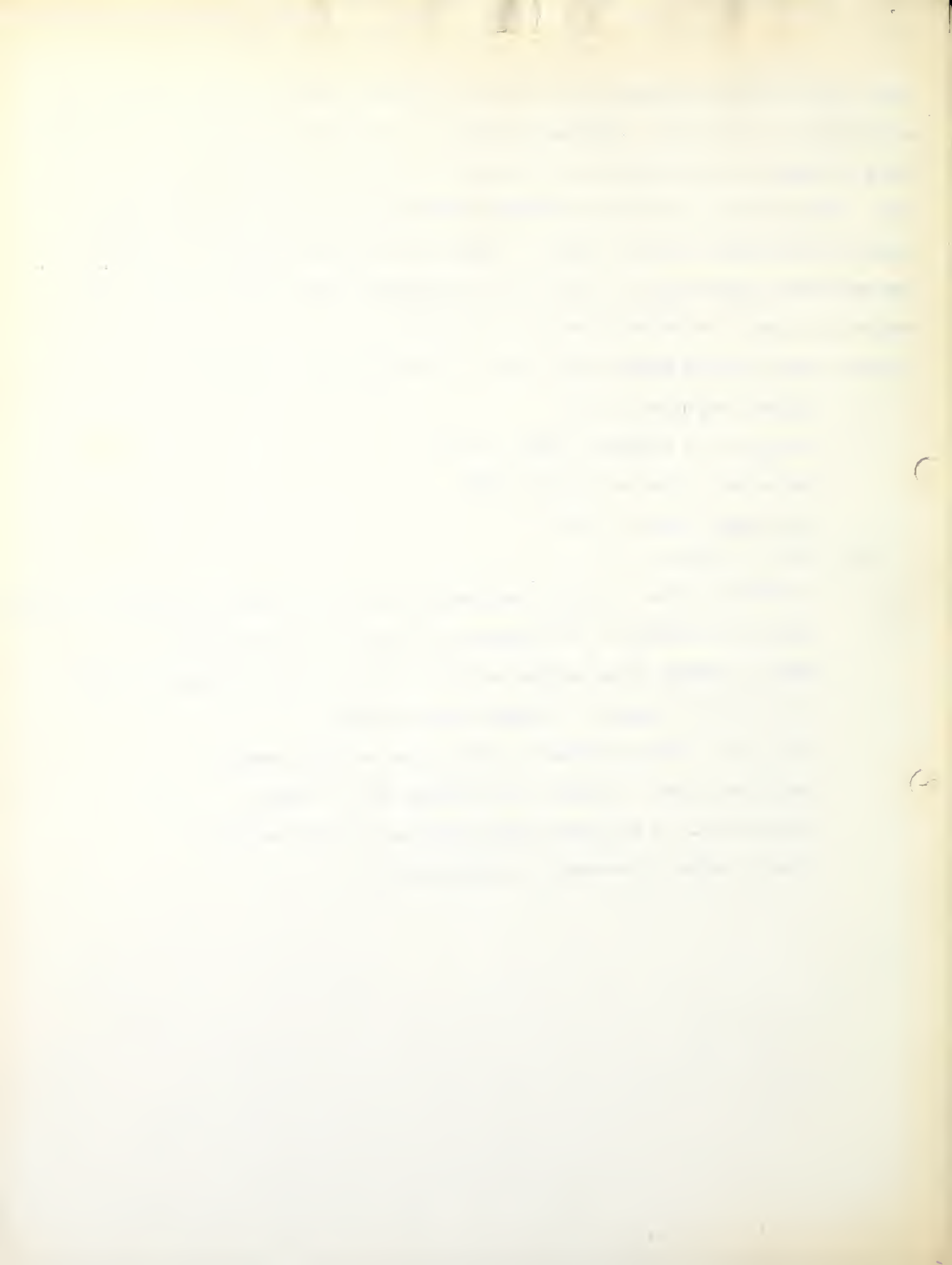
----Safari; a saga of the African blue. 4v. NYPL

Price, G.W. With the Prince to West Africa. 2v. NIB Grade 2.

Schreiner, Olive. The story of an African farm. 7v. NYPL

Torday, Emil. On the trail of the Bushongo. 2v. NIB Grade 2.

Wharton, Edith. In Morocco. 2v. NIB Grade 2.



Shakespeare; from The Story of
The World's Literature, by John Macy.

Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child.
--Milton.

In 1623 was published the most important book in English literature, the first folio collection of Shakespeare's plays. (We need not except the Bible from our superlative, for that is not primarily creative English literary art.) There is a mystery about this folio and its author. It is a mystery unsolved and too complicated to argue about in our short space; we will merely suggest the problem, because it is important or at least interesting in the story of English literature. Who was Shakespeare? We know very little about him, we know very little about many other men of genius. The Shakespeare of traditional biography was born in Stratford in 1564, was married at eighteen to Anne Hathaway, went to London when he was about twenty, became an actor, was known when he was about thirty as poet and playwright, enjoyed an increasingly prosperous career as author and theatrical manager and owner, and retired to Stratford when he was about forty-five, and died there in 1616. About the middle of the nineteenth century some sceptical persons raised the question whether a man without university training, or at least abundant opportunity to read, could have written the plays which show profound learning and a highly cultivated knowledge of literature. The answer, not yet widely accepted by scholars, was that Shakespeare was only a pseudonym, or "blind," for Francis Bacon. We cannot trace the intricacies of the argument. The gist of it is that the Baconians insist that the actor from Stratford could not have done the work and Bacon could. The Shakespeareans insist that Bacon, as proved by his prose writings, could not have done the plays and poems and that Shakespeare not only could but in point of fact did.

Let them argue. We have the work, the sonnets and the plays, which are, taken as a whole, the highest word in English poetry. The sonnets may have great biographical significance, but much of the disputation as to what they mean and who was the object of Shakespeare's abusive love has served less to reveal their deeper value than to obscure their surface beauty. We can sympathize with the view of Browning, who during his lifetime suffered from too many commentators, that Shakespeare did not use the sonnet to unlock



his heart; "If so the less Shakespeare he!" Sequences of love sonnets were a convention in Shakespeare's time. Many poets wrote them, as we have seen, and some very good ones. A poet writes as a poet, not as a lover; and the only question is how beautiful a sonnet can he make? Surely there is no difficulty in understanding the loveliness of such a sonnet as the following, which expresses a mood that any man might have but that only a true poet knows how to express:

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising--
Haply I think on thee: and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth sings hymns at Heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with Kings.

Shakespeare's plays, as assembled in the first folio, are fourteen comedies, ten histories bearing the names of English kings, and eleven tragedies. We do not know with any certainty, or care with much enthusiasm, about the order in which they were written. We are not even sure of the general principle that the weakest are the earliest; an artist, even one who does not live to be senile, may do strong work when he is young and may sometimes in the course of his life fall away from his highest standard. That is a question about which professional students of Shakespeare do not agree, and it need not trouble us. Here are the plays, and "the play's the thing."

As you run superficially over the history of the Shakespearean dramas one practical fact that strikes you is that more of them have held the stage continuously to the present time than the work of all other Elizabethan dramatists put together, that through all the changes of fashion and taste in three hundred years, if he has never at any moment been the most popular, he has never been forgotten and has never lost his appeal to audiences or to ambitious actors. The great actors of the nineteenth century, like Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Modjeska, and Salvini, made their most notable triumphs in Shakespearean characters. Within the last generation we have seen performances, more or less successful, of the "Comedy of Errors,"

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.



Midsummer-Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Richard II," "Henry V," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Caesar," and "Hamlet". In Germany Shakespeare is constantly played, and, we are told, played very well. The importance of this is that the dramas which contain the most beautiful English poetry are effective "shows," as they were probably intended to be. In Shakespeare's time people had not such easy access to books as we have, and the theater was a relatively more important vehicle of ideas than it is today.

The fundamental quality of most of Shakespeare's plays is that they have good plots, entertaining stories. He took his plots wherever he could find them, from older plays, Italian stories, English chronicles, Plutarch's "Lives", and his invention consists in the skill with which he made a story over and covered the skeleton with the living flesh of his language. Some of the plots are slight and conventional; and practical playwright though he may have been, with ability to manage his story, it is in the characters and the diction, the poetry and the humor of the speeches, that his genius shows itself supreme. There is hardly one of the plays, even the most trivial, which has not lines of that peculiar beauty which we know to be Shakespearean. But we must remember that this poetic style is in some measure due not to the genius of an individual but to the genius of the age; several of the other poets wrote plays quite Shakespearean. And Shakespeare, whoever he may have been, was not a god; he often fell below his best, and wrote many weak scenes and slovenly verses. So that in the case of plays doubtfully ascribed to him we are all at sea when we try to affirm or deny the authorship on the ground of the merits or defects of the style.

Perhaps the reason that we recognize the peculiar beauty of passages in Shakespeare is that we know in advance that Shakespeare wrote them. Yet who else has his verbal magic, which age cannot wither nor quotation stale?

The lines of Prospero in the wonder-play, the "Tempest":

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.



The words of Cleopatra when she is dying from the bite of the poisonous asp:

Peace! Peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Almost all of "Hamlet", including passages which modern stage versions omit. In the perfection of the phrasing, the pertinence of every line to the character and the situation "Hamlet" is Shakespeare's best, an unrivaled masterpiece.

Macbeth's words on hearing of the death of the queen:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

And so one might go on quoting beyond the covers of this book. Other poets can say certain kinds of things perfectly. Shakespeare can say anything. The range of his thought is enormous, corresponding to the great variety of his characters. He utters the ideas and emotions appropriate to clown and to king, to the amusing rogue, Falstaff, and to the perplexed and unhappy Hamlet, to witty Portia and to tragic Lady Macbeth. There is no essential human emotion or experience from farcical fooling to terrible suffering, which Shakespeare has not touched with a sure hand. His one splendid fault is abundance. When a situation suggests an idea, the poet runs away with the playwright and turns the idea in many aspects. This is one reason why the acting versions in our impatient time are so severely cut. For example, Macbeth, after murdering his sleeping king, would in his terror have said:

I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep.

Shakespeare sends him on into a lyric on sleep, with six magnificent metaphors, too much for a man in his state of agitation. It was probably not to such a glorious passage, but to weaker ones that his great rival and admirer, Ben Jonson, refers, when he expresses the wish that Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines. However it was Jonson who wrote of him, truly:

He was not of an age, but for all time!

Editor's note: Shakespeare's works in braille are as follows: In grade 2 from the NIB

Complete plays, bound separately.

Glossary. 2v.



Sonnets. 1v.

Shakespeare criticism. 5v.

In grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

As you like it. 3v.

Hamlet. 5v.

Henry the Eighth. 1v.

Julius Caesar. 2v.

King Lear. 3v. Sacramento, Portland.

King Richard III. 2v.

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Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare. 4v.

Macbeth. 2v.

Merchant of Venice. 2v.

A midsummer night's dream.

Romeo and Juliet. 2v.

Lowell, J.R. Essay on Shakespeare once more. 2v.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

---Keats.

Literary periods are named for convenience after a monarch or a century (In English literature the queens seem to predominate, Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria). But no literary movement tallies exactly with the precarious life of a ruler or the mathematical rigidity of the calendar. Most Elizabethan drama was written after Elizabeth was dead (in 1603) and James I had come to the throne, but the lady's name survives in literature, and, besides, Jacobean suggests other things in history connected with later Jameses. The Elizabethan drama was at its height in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. There were giants in those days besides Shakespeare, and many secondary dramatists of talent. Readers who have neither disposition nor opportunity to turn to the complete editions of these many dramatists will find their best plays selected in the admirable Mermaid Series. Those who wish only a taste of the best passages will find them in Charles Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare."

One of the stalwarts of the time was George Chapman, but he is remembered less for his plays than for his translation of Homer. Chapman was not a born dramatist, but turned to the drama because it was the "going" thing among all forms of literature, much as in our time men of various literary gifts try or would like to try the novel, whether or not the novel is their best vehicle. Chapman's comedies are rather heavy. One does not get from the cynical "All Fools" even such a laugh as is sometimes provoked by the rough humor of Jonson. His tragedies "Bussy D'Ambois" and the sequel, "The Revenge", are tragedies of blood based on contemporaneous history. There are magnificent lines and turgid stupid lines. Chapman was by nature a philosopher, reflective poet, a mighty genius but of most uneven quality.

The man nearest to the throne of King Shakespeare was Ben Jonson, or rather, if Shakespeare joined the poets of the time at the Mermaid Tavern, the meeting place of wits, it was Jonson who sat at the head of the table and ruled the company. Throughout the seventeenth century his reputation and authority were greater even than Shakespeare's. The one of his



plays to choose, if we choose only one, is "Every Man in His Humour" ("humour" meaning mood or character, as in good-humour, "ill-humour"). It holds up to ridicule the foibles of his time and is a vigorous important "comedy of manners." If any proof of its vitality is needed, outside the play itself, we may remember that Charles Dickens chose it as the first drama to be given by his company of players. Jonson was a scholar as well as an observer of the human comedy, and his scholarship shows in his tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline." The learning is not pedantic, and the sense of tragedy is profound. If in character and magic of language Jonson's Roman plays are not equal to Shakespeare's, that is only to say that Jonson is not Shakespeare. One Roman play neither Shakespeare nor any other poet but Jonson did or could write, that is "Poetaster," in which the poets of the age of Augustus--Vigil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus--discourse in a style that seems a translation of ~~them~~, but is Jonson's creation. And there is a double meaning to it, for under the Roman guise are some shrewd stabs at Jonson's contemporaries, Dekker and Marston. What Milton calls Jonson's "learned sock" contained a foot with a kick in it.

Jonson's greatest comedies are "Volpone or the Fox," "Epicene or the Silent Woman and the Alchemist." The method in all Jonson's comedy is to make a character stand for a single motive, a "humor," Avarice or Cunning or Arrrogance. Of all Jonson's comic figures the one that is most rounded and overwhelmingly credible is Sir Epicure Mammon, in "The Alchemist," still a "humor" as the name indicates, but in the talk and action a magnificent swaggerer as convincing as Falstaff.

Jonson was a prolific writer of masques, a form of entertainment exceedingly popular in the first part of the seventeenth century, and yet not popular in one sense for they were very expensive and were made possible only by the lavish extravagance of the court and the nobility. They were a sort of vaudeville, or perhaps more like our modern "follies revue," dancing, song, spectacle. The architect, Inigo Jones, supplied the "stage craft," which was often very elaborate, and the best composers furnished the music. Their interest as a whole must have depended on the presentation. What remains for us is the great number of beautiful lyrics. The most learned man of his time, except perhaps only Bacon, and a man reputed to be rough and swaggering had a touch as delicate as the flutter of a butterfly's wings. No briefest note on Jonson could omit mention of his prose, compact muscular and meaty. The



little book of detached notes on men and things called "Discoveries" is a golden treasury of penetrating wisdom. On his tomb in Westminster Abbey is written, "O Rare Ben Jonson".

Jonson is full of self-contradictions because there are so many sides to his genius. His lyrics are delicate and tender. His humor is rough and hard. A much more genial humorist (not to speak of Shakespeare) is Jonson's collaborator, friend and enemy, Thomas Dekker. The was the Elizabethan dramatists worked together, quarreled, lampooned each other on the stage, drank and made up, is in itself a vast comedy or series of comedies. Dekker's best play is the "Shoemaker's Holiday," a rollicking picture of London life and character interwoven with charming romance. We spoke of this merry play in connection with Hans Sachs, the German cobbler poet. Dekker's shoemaker is not a poet, but he is a humorist whom Sachs would have enjoyed.

Thomas Heywood's masterpiece is "A Woman Killed with Kindness," in which a wronged husband punishes his wife by pardoning her, as the title suggests. It is genuinely pathetic and honest and in modern times we should say that the "psychology" is true. In diction it is one of the simplest, least ornate of Elizabethan plays. It might succeed on our stage as well as any play of Shakespeare, and the motive of it probably recurs in nineteenth century drama, in which men do not always take revenge by the crude methods of pistol and dagger. When Lamb called Heywood "a sort of prose Shakespeare" he meant, as he goes on to explain, that Heywood's characters are naturalistic, of everyday life but that he had not Shakespeare's magical power to make us believe in anything under the sun or beyond the sun.

In writing of Elizabethan dramatists it is natural to compare all the others by the standard of Shakespeare, to try to determine which one of the many men of genius was the closest second to the master. It is not a very subtle method of criticism even when practiced by the poet Swinburne who adored all things Elizabethan. But it is a fair way of suggesting values. The second best writer of tragedy is John Webster, whose "Duchess of Malfi" is terrible, heart-rending. There are scores of these Italian or pseudo-Italian blood-and-thunder plays. Most of them are little more than versified melodrama. A few rise to poetic heights. One is Shakespeare's "Othello". Another, two centuries later, is Shelley's "Cenci." Another is Webster's "Duchess of Malfi." In this play emotion is so powerful that it bursts verse and meter, as in the line which Ferdinand speaks when he sees his dead sister:

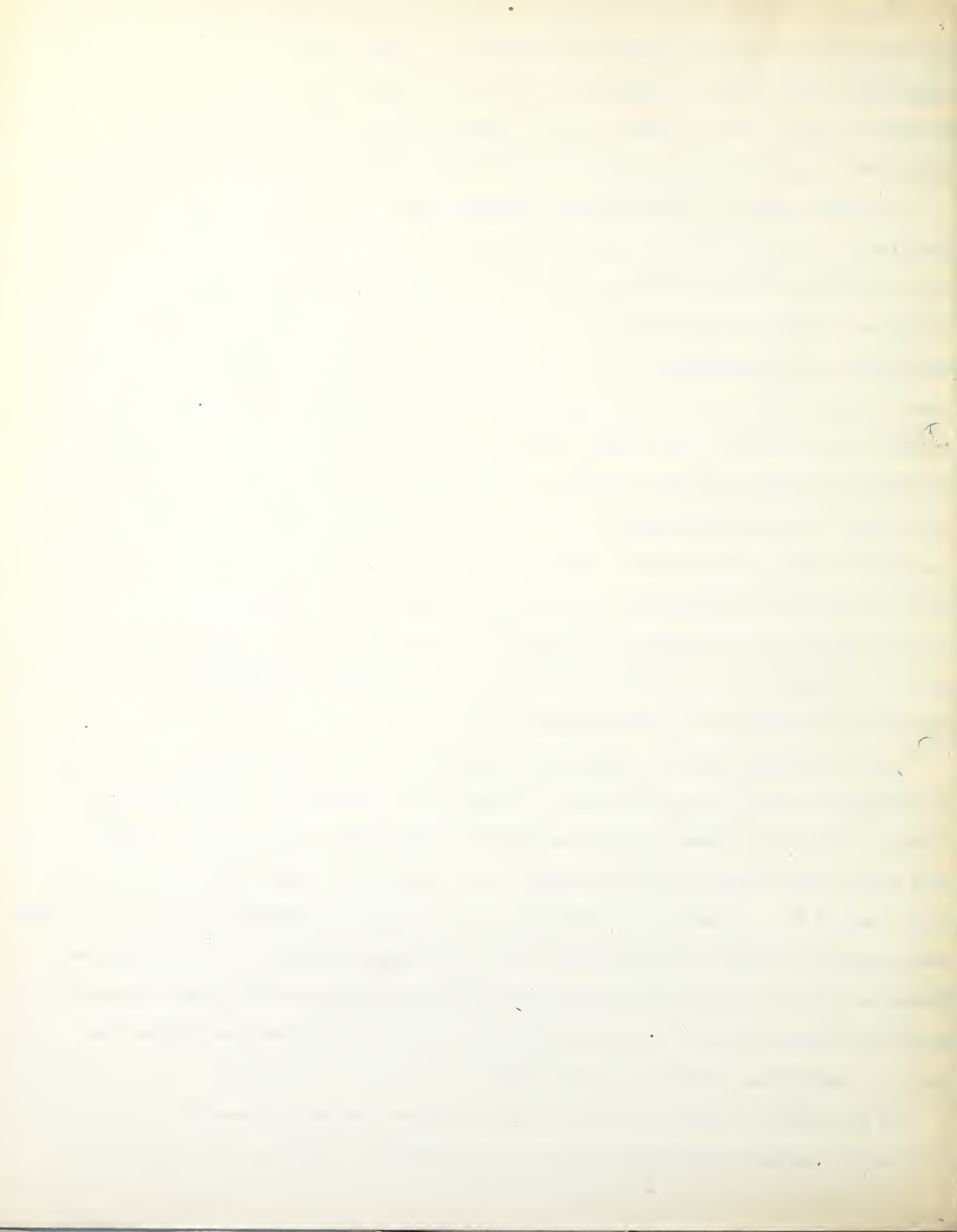
Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

There is no better characterization of Webster than Lamb's phrase: "That wild solemn preternatural cast of grief which is so bewildering in *"The Duchess of Malfi."* Webster's other great play, *"Vittoria Corombona,"* in which a beautiful woman brings death and disaster wherever she goes, would be morbid with its brooding on death and decay, were it not elevated to a plane of poetic dignity as high as Greek tragedy or the noblest of Shakespeare.

The other competitors for the place at Shakespeare's right hand are Beaumont and Fletcher, inseparable collaborators until Beaumont's death. They wrote tragedies and comedies, and what distinguishes them seems to be the consistent excellence of their work rather than any single great stroke of genius which excites terror or laughter. They were by birth and training highly civilized gentlemen, and the merit which Dryden found in them (he was an excellent judge) was that "in them the English language arrived to its highest perfection." The range of their work is great. Of the fifty plays that they wrote (whether alone or in collaboration with each other or in collaboration with other dramatists we can only guess) representative serious plays are *"Philaster"* and *"The Maid's Tragedy,"* which are romantically unreal and yet pathetic, human, exquisitely poetic, and finely constructed, quite faultless, viewed as plays. Only Jonson and Shakespeare knew as much, or more, about the business of play-making. A good example of their comedy is *"The Knight of the Burning Pestle."* When presented a few years ago by students of Yale University it made the audience laugh heartily--and what better proof could there be of the lasting freshness of its fun?

A minor dramatist, much of whose work is inseparable from his collaborators, is Marston. An interesting example of collaboration is *"Eastward Ho,"* written by Jonson, Chapman and Marston. It is worth recording, even in so brief a note as this, that when for a supposed insult to the Scotch Chapman and Marston were clapped into jail, Jonson voluntarily went with them. Marston had a considerable reputation in his own time as a satirist, and he has a bitter and misanthropic power. But his satires now are tough reading and none of his plays rises above the second rate; the sword may carve fine art, the bludgeon never. Compare his treatment of the misanthrope in *"The Malcontent"* with the same type in Jonson and Moliere and Marston's shortcomings will be evident at once.

In the voluminous work of Middleton there is at least one masterpiece, *"The Changeling."* The peculiar strength of his genius lies in domestic tragedy as distinct from heroic. In



this, in his every-day humanity, he is like Heywood. At his worst he is commonplace. At his best he is excellent and if he were not, like Dekker and other professional dramatists, always writing in a hurry, he would be still finer. His "A Trick to Catch the Old One" resembles and equals Jonson in the portrayal of "humors." "The Witch" has a special interest because it may have suggested the witches in Macbeth. In two plays Middleton flies from realism to poetic romance. "The Spanish Gipsy" lives in the magic world of "As You Like It." "A Pair Quarrel" is an intensely dramatic piece filled, as Lamb says, with "admirable passions."

The sunset of the Elizabethan drama (and it is still Elizabethan, though it is past the reign of James into the reign of Charles) was glowing and brilliant. Shakespeare and Jonson were dead. But who shall say that Massinger and Ford and Shirley were not worthy successors? Massinger is remembered chiefly for an excellent comedy, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," which carried the stage well into the nineteenth century, the principal character, Overreach, being a part that appealed to many actors. Massinger was a poet wit out the grand passions, but as Lamb pointed out, on that account free from violence of style, equable, serene and enjoyable.

Ford is the most tearful and melancholy of the dramatic poets, tender to the verge of sentimentality and slightly artificial and forced in the aching situations. But he searches the soul with a very modern analysis of emotion and he phrases exquisitely, a true poet though a rather pallid one for all the red blood and piling up of corpses. The very titles of his plays suggest his mood, "The Lover's Melancholy," "The Broken Heart," "Love's Sacrifice."

Shirley is already in the twilight. But it is a pleasant, even beautiful, twilight, though Dryden thought it dull. When Shirley tries tragedy, as in "The Maid's Revenge," he reminds us that the drama is declining. When he writes comedy (and he wrote many comedies) as in "The Lady of Pleasure," he reminds us of the kind of drama that was to come later, the Restoration comedy. But that was to be a good many years later, after much history had been made. In 1642 the Puritans closed the theaters and the Elizabethan drama was at an end.

Editor's note: The Alchemist, 3v., and The Epicene; or, The Silent woman, 2v., are in grade

Braille Book Review

End year	Contents for November, 1933	Number 2)
I	Book Announcements.	
II	A Stanley Weyman Revival. From The Bookman.	
III	Eugene O'Neill, by S.J.Woolf. From The New York Times Magazine.	
IV	Robert Nathan: Poet and Dramatist, by Roberts Tapley.	
V	"Exploring the Classics" Series.	
VI	The Age of Elizabeth: Literature other Than Dramatic. From The Story of the World's Literature, by John Macy.	
VII	Poems, by Emily Dickinson.	
VIII	Latest Publications of the NIB	

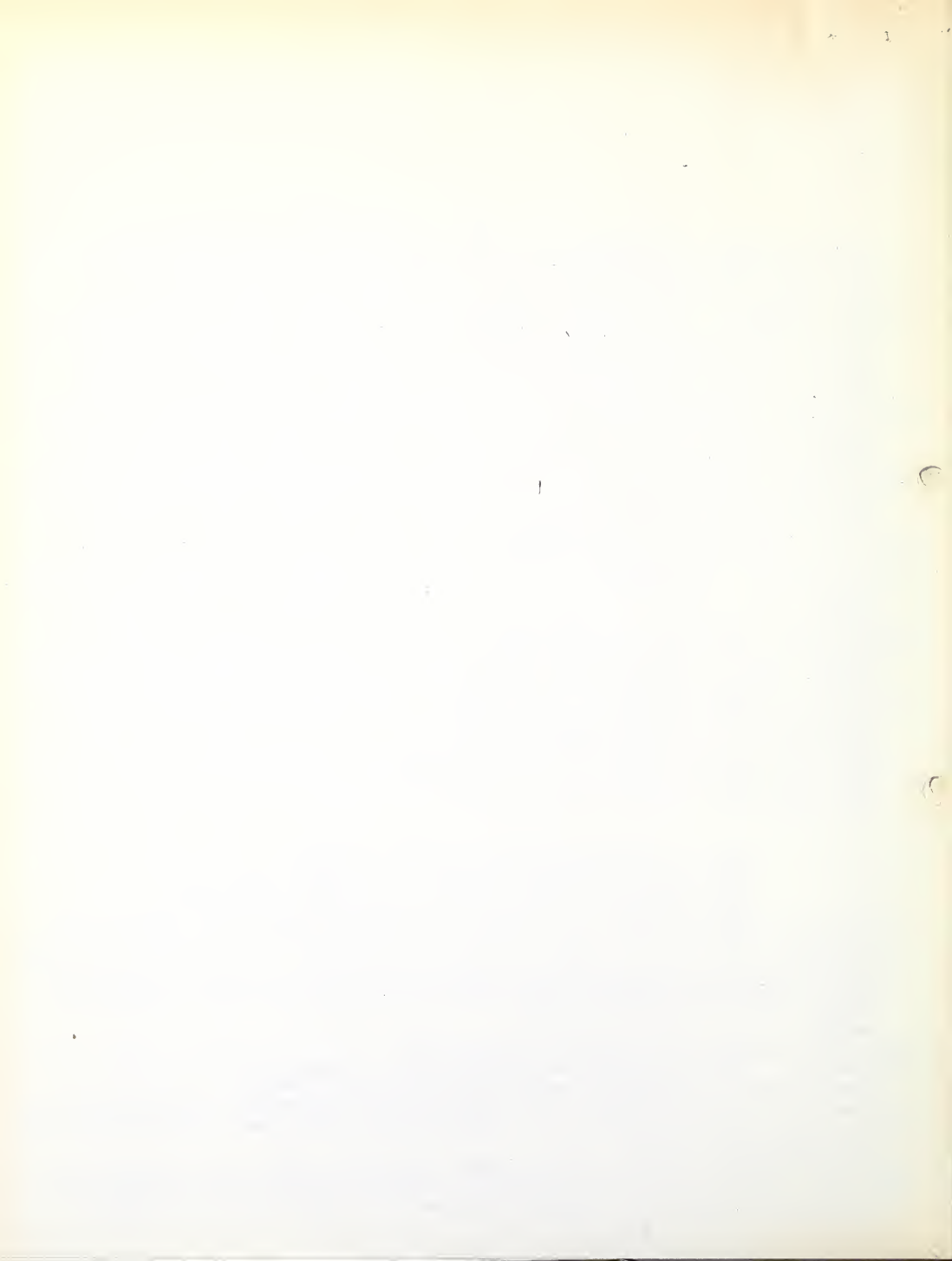


Book announcements: November 1932

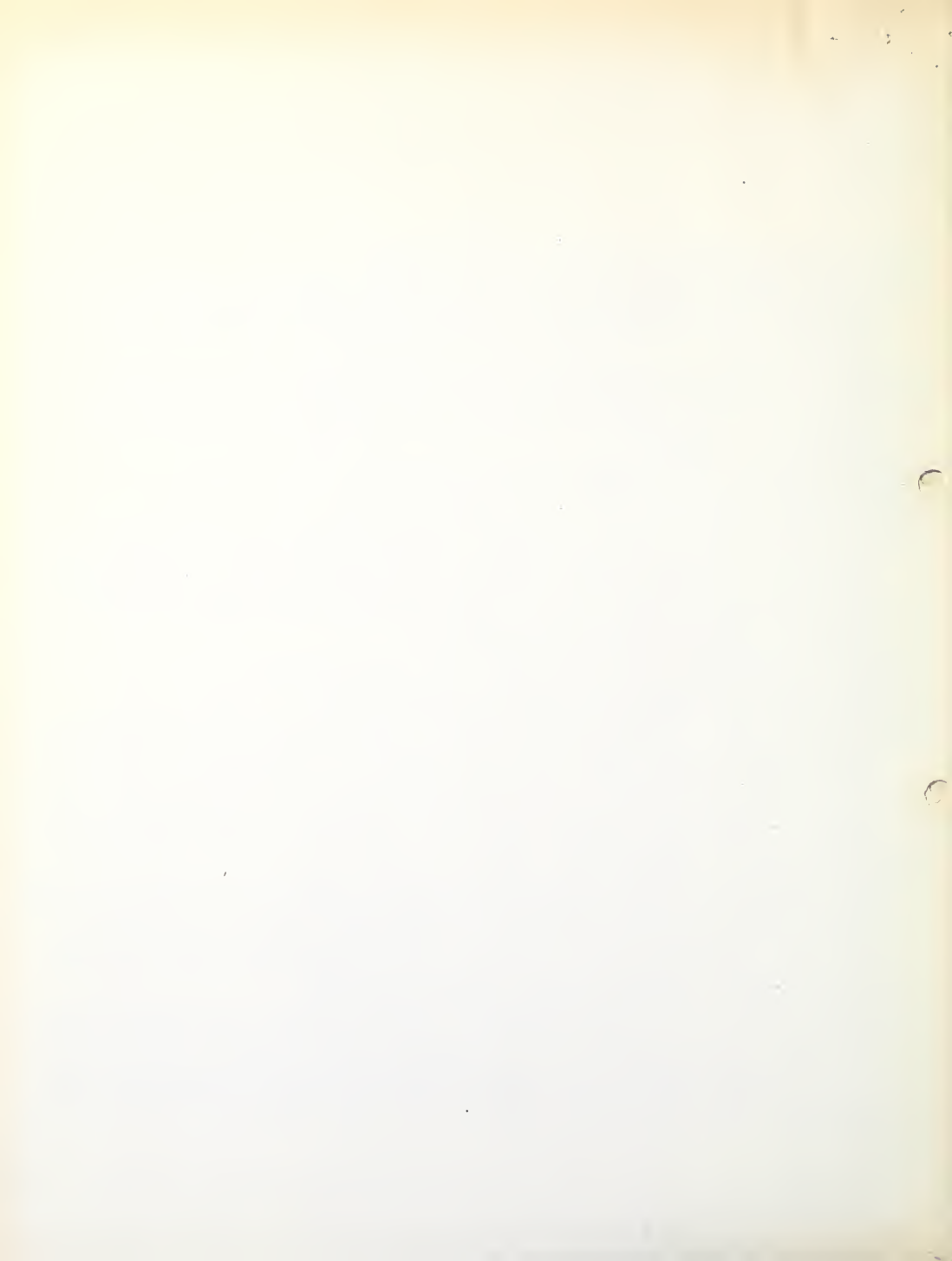
- Anderson, S.B. *Internodes*. 7v. 1928 BIA FF Grade 3.
- Albee, H.R. *M.K. French and Others. Reminiscences and Reminiscences of the Blind*, selections from the Outlook for the Blind. 4v. 1930 APB Booklets: Louis Braille, Valentin Haüy, Samuel O'Brien, William F. Galt, Michael Anagnos, Frank A. Hall, F.H. Chapman, Sir Francis Campbell, James J. Dow, David D. Ford, J.W. Smith, Samuel Beeson, Edward L. Allen, Ames, William D., compiler. Old English ballads and folk songs. 8v. 1904 APB Grade 2 Poems, no duals added.
- Ardis, H.A.G. *Countess. Enchanted Amill*. 2v. FF Grade 2. Also in grade 1g in Detroit, WFL and Seattle. The wonderful effects of an Italian April on four English women, and of love with life in different ways, is told with such cleverness.
- Bailey, Temple. *Little girl lost*. 8v. OBU Grade 5. A love story by the popular author of *The blue window*. Moved in June 1933 issue.
- Bailon, Eliaire. *Napoleon. To be embossed*.
- Boy about handbook. The handbook, to be published by the American Printing House, will go to press November lat. It will be in grade 1g and in seven volumes. The Publication Department of the Boy Scouts of America is co-operating with the American Printing House in the preparation of the special manuscript copy from which the Braille edition has been prepared.
- Brown, Lela T. *Osteopathy*. no. 2 of Vocational Research Series, published by the APH. To be embossed.
- Chenoweth, Louis, and O.S. Ascher. *Long government in form*. 4v. 1928 BIA (Exploring the World series.) FF Grade 2 Mr. Brownlow's life interest has been government. For twelve years he has been administrative head of all government. He is now Director of the Public Administration Clearing House of Chicago and lecturer in political science at the University of Chicago. Mr. Ascher is a member of the New York and Illinois Bar Societies, Edgar Wilson. *Tarzan of the Apes*. 8v. 1916 OBU FF Grade 4. As the result of a mutiny aboard ship, an English millionaire and his wife are marooned in a jungle inhabited by anthropoid apes. Here a child is born. A year later the mother dies. A great ape kills the father, but the baby boy is adopted by a female ape whose own child has just been killed by a fall. The subsequent adventures of Tarzan, as the boy is named by the tribe, make a story of many marvels.
- Daniel, Ben. *Digest of insurance*. 2v. 1928 BIA FF Grade 3.
- Davisell, Otis W. and Francis D. Curtis. *Introduction to science*. 8v. 1929 APB Grade 5. A simple general science book designed to give pupils a scientific attitude toward common occurrences and the beginning of an acquaintance with the leading divisions of scientific knowledge.
- Conbridge, Elizabeth. *Hostages to fortune*. 2v. 1933 BIA FF Grade 2. A quiet, uneventful novel of English, middle-class country life - the story of Catherine and William, married early in the war, and their three children.
- Chambers, Sir Edmund. *Short life of Shakespeare*. To be embossed.
- Cornforth, Thomas D. *The blind in school and society*. ~~To~~ To be embossed.
- Dante, Alighieri. *The Divine comedy*, translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Revised edition. 8v. FF Grade 2 This epic poem is divided into three parts: Inferno, Purgatory and Paradise. The action opens in the early morning of the Thursday before Easter 1300. It is a highly symbolic poem indicating the mysticism which dominated the life of Dante. Norton's prose translation appeared twenty-five years after Longfellow's. It is a very dignified and faithful rendering. The National Institute (London) has recently embossed the Norton translation in blank verse. This ~~is~~ is in seven volumes. It is perhaps, more



- a paraphrase than a translation but it has waited patiently when justice its author. Every one a friend of Coleridge and of Lamb both of whom estimated it as the highest work. The Library of Congress has a four volume copy of the Comedy in grade 14.
- Deverport, Mrs. Marcia. Mozart. 3v. FF Grade 2. The author writes this is neither a record nor a textbook. It is a carefully documented account of one of the most extraordinary and most persistently misrepresented personalities of genius; she has accomplished her difficult and delicate task without the obligatory survey of frostbite, and without allowing her keen and sympathetic imagination to get out of hand. It is the "key biography" applied to a subject eminently calling for just such a treatment.
- Despina, Warwick. Roper's How. 3v. ABFR FF Grade 2. A story of the triumph of a man (and) capped by lameness and lack of means over many obstacles. Both as a story and as a commentary upon certain phases of modern English life. It is one of the author's best.
- Douglas, Paul H. Collapse or Cycle. 1v. 1963 BIA (Exploring the time series) FF Grade 2. The author is an authority on wages and unemployment. Has been active in labor legislation and public utility regulation.
- Emerson, L.R. Brown America. To be embossed.
- Engelmann, R.G. and Vincent Coffin. Sensible selling. 1v. 1928 BIA FF Grade 2.
- Eschsch, Guglielmo. The greatness and decline of Rome, 22 translated by M.L. Simmons. To be embossed.
- Faustwanger, Lion. Josephus, translated by Alice and Edwin Muir. To be embossed.
- Felding, Henry. Tom Jones. To be embossed.
- Felworthy, John. Fraternity. 3v. FF Grade 2. Novel picturing the tragedy of social life in the relation of class to class. Has all the social pageantry of London in its setting.
- Garnett, David. Pocahontas. 3v. FF Grade 2. A well-written and most interesting historical novel with Pocahontas the daughter of the Indian chief as the heroine. Vivid reconstruction of the Indian life.
- Geography series. Through the cooperation of the American Book Company the American Printing House will publish in braille a new four-book geography series Our world and ourselves. 1933. This series will be ready about the first of February. It comprises of the following:
- Book I Our neighbors near and far Carpenter.
 - Book II Our home state and continent. Brigham and McFarlane.
 - Book III Our continental neighbors. Brigham and McFarlane.
 - Book IV How the world lives and works. Brigham and McFarlane.
- Gibson, H.D. World depression world recovery. 1v. 1933 BIA (Exploring the time series) FF Grade 2. The author is associate professor of economics at the University of Chicago.
- Gilbert, Sir William. The Savoy operas, being the complete text of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas as originally produced in the years 1875 - 1896. 6v. 1926 APH FF Grade 2. The thirteen operas as they were produced at the Savoy opera house. Text only, no music scores.
- Goethe, J.W. von. Faust, part one. 4v. To be embossed.
- Handerson, W.J. The story of music. 2v. FF Grade 2. Suggestive essays on some of the phases through which music has passed. First published in 1889.
- Handerson, W.J. What is good music? 2v. 1898 FF Grade 2. Suggestions to persons desiring to cultivate a taste in musical art. Chapters on form, instruments, how to listen, etc. For average music lovers.
- Hall, F.C. and J.B.M.Ford. First Spanish course. 5v. NIB; 8v. APH
- Hawley, O.W. Over the teacups. 3v. ABFR Grade 2. Essays written when the author was over thirty and in them he chats frankly of his past as to a party of his old friends.





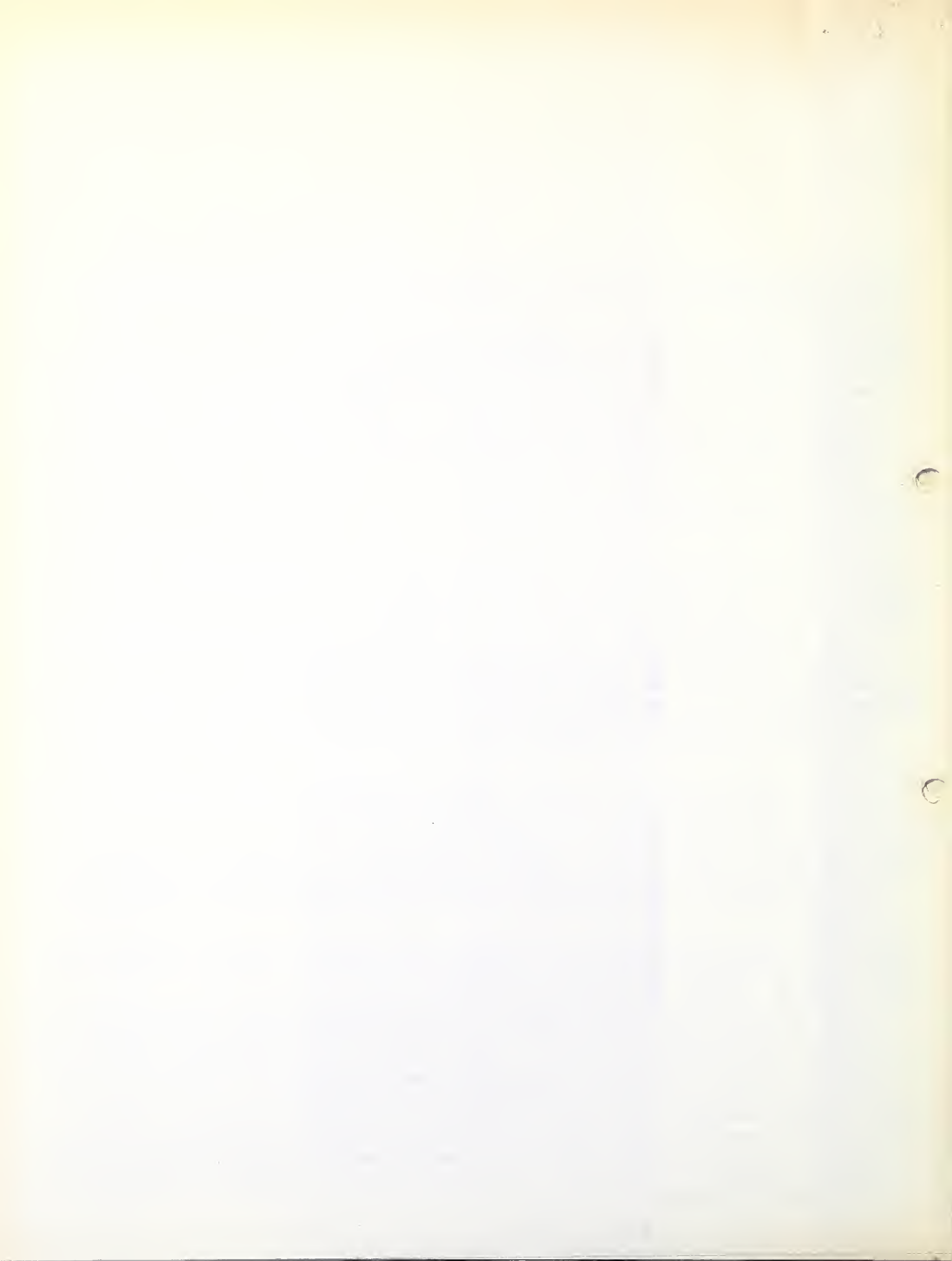


Hand-copied Books

- Amster, Paul. Koomerish King. lv. Philadelphia. Fiction.
- Anthony, Katherine. Queen Elizabeth. 5v. Now in Cincinnati, Detroit, LC, NLB, Philadelphia, St. Louis, NYPL. Noted in July 1932 issue.
- Baldwin, Faith. The eyes had it. lv. NLB Magazine article.
- Baum, Vicki. Grand Hotel. 9v. 1931 Now in Detroit and Philadelphia. Notes in October 1932 and March 1933 issues.
- Becker, May Lamberton. Under twenty. 9v. 1932 Detroit. A collection of short stories about girls under twenty. Among the authors represented are Takington, Katherine Mansfield, Mary Vorse, Dorothy Canfield and others.
- Bill, A.H. The clutch of the Corsican. 5v. 1925 Detroit, Chicago. A tale of the days of the downfall of the great Napoleon.
- Bowie, W.R. Search for beauty. lv. Philadelphia.
- Buck, Pearl S. The old Chinese nurse. lv. NLB
- Charlton, J.E. Six-minute story talks ~~for~~ for children. 3v. 1933 Perkins.
- Collection of articles relating to the Jews, by various authors. Library of the Full Gospel Publishing Company, Orlando, Florida.
- Duiles, Countee, ~~editor~~ editor. Caroling dusk, an anthology of verse by Negro poets. 5v. 1927 LC
- Deeping, Warwick. The bridge of desire. 5v. Chicago. Martin is a writer and Nella is his wife. They are happy until Martin meets and succumbs to temptation. All ends well, however, in a villa on the Italian Riviera. The book was published in England under the title "Unrest."
- The divine nature, and selected articles, from the Christian Science Publishing Society. 1v. Philadelphia.
- Drummond, Henry. The monkey that would not kill. lv. Detroit.
- Ellis, Havelock. The dance of life. 6v. Now in LC and NYPL. Noted in July 1933 issue.
- Flendrau, Grace. She was old. lv. Philadelphia.
- Fleet, ~~Grace~~ Annie J. Poems. lv. Braille Circulating Library, Richmond, Va.
- Fox, John. Erskine Dale, pioneer. 4v. 1920 LC Posthumous novel of frontier life in the Kentucky mountains during the American revolution.
- Fox, Margaret F. Balto, the best lead dog. lv. Philadelphia.
- Galsworthy, John. The first and the last. 2v. Cleveland, NYPL Fiction.
- salvation of a Forsyte. lv. Oklahoma City. Fiction.
- Worshipful society. 1lv. 1932 Albany. This includes three early novels: The Country House, Fraternity, and The Patrician.
- Gannett, W.E. Blessed by drudgery. lv. Philadelphia.
- Graf, Joslyn. The old Mary Metcalf place. 4v. 1923 Xavier Free Circulating Library. Fiction.
- Hanks, N.C. Up from the hills. lv. LC
- Harris, Evelyn. Farming without money. lv. Oklahoma City.
- Hergesheimer, Joseph. Les kaintacks. lv. 1931 From the Limestone tree. Philadelphia. Fiction.
- ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
- The long hunter. From the Limestone tree. lv. 1931 Philadelphia. Fiction.
- Hess, Fjeril. Buckaroo; a story of a Piñon ranch. 5v. 1931 Detroit. The story of Lynn Garrow, who went to teach school in Big Smoky Valley, Nevada, and made her home at Piñon ranch. For older girls.
- Hoff, E.J. Why limit yourself? lv. Cincinnati.
- Housman, A.E. Last poems. lv. Now in Albany and NYPL. Noted in June 1933 issue.



- Ironside, H.A. My conversion to God. lv. Braille Circulating Library, Richmond, Va.
 --- Just only necessary, but enough; and A good sinner. lv. Braille Circulating Library, Richmond, Va.
- Kilbourne, Fannie. The trouble with Anne. lv. Oklahoma City.
- Konkaiser, A.W. How to study. lv. ~~121212~~ 1924 LC, Cleveland.
- Lattimore, Eleanor F. Jerry and the Pusa. 3v. 1932 Detroit. Jerry and the Pusa was a boy who lived in China with his father, mother, brother and sister. One afternoon when Jerry was busy trying to dig a tunnel to America he unearthed a valuable old Chinese idol. It was called the Pusa and was thought to bring luck to the finder. When someone stole the Pusa Jerry set out all alone to hunt for it and got very extraordinarily good luck. All of which seemed to prove that the story of the Pusa was true.
- A legend of the Christ-child. lv. Philadelphia.
- Lincoln, J.C. The suns and planets defences. lv. Indianapolis Play Library, Indianapolis, articles.
- McDonkey, J.D. The end of the age. lv. Braille Circulating Library, Richmond, Va.
 --- The outshell of prophecy. 7v. Braille Circulating Library, Richmond, Va.
- McDonnell, D.F. John Henry, ham-curer. lv. Philadelphia.
- McNeal, M.H. Winning out. 5v. 1931 Detroit. The story of the two Allen sisters, Fred, the older, who goes to take her first year of hospital training; and Anna, her selfish younger sister, who stays on the farm. For older girls.
- Margarita (Spanish text) lv. Braille Circulating Library, Richmond, Va.
- Maughan, W.Somerset. The gentleman in the parlour, a record of a journey from Haiphong. 6v. Sacramento. Records a leisurely trip by canoe, rickshaw and pony. The romance attached to the Asiatic places adds interest to the most commonplace details.
- Mills, A.A. Two people. 7v. Denver. 1931 A pleasant, leisurely novel depicting the happy married life of two people, Peginald Wellard, a newly-arrived best-selling author, and Sylvia, the lovely (and possibly stupid) wife whom he adores.
- Mink, T.B. Herrick and Lindbergh. lv. Philadelphia.
- Morris, Kathleen. Mother. 3v. 1911 Detroit, Philadelphia. Unassuming but impressive story which depicts in sharp contrast a modern society leader with her activities and a true mother who is the centre and life of a large family brought up with strict economy.
- Neckes, T.W. What is technocracy. lv. NLB
- Neesh, Ruth. Rivers of living water. 2v. Full Gospel Publishing Company, Orlando, Florida.
- Niger, Dorothy. The broom complex. lv. Philadelphia.
- Price, Edith B. Gervaise of the garden. 2v. 1927 Detroit. In the garden of a ruined house Nancy, Alison and Robin found Gervaise, a charming girl whose only companions were a cross old grandfather and the flowers. Some mystery surrounded Gervaise and her grandfather, and the children thought they would ferret it out. Luckily they decided on a system of signals to be used between their summer cottage and the ruined house, and when the time came and Gervaise needed them they were ready.
- Pryde, Anthony, pseudonym. The story of Leland Gay. 7v. 1932 NLB Leland Gay's English father had imposed upon him the oath to avenge the dishonor and death of his mother, a Russian aristocrat. Years later, in a peaceful Somerset village, Leland finds himself the neighbor of the man whom he had sworn to kill. The story is a combination of romance and mystery.



- Adams, N.B. An old Alaska custom. 1v. Seattle.
- Adams, Lorna. Six Mrs. Greenes. 5v. 1929 Sacramento, Cleveland.
- Allen, Mrs. Eleanor de la. An abandoned orchard. 4v. 1932 Denver, LC The author of "The Road to Wildcat" now a "narrow-gazed, impoverished but importunate widow" describes her efforts to win a livelihood from her only inheritance, ~~xx~~ a neglected apple orchard in the Ozarks, and her eventual success.
- Arnold, A.S. The club of one eyed men. 1v. Philadelphia.
- Baume, Mrs. T.C. The offering. 2v. 1925 Full Gospel Publishing Company, Orlando, Florida.
- Beetbrock, Katie. Gao of the Ivory coast. 2v. Denver.
- Selected American poetry. 1v. LC Selections for Lowell, Bryant, Holmes and Whittier.
- Cheriff, R.C. The fortnight in September. 2v. 1931 NYPL A London cler, his wife and three children set out from their house in the suburbs for their annual vacation - a fortnight at the seashore. The book deals entirely with the passing of this fortnight, during which nothing much happens but which is nevertheless very entertaining.
- ~~xxxxxx~~
- Small. Farrar fits in 1v. Philadelphia.
- Beals, Elbur Ismael. Lam's end; and Will and Bill. 1v. Detroit. From a collection of short stories.
- Bykes, James. Mary Anne Disraeli. 3v. Now in Chicago and LC Noted in December 1925 (Lamb).
- Taylor, Grace Webster. Seminoles lore, a Florida booklet. 1v. Oklahoma City.
- Turney, Rev. F.A. The topical text book of the Bible. 12v. Full Gospel Publishing Company, Orlando, Florida.
- Woollops, Anthony. Christmas at Thompson Hall. 1v. Seattle.
- Wells, Carveth. Adventure. 5v. 1931 Now in Albany and Portland. Noted in July 1932 (Lamb).
- White, Stewart L. The silent places. 4v. 1904 St. Louis. Story of the intelligence and skill of white woodmen matched against Indian instinct in the long pursuit of an Indian defaulter to the Hudson Bay Company, in the forests of the Northwest.
- Willard, Mrs. Laura. Little house in the big woods. 3v. 1932 Detroit. "Once upon a time, sixty years ago, a little girl lived in the Big Woods of Wisconsin, in a little gray house made of logs." The story tells about the life in those days, the cold winter with its problems, the wild animals encountered by the various members of the family, the dance at grandpa's, the excitement of going to town, harvest time, and many other angles of the busy life of the frontier.
- Wills, Eva. A Hindu marriage. 1v. Philadelphia.
- Wolfe, R.A. The mystery of Only highway; and Plenty of glitter, by Dorothy C. Walker. 1v. Sacramento.

13

A Stanley Weyman Revival. From The Bookman.

"Marked cards!"

"There were a score round us when the fool, little knowing the man with whom he had to deal, and as little how to lose like a gentleman, flung the words in my teeth. . ."

These are the opening lines of Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," thrilling when they were written forty years ago, and still with the power to thrill today. Weyman will probably stand as one of our surest entertainers. Devoting himself entirely to historical fiction, he produced twenty-three novels in all, from "The House of the Wolf" in 1890 to "The Lively Peggy" in 1928 - the year of his death at the age of eighty-three. The background varied - the France of St. Bartholomew, the England of Bloody Mary, the France of Louis XIII, the Paris of the Revolution, Jacobite England, the Napoleonic Wars, the days of Victoria; but there was always the same effective formula of swash-buckling romance, a well-told story, and characters that were at least sufficiently real to be believed in during the hours that one sat up in bed to finish the book. It would be difficult to select from the twenty-three Weyman titles the three which thrilled us most in our youth, but certainly Longmans Green, who have published Mr. Weyman's books in this country since the first one, forty years ago, have not gone far astray in selecting "Under the Red Robe," "Count Hannibal," and "A Gentleman of France" for reprint in their new Stanley Weyman volume, "Historical Romances."

When a once popular author like Weyman is revived, it is usually instructive to consult the files of "The Bookman" corresponding to his greater days. Sure enough, in the July, 1895, "Bookman" appears a sketch of the already famous English writer. Here we learn that Weyman, "the Lums of the hour", began life as a barrister; defended Charles Dickens the son of the novelist, in his first - and losing - case; and finally, deciding that the law was not his calling, retired "a complete failure". It was then, in 1890, that he began to write. At first he had no luck, but happening upon Baird's history of the Huguenots, he turned to historical fiction, wrote two moderately successful novels, and then, two years afterward, achieved his first real success with "A Gentleman of France." "The Bookman's" paragrapher then proceeds to tell of Weyman's early interest in history:- Mr. Weyman



gave evidence of his literary predilections when as a child he read "Little Arthur's History of England" in preference to his toy-books. The next book which enthralled him so that he read and re-read it, taking it to bed with him, was the marvellous "Jane Eyre"; at the age of eleven he was bribed by his father to read Macaulay's "History" at the rate of sixpence a volume, although he hardly needed the stimulus of the bribe.

One additional paragraph may be quoted from that "Bookman" of nearly forty years ago, for it concerns a question that will now again become a live one - the pronunciation of Mr. Weyman's name. This was settled for all time by the editors of the "Bookman" of that day. In an earlier issue they had reported that "Wyman" was correct, and here they concluded the ~~arg~~ argument:- An esteemed correspondent begs leave to inform us, apropos of a recent note in "The Bookman", that in the "Century Dictionary of Names" Mr. Weyman's name is pronounced "Wayman". In reply we beg to inform our esteemed correspondent that the "Century Dictionary of Names" is wrong.

Editor's note: Among Weyman's books the following are in braille:

Count Hannibal. 2v. LC

Gentleman of France. 10v. LC

House of the wolf. 2v. NIB

Ovington's bank. 6v. NIB

Red cockade. 3v. NIB

Under the red robe. 5v. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ APH and Grade 2 NIB

Eugene O'Neill, by S. J. Woolf. From The New York Times Magazine.

Having voyaged beyond the horizon, Eugene O'Neill has returned to this country to write his plays here. "It is well to travel occasionally, but if a man wants to write about his country he must live in it," he said. "The tempo, the attitude, the psychology of Europe are different, and one unconsciously absorbs these things. An author is of necessity influenced by his surroundings. To write of Americans, one must live in America, breathe its atmosphere, experience its reactions, live its kind of life, and feel the pulse of the people."

He spoke softly, almost shyly, as he slouched in a chair in a caddyhole of a room piled high with newspapers - the theatrical office of a friend. Through an open door typewriters clicked. Errand boys appeared with packages. The business end of the theatre was everywhere in evidence. Yet he was remote from it all. It was like meeting a musician in a piano factory, a poet in a printing plant.

Mr. O'Neill is very different from what one expects him to be, more fragile, more tenuous, more apart. Behind his quiet manner there is a tenseness of nerves, which his long, thin fingers emphasized as they beat a tattoo on his thigh or dug themselves into the palms of his hands. His clothes, immaculately cared for, hung well on his tall, thin figure; his black hair, graying at the temples, was carefully combed, and his four-in-hand was meticulously tied about a well-fitting collar.

His forehead and eyes dominate his face. It would be easy to make a caricature of him with straight lines until one come to the eyes, but curves alone would express them, circles of intense darkness. About them is a furtive sadness, which seemed puzzlingly familiar. It is the same sadness one sees in the faded daguerreotypes of Poe.

Forty-three years ago James O'Neill, the father of Eugene, was one of the idols of the American stage. As the innocent Edmond Dantes ^{who} ~~was~~ eventually escapes from prison, becomes the Count of Monte Cristo and wreaks vengeance on his enemies, he was thrilling the theatre-going public. While Niblo's Garden was still a theatre on lower Broadway, while long-haired, fur-coated actors congregated about the Union Square Theatre, the elder O'Neill was nightly ripping the sack in which he had been thrown into a canvas ocean.

"I can still see my father," said the playwright, "dripping with salt and sawdust,

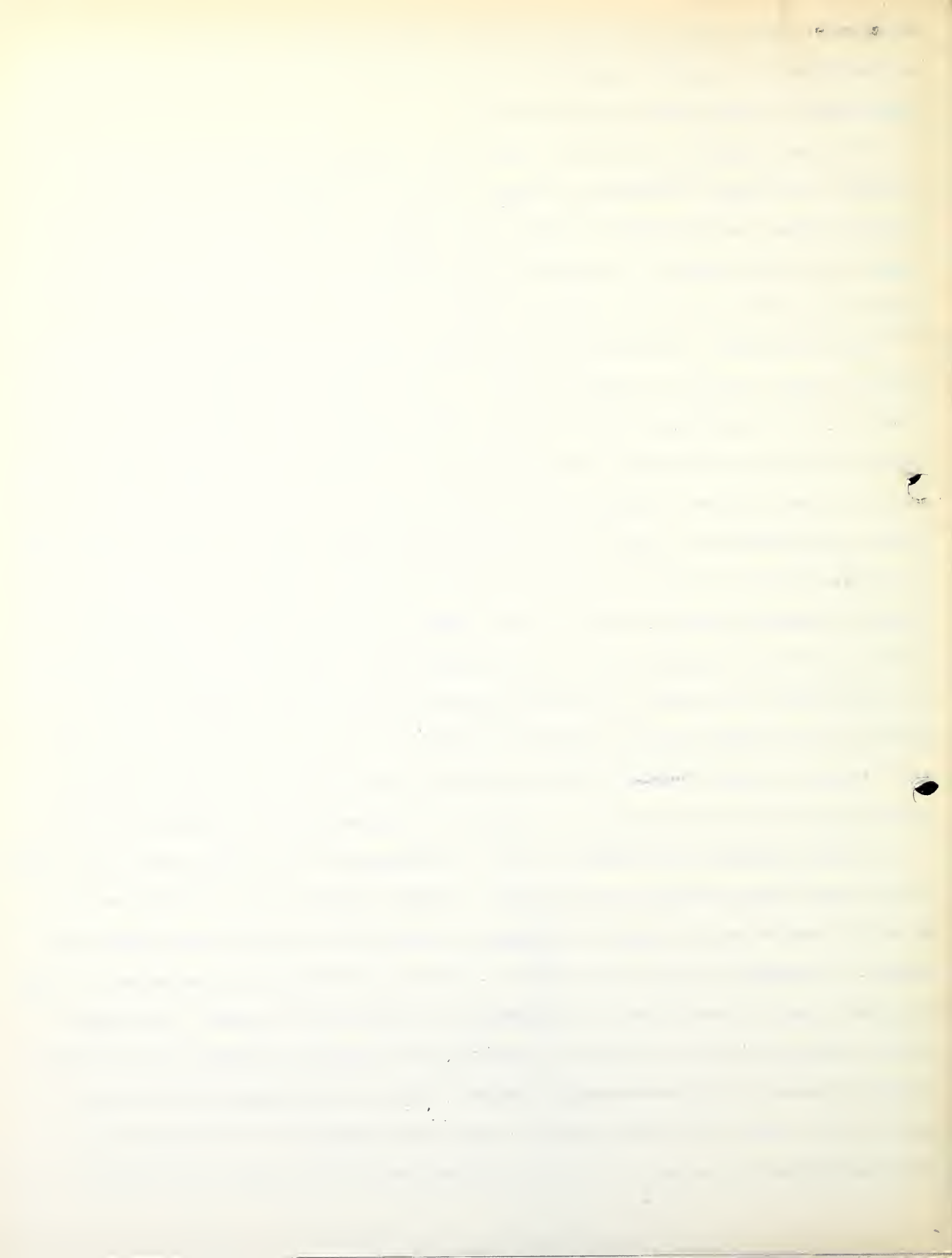


climbing on a stool behind the swinging profile of dashing waves. It was then that the calcium lights in the gallery played on his long beard and tattered clothes, as with arms outstretched he declared that the world was his.

"This was a signal for the house to burst into a deafening applause that overwhelmed the noise of the storm manufactured backstage. It was an artificial age, an age ashamed of its own feelings, and the theatre reflected its thoughts. Virtue always triumphed and vice always got its just deserts. It accepted nothing half-way; a man was either a hero or a villain, and a woman was either virtuous or vile."

"The Two Orphans," "Rosedale" and "Paul Kauvar" were in their heyday, and a young man, Belasco by name, had begun to direct at the old Madison Square Theatre when Eugene Gladstone O'Neill was born in a corner room on the third floor of the old hotel which still stands at Forty-third Street and Broadway. The Barrett House of those days was a family hostelry fully half a mile above the most northerly of New York's theatres. Horse-bells jangled as bobbing yellow street cars trailed past brown-stone residences and frame buildings which were just beginning to be turned to business purposes. The Great White Way was still an avenue of comparative darkness lighted in the Summer by a solitary sign at Twenty-second Street advertising the breezes which swept Manhattan Beach. The rest of its diagonal course was illuminated by gas lamps. On the stage, romance held full sway. Margaret Mather in "Article 47" and Fanny Davenport in "Fedora" brought forth many a tear from the unmade-up eyes of their corseted, ^{crushed} ~~crushed~~ audiences, while the flowing mustaches of Lester Wallack, Harry Montague and Maurice Barrymore caused hearts to flutter behind their whale-bone armor.

In this atmosphere young O'Neill grew up. For seven years he was taken around the country as his father arose each night from the waves. Then his schooling began and continued until he was 19, when he was dismissed from Princeton for what in his own words was "general hell raising." He wanted to live, to see the world. Although his first job as secretary of a mail order house gave him much leisure, it afforded him no opportunity to roam. Then he made a trip to Honduras in search of gold; and subsequently he accepted a position in his father's theatrical company as assistant manager. But hot trips on stuffy trains to small towns palled on him. Above the rattle of gravel in bags, used to simulate the raging storm, he heard the call of the sea and, deserting the painted ocean for the real, he set sail on a



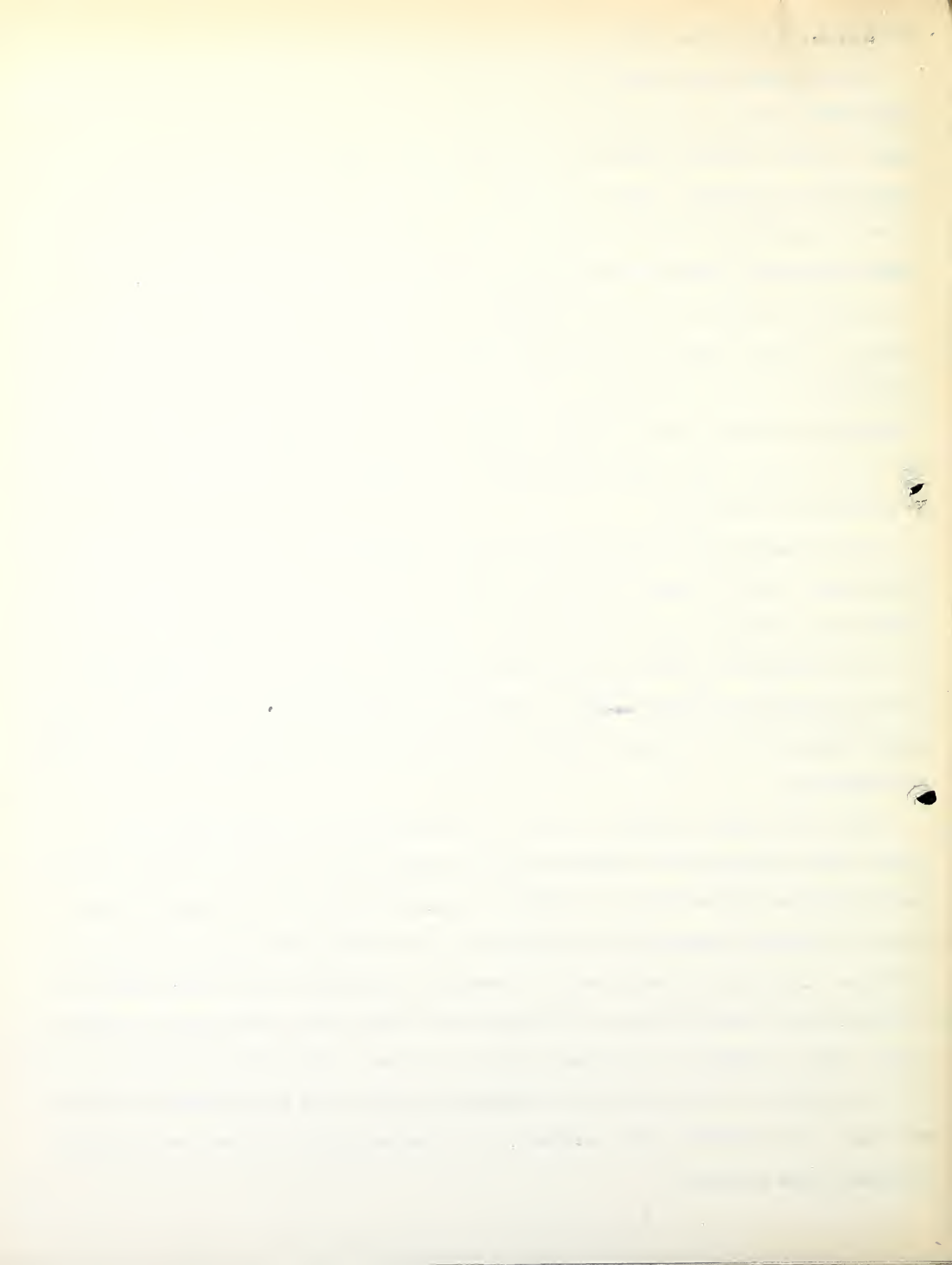
Norwegian bark for Buenos Aires.

In the Argentine he tried his hand at various commercial ventures; he was a clerk for the Westinghouse Company, he attempted to sell sewing machines, and even worked in a packing house. He was a failure at everything and spent months hanging around the waterfront with beachcombers and stokers. Again he set sail, this time for Africa, but as he had no money he was not permitted to land and returned on the cattle steamer on which he had arrived. He finally shipped on a tramp for New York and lived here in a long-shoreman's dive.

"About this time," he told me, "vaudeville was extremely popular, and my father decided to put on a tabloid version of 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' He offered me one of the smaller parts and for a season we traveled all over the country, appearing twice a day, between a trained-horse act and a group of flying acrobats. That was my only actual acting experience, for when the season ended and my family went to our Summer home in New London I got a job as a reporter in that city."

But his health failed and he had to go to a sanitarium; it was there that he began to write plays. Upon his recovery he took a course at Harvard under Professor Baker. About fifteen years ago that strange erratic genius, George Cram Cook, was conducting a theatre in a crude building on a wharf in Provincetown and there produced one of O'Neill's plays. When the Provincetown Players ^{came} ~~went~~ here, O'Neill came with them, and in the old barn in Macdougall Street, with its diminutive stage and its wooden benches, many of his plays had their first showing.

"One of the things I regret," he said, "is the passing of the experimental group theatre where innovations are tried out by men and women who are inspired with real ideals. The Provincetown Players and the old Washington Square Theatre have no successors today. There are commercial managers who are doing now the same things that they were doing ten years ago. But that is the usual story of commercial producers. They are invariably ten years behind the times and never do they credit their public with as much sense or taste as it has. They are afraid to put on good plays for fear the audience will not appreciate them, with the result that many an able man is compelled to write trash to their order so that he may live. In the meantime, plays produced with the certainty that they will be box office successes, prove failures."



"Is this particularly true of this country?" I asked.

"I would not say it was," he replied. "The theatre is dead as far as England and France are concerned. In Germany it has become a prop for the glorification of the theatrical director and plays are written or changed so as to give him a chance to display his technical skill.

"In Russia there is a real renaissance of the theatre. It is a new country with new ideas, and tradition does not bind it, nor does commercialism throttle it. New men get a chance and new ideas are tried out, and the box office does not play the leading part. The result is that to my mind the most interesting work that is being done today in the theatre is in Russia.

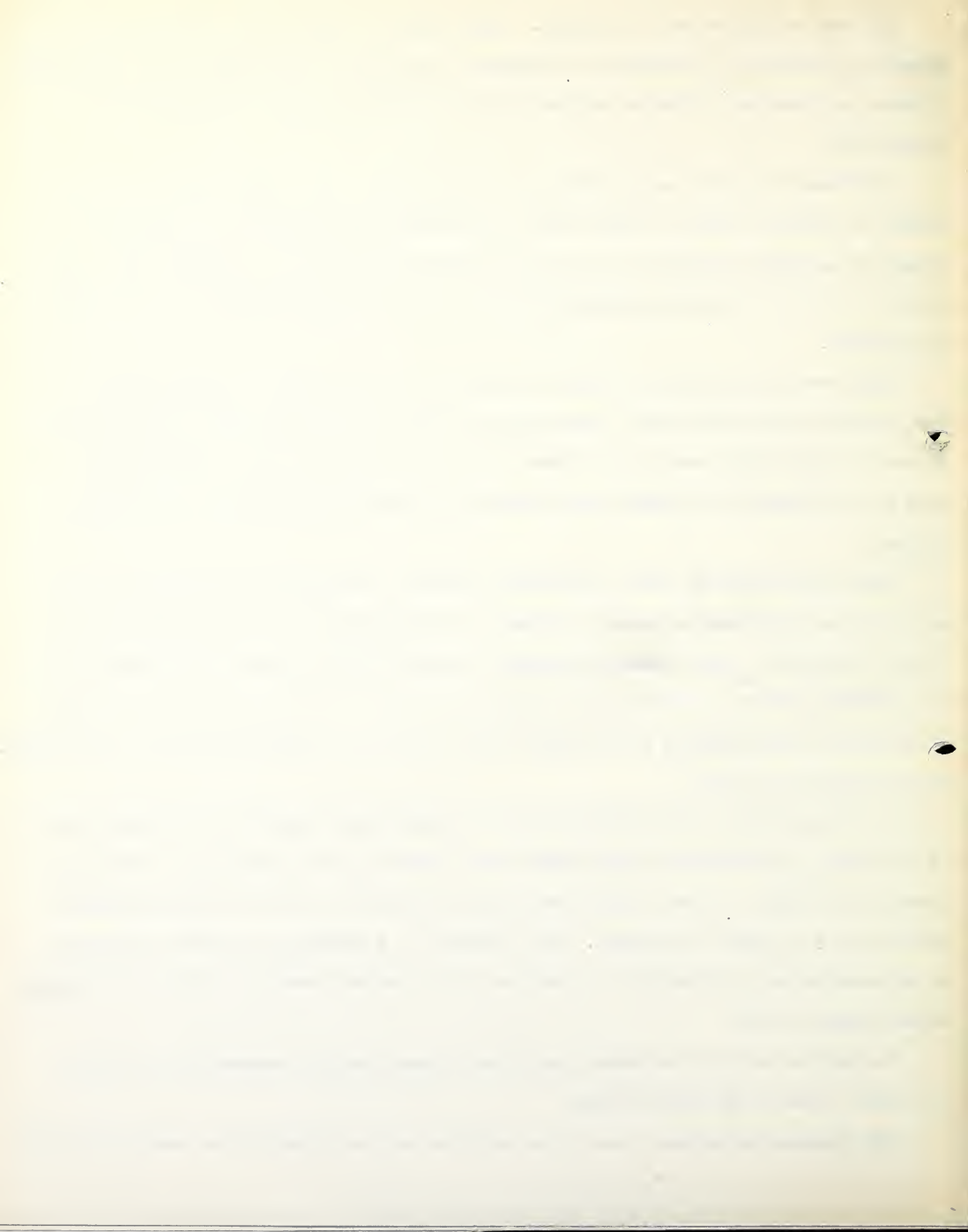
"That does not mean that the same thing could not be done here. I believe that we have the best actors and the best scenic artists in the world right in this country, but all of them are going along each in his own way. If all this talent could be collected and made to work together I am certain that productions could be given here that would be unequalled."

From a silver case he took a cork-tipped cigarette, a particularly mild kind, he told me, and for a few minutes he smoked in silence. I wished that he, like his characters in "Strange Interlude," would express his thoughts, but he did not. Instead the telephone rang and somebody wanted free tickets for an opening performance. In the next room the machinery of theatrical production kept up its endless grind, while he, a master craftsman of the theatre, seemed oblivious of it all.

The afternoon sun, until then kept out of the room by tall buildings on the other side of the street, at last found a space between them through which it could pass. Suddenly he looked up and smiled. It was a boyish smile and an awkward one - as if he had just become aware of his long lapse into silence. Then, pointing to a drawing of Shaw that was hanging on the opposite wall, he remarked: "I wish they would take that down; the old gentleman seems to be laughing at me."

The mask was off. He was himself again, and I asked him what progress he had noted in the theatre since he had begun writing.

"The greatest change that I see is the fact that now the playwright has secured for him-



self the right to say anything he chooses.

"Up to a comparatively short time ago, as late as the time when Clyde Fitch and his school were popular, for three acts an author would build up a thesis and then in the fourth act proceed to knock over what he had constructed. The managers felt that they knew what the public would accept and the plays had to conform to their ideas. The very fact that I was brought up in the theatre made me hate this artificiality and this slavish acceptance of these traditions.

"After 'Beyond the Horizon' had made a success downtown it was with much uncertainty that a manager put in on in a Broadway theatre. He believed in the play, but he feared his public. The public accepted it, even though I did not kick over in the last act all that I had done in the previous ones. The play was carried to its logical conclusion. The tragedy of Robert Mayo brought an exultation and an urge on the part of the audience toward more life.

"That is one of my favorite plays," he went on. "So is 'The Great God Brown,' so 'Strange Interlude.' There are others, however, that I should like to destroy."

"Which are they?" I asked.

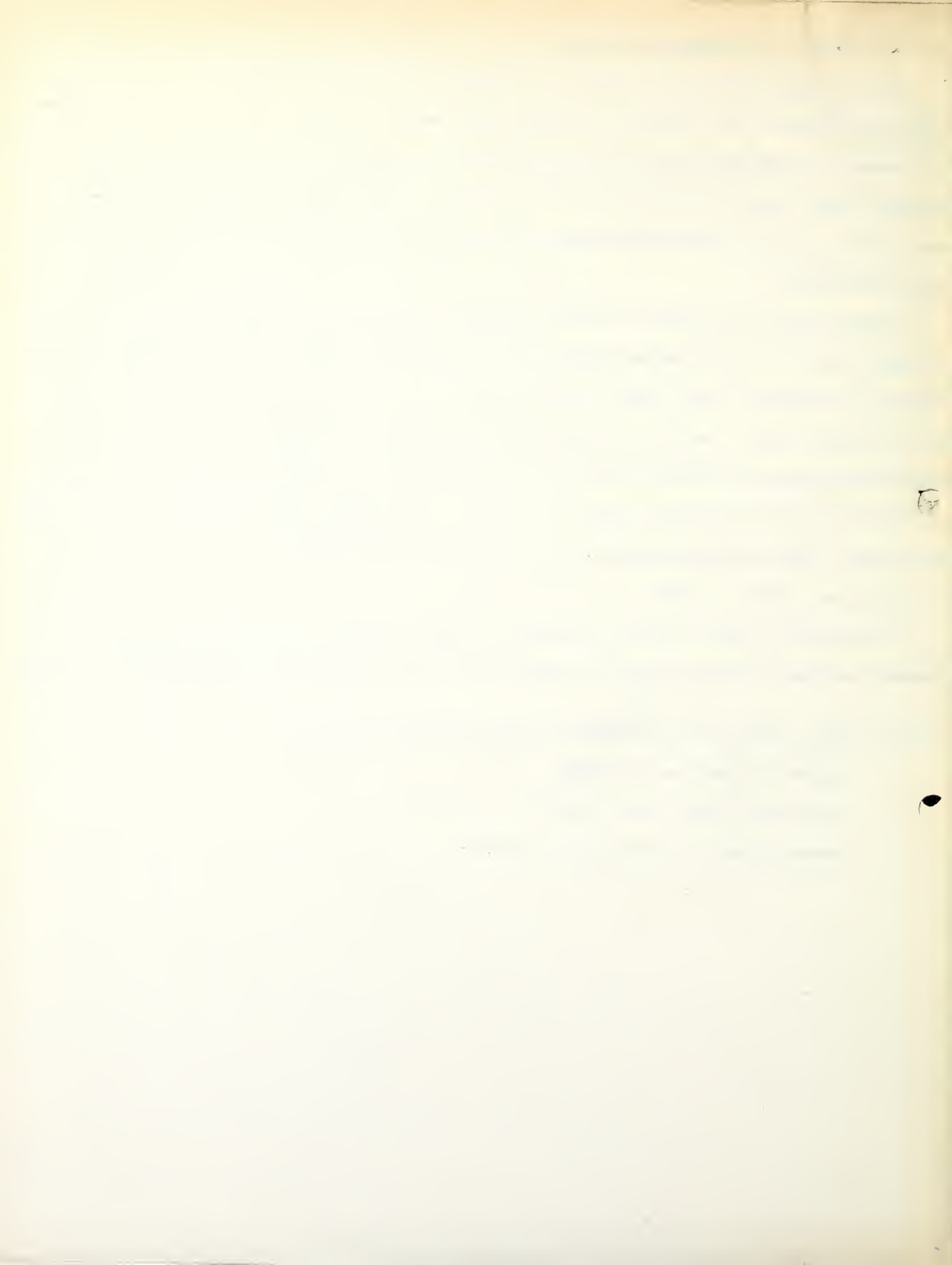
"You probably never saw them," he replied. "They are those which the public would not accept. But that is not the reason I would do it. I now realize that they are not good plays.

Editor's note: Among O'Neill's books the following are in braille:

Beyond the horizon. 2v. NYPL

The Emperor Jones. BIA Grade 2

^{2v.}
Mourning becomes Electra. APH Grade 2



Robert Nathan: Poet and Ironist
by Roberts Tapley

A resident at Harvard in the winter of 1913-1914, if he had followed the fortunes of the Harvard Monthly, would have been impressed by the recurrence upon its pages of five names that were later to become celebrated in a wider arena. These were Gilbert Seldes, Robert Hillyer, John Dos Passos, E.E. Cummings, and Robert Nathan. He would not perhaps have seen all the promise which we are led to believe must inhere in even the stumbling first efforts of genius. And certainly one would need to have been rarely gifted in order to be able to predict, on the basis of indications still so amorphous, the direction which five such different talents would take.

The two members of this rather unusual group of Harvard undergraduates who gave most indication of what they would later become were Gilbert Seldes and Robert Nathan. Seldes was already announcing his penchant for criticism in an article that opened somewhat grandiosely with the words: "This article deals frankly with ephemera". Ah, those blithe college days when one dared to be frank about "ephemera" and to keep them sternly in their place!

Robert Nathan contributed several poems to the Monthly and two one-act plays. The poems seem to me extraordinarily competent within their unambitious limits. Take these lines that describe a freight train passing at night:-

A red glow hissing in the night,
Then a long, long rush of darkness into the wind,
Clanking and grinding and bumping in slow rhythm,
A brutal, lonely power, - or a dream
From nowhere to nowhere.

Or the following, for a touch of the kind of humour in which their author was later to excel:-

Off on the road with hearts a-song
And a little brown dog to butter along
In a fat little way.

But the moment one makes any reference to later work, one is faced with the difficulty that Robert Nathan has become almost famous without ever having been very well known. It is his singularity that, having to a very unusual degree perfected his art, and having been hailed ungrudgingly by reviewers and critics as a writer of rare achievement, he continues to be a little read. I am judging not alone from available statistical data, which indicate at best a moderate commercial success; I am judging from the simple fact that I have been able

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to discover in a circle of reasonably well-informed acquaintances almost no one sufficiently acquainted with his books to be able to discuss them.

Few writers of fiction in America today are treated with a more uniform respect than Mr. Nathan enjoys. Few contemporary names are more honoured. Few personalities are more generally recognized as belonging to the inner circle of literary activity. Robert Nathan's name, thrown in with the names of Melles, Dos Passos, Hillyer, and E.E.Cummings, weighs enough to preserve, if not to improve, a high average. Yet most amateurs of belles lettres, if faced with the necessity of saying a few well-chosen words about each of the five, would undoubtedly find Robert Nathan by far their most difficult subject. He has been, like the freight train described in the lines I have quoted, not a "brutal", but certainly a "lonely" power; and, so far as concerns any mark left upon the minds of a considerable public, he has even what he called, somewhat wryly even at that early date, "a dream from nowhere to nowhere". His course remains mysterious and uncharted, and one cannot quote from his juvenilia with the usual confidence that a fair number of readers will be able to contrast the glimpse they afford of the author in youth with any clearly formulated impression of what the author has made of himself in maturity.

One had best begin, therefore, by describing the literary domain of which Robert Nathan is the acknowledged, if somewhat neglected, master. And first of all it is necessary to define his position with relation to the kind of writing which, without regard for the strict historical meaning of the work, we are apt to call "realism".

Nine out of ten of our current serious novels deal with one or more of the familiar "problems": youth, business, education, marriage. The hero will be fighting a war, or recovering from shell-shock, or languishing in a swivel-chair; the heroine will be visiting the poor or possibly undergoing an undesired pregnancy. And the reader is brought right into the thick of it all. His breast is exposed to the laceration of the experiences recorded. His heart aches, his knees tremble, he endures all the reek and smother. Wells and Bennett wrote books that belong in this category. Wells and Bennett were youthful idols of Robert Nathan. He declares that, while other members of the staff of the Harvard Monthly raved about Baudelaire and Rimbaud and Anatole France, he was faithful to the canons of taste



that were then widely popular and avoided Continental extravagances. It is natural, therefore, that his first novel should have been realistic.

It is called "Peter Kindred". The heroine's name is Joan. Possibly in this ~~next~~ choice of names the author intended to pay a tribute to Wells. Peter studies at Exeter Academy and later at Harvard. He and Joan, who is studying at Radcliffe, both imbibe the social philosophy of Professor Carver, who enjoys some prestige among serious-minded students. They then marry and settle in New York, where Peter had been born.

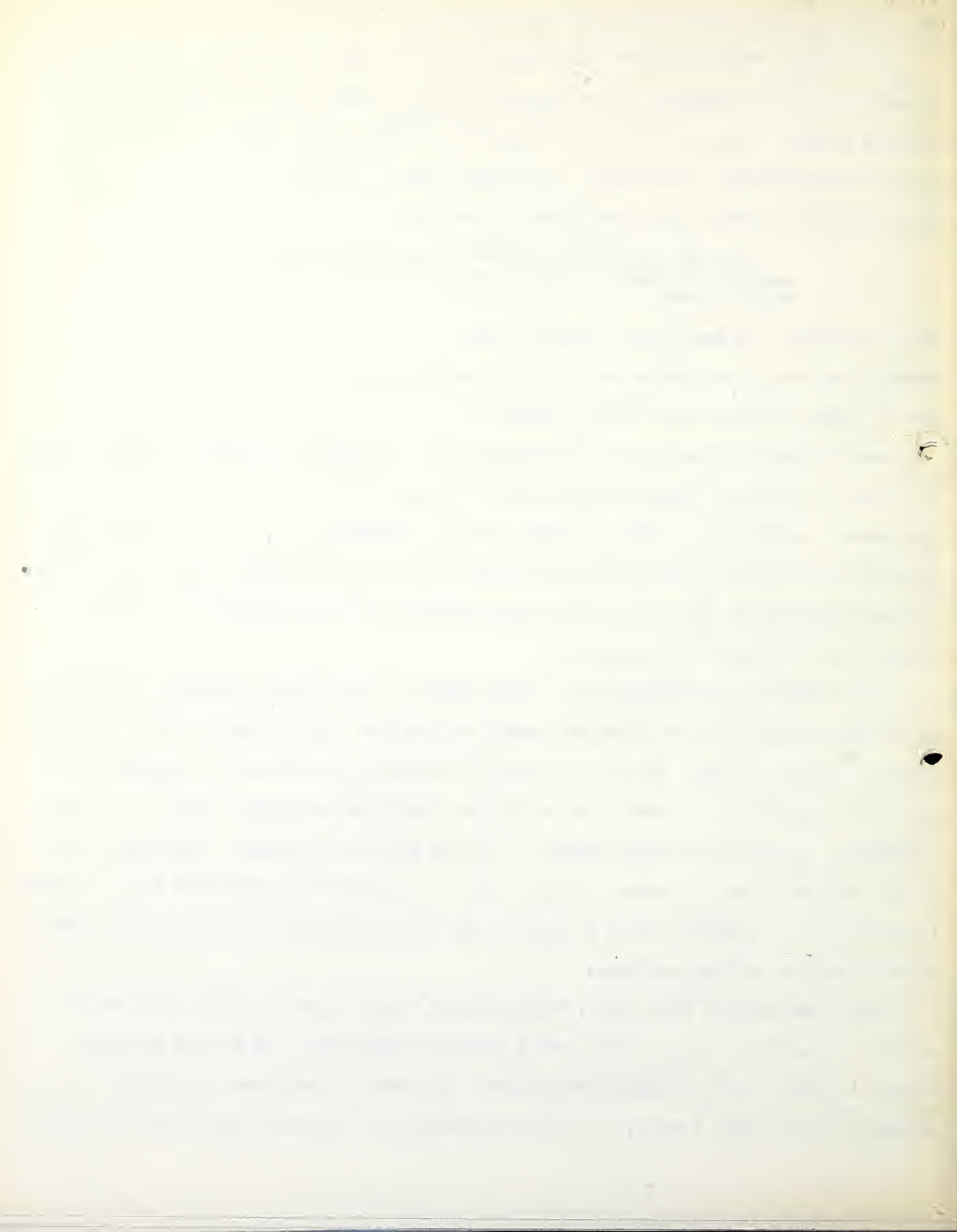
The air was hot and lifeless in the subway; there was a stale smell of cigarettes and papers and dust. Peter's eyes widened. He had come home.

That is realism. One feels one is likely to find on the very next page rotting cabbage stumps lying about. And one has no right to resent it, because there are in "real" life lots of rotten cabbage stumps almost everywhere.

Having furnished a far from contemptible example of realistic writing, Mr. Nathan washed his hands of the type. There are several ways of departing from realism. An author may turn sentimental and affirm, as a Warwick Deeping might be expected to do, that the advertising business is an important contributor to the glory of God and His Kingdom. This would be to abdicate intelligence. He has not muffled his intelligence; he has muffled his emotions, at least such of them as are painful.

But a writer of natural warmth and a good digestion cannot wholly suppress his emotions. Mr. Nathan, in point of fact, practises wise discrimination. After "Peter Kindred" he wrote seldom in sorrow or anger. He has not changed his views; he has altered his emphasis. He has found it possible to withdraw into worlds less disfigured by cabbage stumps. It is his privilege to range freely through space and time and eternity, as freely, within the limits of his scholarship, as the author of "Thais" did. No one could be more modest than Mr. Nathan is about his own erudition; yet it is clear to any reader of his stories that he has a fine taste in rare and curious knowledge.

Next after Nathan's first novel, "Peter Kindred," came "Autumn." It is the first of a series of three rural fantasies that form a continuous narrative. The sequels are "The Fiddler in Barly" and "The Woodcutter's House". They were not published strictly in sequence, but they form a cycle, and I find it convenient to comment on them here in a group



because the treatment of background and characters in these books is so typical. No one who read "Peter Kindred" could fail to observe the poetic intensity of those early pages which describe the country around Exeter, New Hampshire. I feel sure that the author had this region in mind when he wrote "Autumn" and its sequels.

In revolt against largeness and modernity and dust and confusion, Mr. Nathan has developed a fondness for the diminutive and the sequestered. There are no Napoleons and no Tono Bungays to be found in his pages. If any sort of tremendousness gets upon the scene, it is speedily punctured and deflated. An obscure country schoolmaster, who is presently elbowed into yet greater obscurity by a pushing young female pedagogue; a tramp with a fiddle and a performing dog; an orphan child who dances in the sun till the soles of her shoes, carelessly repaired by her shiftless father, come unglued.

Reading one of Mr. Nathan's books is like looking into an ant hill. Everything is so small, but the smaller objects make just as good sense as the large. And all are so occupied with their own affairs and display so complete a fidelity to the laws of their own nature that, conscious as we are that many of them are disagreeable, we are bound to unite with the author in a feeling of wonder and awe and exhilaration at the sheer diversity of the spectacle of creation.

The curious thing about Robert Nathan is that, though he is intellectually hard and muscular, like Deborah he is emotionally tender. One wonders if this may not have something to do with his difficulty in finding an audience. It is possible that reviewers, who almost invariably mention his subtlety, his satire, his sophistication, his intelligence, have failed to convey to the public any impression of his emotional freshness. Satirists are supposed to be savage. Mr. Nathan is not savage. Sophisticated people are understood to be hard-boiled; intelligent people are apt to be disillusioned. Mr. Nathan is neither hard-boiled nor disillusioned. Nor is his work marred by arid cleverness, as one might infer from hearing it called delicate and subtle. And no author has ever achieved a more limpid style or more thoroughly removed every obstacle and obscurity from his reader's path.

The development of understanding and sympathy toward others is the thing that Nathan most consciously advocates. In his books, as in the "Book of Job" and in William ~~Edw~~ Blake's

poetry, everything has its natural voice. The whole universe is alive with poetic qualities, with engaging meanings, beside which the whole question of praise or of blame or even of consistency sinks into insignificance. Amusement, appreciation, reverence, exaltation - all these are appropriate and irreconcilable responses to the stimulus that is offered.

It is odd to conclude an article on an author whose intellect is apparent in every line that has come from his pen by remarking that, given his other endowments and acquisitions, his determining quality is his affection for life. Nathan's humour is certain to be profusely commented on. But what of his tenderness, the quality that enables him, like Blake, and the author of Job of Ecclesiastes, to be almost as much exercised about a snake and an eagle, Behemoth and a cony, about the little dog Musket, who decides with advancing years that "life is not all what-you-may-call-it", as he is about a bishop or a high priest or an archangel.

Intellectual detachment enables him to see human error as something remote and absurd, not peculiar to our day but the same in all ages. But he sees it still. The vapours ascend to him. He transmutes them to humour and pathos in works of exquisite pattern, which entertain and divert and stimulate our minds and refresh our appetite for beauty. They are almost too easy to read, which is a pity, because those who associate depth with obscurity may perhaps turn from Nathan without having realized that, no less than the works of the realists, they are profound in their implications and closely related to life.

Editor's note: Among his books the following are in braille:

One more spring. lv. APL Grade 2 (~~Published since the above article was written~~).

Jonah. 3v. NYPL, Philadelphia. (Until "One more spring" appeared, this was considered his best book).

Autumn. NYPL (In preparation).

Exploring the Times Series.

The "Reading with a Purpose" series is to be continued by the American Library Association under the name of "Exploring the Times" series. The booklets which make up this series are designed to point the way to good reading and intelligent thinking on current problems. In each case an authority has been chosen to present his subject and he has been asked to do so from his own point of view.

These booklets will be put into braille, grade 2, by the Braille Institute of America *and may be borrowed from the libraries. One book* and one book on each subject from the recommended list of reading will be embossed from funds appropriated by Congress.

Five booklets in this series have been published in inkprint and four of these are already in braille. They are:

Brownlow, Louis, and C.S. Ascher. Less government or more. lv.

Douglas, Paul H. Collapse or cycle. lv.

Gideonse, H.D. World depression world recovery. lv.

Ogburn, W.F. Living with machines. lv.

The fifth (at present only in inkprint) is Meeting the Farm Crisis, by J.H. Kolb.

The Age of Elizabeth: Literature Other Than Dramatic. From The Story of
the World's Literature, by John Macy.

Poole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart, and write.--Philip Sidney.

The Age of Elizabeth: Literature Other Than Dramatic
From The Story of the World's Literature, by John Macy.

Foole, said my Muse ^{they} ~~to~~me, looke in ~~the~~ heart, and write.- Philip Sidney.

In the middle of the sixteenth century were born Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, Walter Raleigh, and others whom we cannot even mention, for now English literature begins to blossom so profusely that we cannot count the flowers. Philip Sidney was a poet with his pen and a poetic figure in his life and death. His magnificent gesture on the battlefield when, after having received his death-wound, he gave his last drop of water to a dying soldier, is worthy of Roland, or any other knight of fable. However much or little fact there is in the story of Sidney's love for Stella, who was married to another man before Sidney realized his passion for her, at least it is a good romantic story and inspired him to write the first sonnet sequence in English, "Astrophel and Stella." The emotion of his verse sounds genuine, and the appearance of sincerity is all that counts in literature. Not all; the ability to use words counts too. Sidney mastered the sonnet and made it a natural, or naturalized, form of English poetry.

If "Astrophel and Stella" did not directly inspire Spenser's sonnet sequence, "Amoretti", it had some influence on the greater poet, and even on the supreme Shakespearean cycle. But it should be remembered that sonneteering was the fashion. The gentleman and the professional poet learned to make a sonnet as they learned to use their swords. Some of the sonnets are formal and merely graceful exercises. Some have the true accent of passion. But whether the love that is celebrated is for a certain lady we do not in most cases know as definitely as we do in the case of Sidney. The dark lady of Shakespeare's sonnets is an unsolved mystery. Second only to the sequences of Spenser and Shakespeare and, to my ear at least, quite as beautiful, are the sonnets of Drayton, who, outside the drama, left a larger body of genuine poetry than any other poet of the period except Spenser. There are few finer, more deeply human love-sonnets than the one that begins:

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

Sidney was called by Drayton, "That Heroe for numbers, and for prose." His prose consists of two ~~nd~~ works, "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia" and "An Apology for Poetry," which was appended to the "Arcadia" and is the more important. It is fine prose, simple and musical,

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is organized into several paragraphs and possibly a list or table, but the content cannot be discerned.]

and it is one of three or four essays that are the foundation of English criticism. It was an answer to an attack on drama and poetry by Gosson, called "The School of Abuse." These pamphlets are very illuminating as showing the state of literature and the real struggle that poetry had before it finally triumphed over all criticism and went to the right direction. An essay that should be mentioned with the "Apology," and was perhaps influenced by it, is Webb's "A Discourse of English Poetry." More instructive even than Sidney is "Puttenham's Art of English Poesy," the most important critical work of the period. But Sidney's essay is the best prose and he who died so young was father of them all.

It was a great moment in English poetry when in 1579 Spenser published "The Shepheard's Calender." It announced the arrival of a poet of the first order, and the succeeding "sundrie short poemes" confirmed the announcement. It often happens that the lesser poems of a great poet who has made a colossal masterpiece are lost in the shadow of it. This is not true of Spenser - or of Milton. It is fitting to name them together, for whatever else they are both are unrivalled lyric poets.

The lyric poet is a man of short breath, though he may express the universe in four lines. The greater poet, if there really is a greater, measured in terms of long and short, works out a broad plan or plot, and then fills in his scheme with all kinds of lyric loveliness. Spenser is the first English poet after Chaucer who had a splendid conception and the skill to execute it. "The Faërie Queene" is an elaborate allegory planned in twelve books, of which Spenser finished only six. Each book narrates the exploits of a knight who symbolizes one of the "morall vertues," holiness, temperance, chastity, and so on. Perhaps our interest in allegorical romance is not as profound as it should be, and the "Faërie Queene" is too long; it fills two volumes of Everyman's Library and four hundred closely printed pages in the Globe Edition, so that it does not comply with Poe's rule that a poem should be of such length that we can read it at one setting. It is a colossal performance, admired by most of Spenser's contemporaries and by all poets since his time. Charles Lamb called Spenser "the poet's poet." One reason is that poets appreciate his fertility and power of composition; the poem is written in the Spenserian stanza which he invented, and in the hundreds of stanzas, though the substance may at times be dull, he never technically breaks down. The other reason is that Spenser had the supreme poetic gifts, melody, rhythm, image.



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Those who cannot read the "Faerie Queene" through (and nobody does except the poet, the scholar, and the proofreader) may open to any canto at random, and they will light upon verse of gorgeous texture, like old tapestry. The "aged accents and untimely words," for which he was chided in his own time, only add to the richness of the color.

To be a supreme lyric poet in an age which has such a wealth of song is to be great indeed, for in the Elizabethan and Jacobean period and throughout the seventeenth century (the first period flows into the next without a break) there are so many lyric voices that one can hardly listen to them all. What is the secret of that wealth, that freshness, that almost bewildering variety which not even the immensely rich nineteenth century quite equalled and to which indeed the poets of the nineteenth century returned for sustenance and inspiration? If we open any of the anthologies or miscellanies of the time, for example, "England's Parnassus," "The Choicest Flowers of Our Modern English Poets," published in 1600, and "England's Helicon" of the same year, we come upon ~~xx~~ exquisite bits, some by poets whose names are not familiar. Or if we turn to any of the dramatists, even to plays ~~x~~ by secondary men, we find that all poets who wrote for the stage could sing.

The prince of song, acknowledged by all the other poets, was Ben Jonson, of whom we shall say a word more when we come to his plays. The famous song which everybody knows

Drink to me only with thine eyes

is but one of scores of poems remarkable not only for their beauty of form and exactly ~~g~~ right choice of words but for the dignity of feeling, the restrained vigorous passion. It may be that Jonson's immense erudition makes his tragedies somewhat heavy, but in his song he carries his learning on powerful and graceful wings and his voice is not of the owl but of the skylark. His devotion ~~x~~ to the classics had a wholesome effect on his verse and on the verse of all the tribe of Ben that followed him, for he was not a slave to the ancients, he mastered them for his own use and benefit. Horace, Catullus, Martial influenced him, were his models. Like some later poets, Arnold and Tennyson, he knew the Roman poets, believed that their symmetry held a ~~x~~ lesson for English verse. Elizabethan verse was in danger of being eccentric and Jonson ~~xxxxxxx~~ with his great authority helped to keep it regular but not stiff, normal but not conventional, clear but not commonplace.

A friend of Jonson's who holds a high place in English verse is Drummond, whose madrigals

and sonnets are graceful, refined and full of feeling. What could be better than his sonnet to a Nightingale, which I think Keats must have read?

The finer characteristics of Elizabethan England and of all western Europe in the sixteenth ^{century} ~~centuries~~ were intellectual curiosity, a love of adventure, and boldness in experimenting with new ideas and forms of expression. Those were, indeed, as Tennyson calls them, "spacious times." Men were surprisingly versatile. Walter Raleigh, explorer and captain, was one of the finest of the lyric poets, and when he was shut up in the Tower of London, he amused himself for the twelve years by writing his "History of the World."

The Elizabethan lyric has every possible mood known to the human soul and it is so splendid that we ought to end these few imperfect paragraphs about it on a note of joy, with one of the tender love songs. But the age was full of tragedy in life as well as on the stage, and it is fitting to quote Raleigh's somewhat sad "Conclusion," especially as he was in thought and action as representative as any one man could be of that varied age.

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust.
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

One of the most independent and original thinkers was Francis Bacon, the founder of modern English philosophy. Whether he was also a poet is a problem inot which we cannot go here. His best known book is the "Essays," in which he has compressed all that there is to say on fifty subjects, a hundred subjects. He seems to have read all the wisdom in the world and boiled every idea down to its essence. In a famous letter he wrote, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," and if he had written nothing else but the essays he would have proved his title. His style is epigrammatic, fluent, rich in analogies, and informed by a kind of plain common sense that distinguishes it from much of the too fantastic prose of the period. But the "Essays" are only a small part of his writings in Latin and English. His most important work is the "Novum Organum, a fragment of a vast philosophy which he planned but could not carry out. No man could. He thought it possible - this was his only great mistake - for a man to learn the whole truth about the universe and org nize this knowledge in final form. His great contribution is his experimental method and his



revolt against the authority of the schools. For centuries Aristotle and his disciples had ruled almost all speculation; they first accepted principles and then proceeded to argue about particulars. Bacon reversed that; he said we must find out the particular truths and from them reason toward the general principles. This method of thought is called induction and resembles the method of Socrates. The spirit of this mode of inquiry created a revolution in the thought of Europe and prevails in modern science. It was Bacon's "New Atlantis" that led to the founding of the Royal Society which has been a powerful influence in the progress of science. No man did more than Bacon for independence of thought, for the establishment of the right and duty of the individual to make his own researches. In the "Advancement of Learning" he says: "Men have withdrawn themselves too much from the contemplation of nature, and the observations of experience, and have tumbled up and down in their own reason and conceits." And again: "Whereas the more constant and devote kind of professors of any science ought to propound to themselves to make some additions to their science, they convert their labours to aspire to certain second prizes; as to be a profound interpreter or commentator; to be a sharp champion or defender; to be a methodical compounder or abridger; and so the patrimony of knowledge cometh to be sometimes improved, but seldom augmented." We have taken some long steps since Bacon, but his comment is still a rebuke to some current scholarship.

Much of the richness of Elizabethan literature was due to the translators who went not only to the classics but to contemporaneous European literature. We have already mentioned Florio's "Montaigne," Thomas North's "Plutarch," and Chapman's "Homer." Translation today is as a rule none too good in point of style, but it is supposed to be fairly faithful to the original; there is a kind of literary honesty required even of a hack translator. The Elizabethan translator had no such idea. He took all kinds of liberties with the original, used it as so much material to handle as he pleased, and with true English independence had no respect for the intellectual rights of a foreign author. The result is that the Elizabethan versions of foreign classics are intensely English, not so much translations as naturalizations and so almost a part of the native literature. And that literature was growing apace.



Editor's note: Among the books mentioned in this article the following are in braille:

Bacon, Francis. Essays. 5v. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; 4v. NIB

Jonson, Ben. The alchemist. 3v. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ APH

-----Epicoene; or The silent women. 2v. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ APH

~~For selections of his poetry see anthologies.~~

Spenser, Edmund. Faerie Queene. Bk.1 Canto 1. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ APH

-----Epithalamion. NIB

Sidney, Sir Philip. Sketch of his life in Great Englishmen, by Synge. NIB

and in Lives of Great Men. NIB

Poems by Philip Sidney
For selections of his poetry see anthologies.



Poem, by Emily Dickinson

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June, --
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join;

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

Braille Book Review

2nd year Contents for December, 1933 Number 22

- I Book Announcements.
- II A Christmas List.
- III Anne Sullivan Macy, A Review from the New
 York Herald Tribune.
- IV The Blind in School and Society, A Review
 from The New Beacon.
- V Sketches from Living Authors: Hendrik Willem
 Van Loon. By permission of the H.W. Wilson Co.
- VI Lanier. From The Spirit of American Literature,
 by John Macy.
- VII Christmas Day. From Anniversaries and Holidays.
- VIII Obituary notes: Louise Jordan Miln; Annie Besant.
- IX Latest Publications of the NIB

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Cutsforth, T.E. The blind in school and society. 3v. 1933. APH FF Grade 2 See review in this issue.

Davis, Richard Harding. The hungry man was fed. 1v. ^{ARC}Grade 1.

Goethe, J.W. von. Faust; translated in original metres by Bayard Taylor. volume one. Will be complete in four volumes. APH FF Grade 2 This foremost translation is the work not only of a scholar but also of a poet.

Goethe, J.W. von. Hermann und Dorothea, German text, edited with introduction, notes and vocabulary by Calvin Thomas. 3v. 1915 A.H

James, Will. Smoky, the cowhorse. To be embossed.

Labiche, Eugene, and Edouard Martin. Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon, French text, edited with notes, exercises and vocabulary by Victor E. François. 3v. 1919 APH

Lathrop, George. Professional writing, opportunities for the blind in journalism and allied

Book Announcements

Braddy, Nella. Anne Sullivan Macy. 4v. 1933 APH FF Grade 2. See review in this issue.

Brown, Lela T. Osteopathy, opportunities for the blind in training and practice. No. 2 of the Vocational Research series published by the American Foundation for the Blind. lv. APH FF Grade 2 Contents: Science of osteopathy. Requirements and rewards. Training and licensure. The practice of blind osteopathic physicians. The economics of the profession. ~~The practice of blind osteopathic physicians. The economics of the profession.~~ Conclusion. A suggested list of reading; and a list of the books in braille in medical science.

Catalog of all books published by American presses in grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 with 1933 supplement.

May be borrowed from all libraries.

Catalog of the music publications of the American Printing House for the Blind. May be borrowed from all libraries.

Catalog of the music collection of the New York Public Library, 42nd Street and Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. This is in four sections: piano, vocal, organ, and violin with 1932 and 1933 supplements. On sale or for circulation. Music from this library may be borrowed by musicians in any part of the country.

Catalog of books in grade 2 in the New York Public Library. This catalog consists of a main list and a 1933 supplement. On sale or for circulation.

fields. No. 4 of the vocational research series published by the American Foundation for the Blind. lv. 1933 APH FF Grade 2 Contents: History of journalism. The newspaper staff. Other fields of writing. Summary. A list of the schools of journalism. A list of suggested reading.

Macy, Anne Sullivan, by Nella Braddy. 4v. 1933 APH FF Grade 2 See review in this issue.

Morgan, Charles. The fountain. 4v. ARC This is a book which has been widely read and discussed since its publication more than a year ago. It was acclaimed as an outstanding volume of fiction. The scene is a castle in Holland where a British officer was interned throughout the war. He falls in love with the English wife of a Prussian nobleman - an officer at the front.

Parkman, Francis. Montcalm and Wolfe. vols. 1 and 2. Will be complete ~~in~~ ^{in nine} approximately ~~10~~ ¹⁰ volumes. APH FF Grade 2 Completes the author's remarkable series on the struggle between France and England for the possession of North America.

Porter, Sidney. (O. Henry pseudonym). Gift of the Magi; from the Four million. lv. ARC Grade 1.

Readers: Nature activity readers series, edited by Paul G. Edwards and James W. Sherman. ^{APH}

^{APH} Book 1. Outdoor land. 2v. Grade I.

Book 2. Outdoor playhouse. 2v. Contractions of grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ gradually introduced.

Book 3. Outdoor world. 2v. Grade 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

Schiller, J.C.F. von. Jungfrau von Orleans, German text, revised edition with introduction and notes by Benjamin W. Wells. 4v. APH

Shurter, Edwin D. Public speaking. 3v. 1927 edition. APH Grade 2.

Tarkington, Booth. Presenting Lily Mars. 3v. 1933 APH FF Grade 2 The story of a stage-struck girl from a Middle West town. As the story progresses it becomes clear that she has the requisites of a real actress and a romance develops.

Van Dine, S.S., pseudonym. The kennel murder case; ~~book 1 of the series of books in the series~~ a Philo Vance story. 3v. 1933 ARC Grade 2. A detective story. Contains all the features which have made the Van Dine brand famous throughout the habitable globe.

Van Loon, Hendrik Willem. Van Loon's geography; the story of the world we live in. 4v. 1932

BIA FF Grade 2 A popularly written geography emphasizing the human interest side of the

story of the world we live in, why we live where we do, where we came from, what we are doing. It deals with the earth and its human history not as a map-maker or a statistician might have done but as a philosopher and a scholar, a wit and a poet, has done.

Wharton, Edith. The children. 3v. 1928 APH FF Grade 2 One of the author's shrewdest and sharpest satires upon the current follies of society. Judy, only sixteen, tries to keep her brothers and sisters together while her parents are busy with divorce and re-marriage.

Wilson, G.M. My long division drill book. 1v. 1932 HEP

Hand-copied Books

Adamic, Louis. Home again from America, an immigrant revisits his native land. 1v. 1932 Chicago.

Aldrich, Bess Streeter. A white bird flying. 6v. Detroit. A love story of Laura Deal and Allen Rinemiller, descendants of pioneers in a small Nebraska town. Altho Laura throughout her girlhood and college days had looked forward to a career in the end she finds her happiness in love, home and family.

Allen, James. As a man thinketh. 1v. 1913 Now in Sacramento and St. Louis.

Andersen, Hans C. Snow-queen. 1v. Detroit. From a collection of fairy tales.

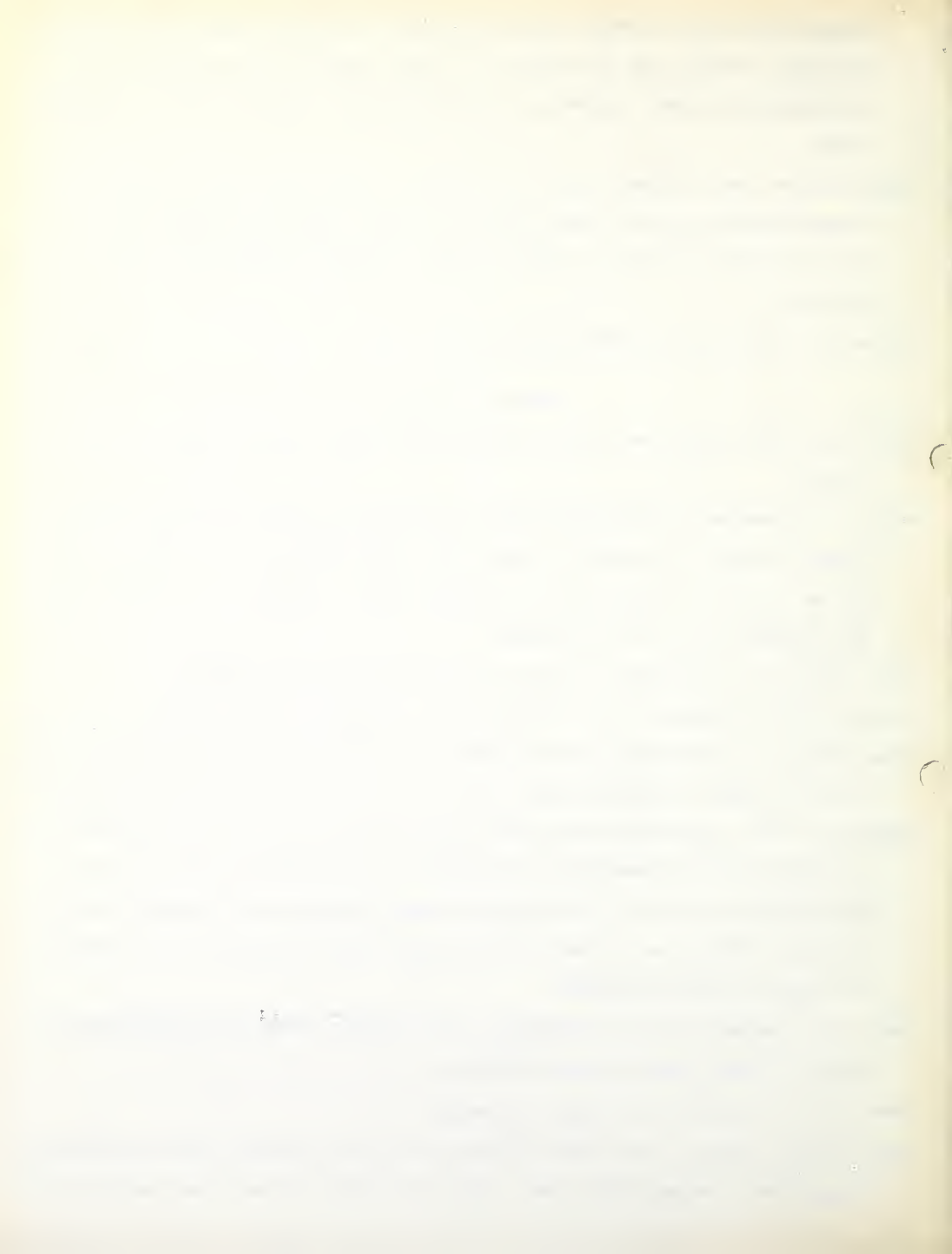
Auld, William M. Christmas traditions. 2v. NYPL A short history of the origin of Christmas. Contains chapters on ancient English carols, the Christmas tree and Christmas bells.

Bacheller, Irving. The master of chaos. 5v. Seattle. This story of the Revolutionary war is concerned with the adventures of Colin Cobot, a young Harvard graduate devoted to the Continental cause and in love with Patience Fayerweather, the daughter of ardent Loyalists. Colin joins the rebel army and serves under Washington, as his secretary and later as recruiting officer.

Barrie, J.M. Margaret Ogilvy. 2v. Portland. Now in Atlanta, Denver, LC; ~~grade 11/12~~ in grade 2 by press. Noted in June 1933 issue.

Baum, L.F. The wizard of Oz. 4v. 1900 Watertown.

Beebe, William. Nonsuch, land of water, published under the auspices of the N.Y. Zoological Society. 4v. Sacramento. 1932. This volume is the first of four by Dr. Beebe dealing



with the life in the waters about Nonsuch, one of the Bermuda islands, which has been for three seasons the headquarters of this group of scientists. The chapters are a series of word pictures describing the natural history of Bermuda, the cedars of Nonsuch, and the life of sea and shore, all treated with the author's rare sensitiveness to beauty and atmosphere.

Best, Herbert. Son of the whiteman. 1931. 4v. Detroit. An excellent book for older boys.

There hero is a white boy, Jerry McLeod, son of a district officer of the white government ruling in Africa. Whether he is rescuing an old woman accused of witchcraft, setting traps for the hyena which he has guessed to be a leopard, or seeking for and finding the sacred crocodile of the Zantas, Jerry never ceases to be alive and convincing.

Bouvet, Marguerite. ^{Prince} Private Tip-top. 2v. Detroit. Fiction.

Buchen, John. The blanket of the dark. 7v. 1931 LC An historical novel relating the story of an abortive ⁶rebellion which attempted to place the young hero, a descendant of the Bohuns, on the throne of Henry VIII.

Chase, Stuart. Mexico, a study of two Americas. 1931 8v. ~~NOV~~ Now in Chicago, Detroit, LC and NYPL Reviewed in June 1932 issue.

Chesterton, G.K. Twelve types, a book of essays. 2v. 1910 LC The subjects are: Charlotte Bronte, William Morris, Byron, Pope, Francis, Rostand, Charles II, Stevenson, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Savonarola, and Scott. As might be expected from the master of paradox, his views of these people are in many respects paradoxical, but, nevertheless, intensely interesting.

Connell, Richard. Mr. Pottle needed a dog house; from The Saturday Evening Post. 1v. Portland.

Curwood, James Oliver. (For sketch of author see January 1933 issue) The Alaskan: a novel of the north. 6v. 1923 Dallas, Perkins, Sacramento, LC, Philadelphia.

Dane, Clemence, pseudonym. Broome stages. 18v. LC A novel dealing with the fortunes of an English stage family during two hundred years from the early eighteenth century, when the first Richard Broome tumbled into the midst of a group of strolling players, until the present, when another Richard Broome enters the movies.

de la Ramee, Louise. (Ouida, pseudonym) ^{The Runberg store.} How August, a little German boy, took a long journey 2v. Detroit.



in a porcelain stove.

De la Roche, Mazo. Explorers of the dawn. 3v. Now in NYPL and Seattle. Noted in April

1932 issue.

Vries
de Vries, H.L.P.C. The princess who grew. 2v. Pittsburgh. Fiction.

de Vries,

Ditmars, R.L. Thrills of a naturalist's quest. 5v. NYPL Partly autobiography, partly popularized science, this volume by the curator of mammals and reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, opens with an account of how Dr. Ditmars began his famous collection of reptiles before he was twenty-one. Much of the book is concerned with his study of snakes, and his adventures collecting them, but a number of chapters contain anecdotes and observations of other animals in the zoo.

Garland, Hamlin. Trail-makers of the middle border. 10v. Now in Sacramento and Philadelphia.

Noted in December 1932 issue.

Gibbs, Sir Philip. Anxious days. 7v. 1932 Chicago. This story of an ex-naval officer, his charming daughter and the young men who want to marry her, is told against a background of English politics during the past five years.

Glaspell, Susan. Lifted masks. 2v. LC Short stories.

Grey, Zane. Forlorn River. 7v. Indianapolis, Sacramento. A straightforward story of brave men, loyal women, and wild horses in northern California.

Harris, Corra. Circuit rider's wife. 3v. *ny ps* A very human and interesting story of the experiences of an American Methodist minister on circuit duty as seen through the eyes of his wife.

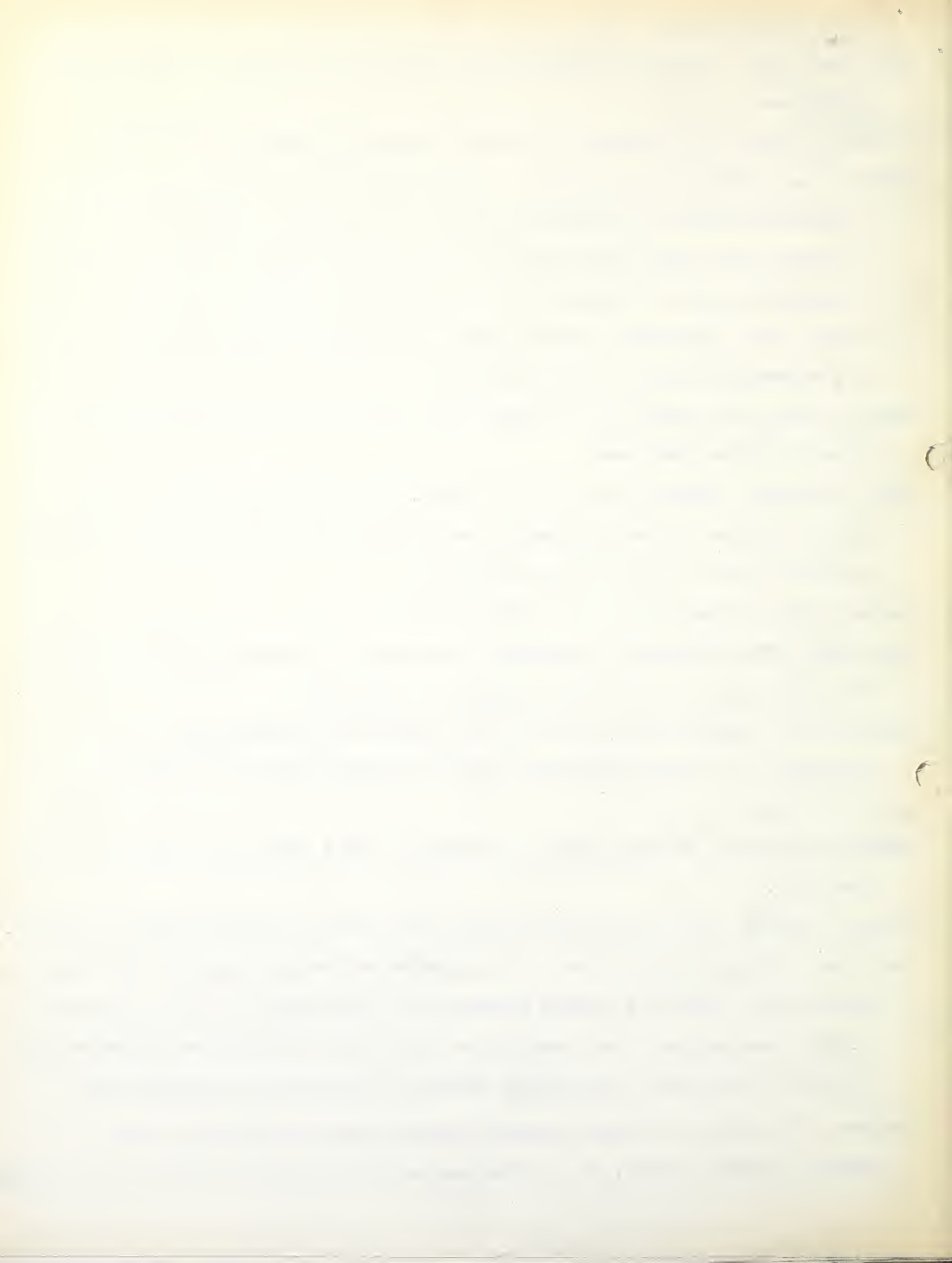
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The snow image. 1v. Tatertown. From a collection of short stories of same title.

Kirkland, Winifred. The great conjecture, who is this Jesus? 2v. Oklahoma Library Commission.

Knox, Rose B. The boys and Sally down on a plantation. 5v. Detroit. Sally and her younger brother spend a year on a southern plantation with their uncle and aunt not long after the Civil war, and have a very eventful and jolly time. The author has blended seasonal activities in the South with the story and made a true picture of plantation life.

Krasinska. The journal of Countess Francoise Krasinska, great grandmother of Victor

Emmanuel. 2v. 1899 Detroit. LC A picturesque account of high life in Poland at the middle



of the 18th century. The countess has keen eyes and sees just those details which are rarely found in formal histories.

Loring, Emilie. Gay courage. 6v. 1923 LC Light fiction.

Lutz, Grace Hill. The story of a whim. 3v. Now in Albany, Jacksonville and LC. Noted in October 1932 issue.

Mackail, D. G. The square circle. 14v. Sacramento. Tiverton Square is the background of this London novel.

McKaye, Claude. Harlem shadows. 2v. 1922 Sacramento. Poems.

McNeely, Marion H. The way to glory and other stories. 3v. NYPL Short stories for boys and girls so well written and with such skill in the delineation of character that they will be appreciated by many adults.

Maher, R.A. The heart of a man. 6v. 1915 Chicago.

Marshall, Archibald. Two families. 7v. LC The story of the rise and fall of two English families during fifty years and three generations.

Maxwell, Perriton. The lady friends of Amos 'n Andy; from Good Housekeeping Magazine. 1v. Jacksonville.

Millay, Edna St.Vincent. The princess marries the page. 1v. Seattle. Written during Miss Millay's college years and produced by Vassar students in 1917, this poetic drama is now, for the first time published. It portrays in delicate and charming poetry the romance of the beautiful princess and the page who was a prince in disguise.

Miller, Agnes. The Colfax book-plate. 7v. 1926 LC A murder committed in a bookshop. A charming and humorous saleswoman helps to solve the mystery.

Montgomery, R.G. "Pechuck", Lorne Knight's adventures in the Arctic. 5v. Seattle. Lorne Knight spent four years in the Arctic as one of the youngest members of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, under the leadership of Stefansson. On a later expedition, he died of scurvy, and was buried on Wrangel Island. The author has based his book on Knight's diary and notes.

Morley, Christopher. Parnassus on wheels. 3v. Detroit, LC, Sacramento. Breezy and thoroughly enjoyable love story of a spinster of thirty-nine.

Nathan, Robert. Jonah. 2v. 1925 NYPL A modern study of the prophet Jonah, in which



whimsical imagination and a discriminating sense of comedy turn the ancient story into an amusing, gentle satire. The prophet is not an austere personage but a very human young man.

Norris, Kathleen. My best girl. 5v. 1927 LC, Austin, Xavier Free Library.

Oppenheim, E.P. The thirteenth card; and The dean's daughter. 1v. Seattle. Light fiction.

Oxenham, John. The hidden years. 5v. Portland. A unique book which seeks to tell the story of the early years of Christ which are not mentioned in the Bible. It pictures a human, boyish Jesus as seen through the eyes of a boyhood friend and neighbor.

Priestley, J.B. Angel Pavement. 12v. ^{QC; 7v. grade 2, by press.} ~~Grade 1, LC; Grade 2 by press.~~ From the Baltic to the Thames came Mr. Golspie and invaded the shabby offices of Twig and Dersingham in Angel Pavement, a dingy little London side street. His bluff and gusty presence animated the slumbering office, giving it for a brief spell an unwonted air of activity, and penetrated even the home lives and ties of its shabby clerks. Then as suddenly as he came, he disappeared, leaving havoc in his wake.

Pyle, Howard. Pepper and salt; or, Seasoning for young folk. 2v. Perkins. Fairy tales, ballads and rhymes.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth, The selected poems of. 2v. 1926 Sacramento, St. Louis. A Baltimore poet who taught English for many years. Her emotion finds its interpretation in things that are traditionally lovable - simple and natural things.

Rice, Grantland and Harford Powel. The omnibus of sport, selections. 1932 6v. Detroit. A collection of short stories, news reports and excerpts from the literature of the past, all dealing with sports. They are grouped under the headings: football; baseball; golf; tennis; combat; racing; hunting and fishing; sporting dogs and other sports.

Rinehart, Mary Roberts. My story. ^{10v.} NYPL and Sacramento; ^{4v. grade 2, by press.} ~~Grade 1, LC; Grade 2 4v. by press.~~

Noted in March 1933 issue.

Rogers, Will. Ether and me; or "Just relax." 1v. Now in Sacramento and LC Noted in Aug.-Sept. 1933 issue.

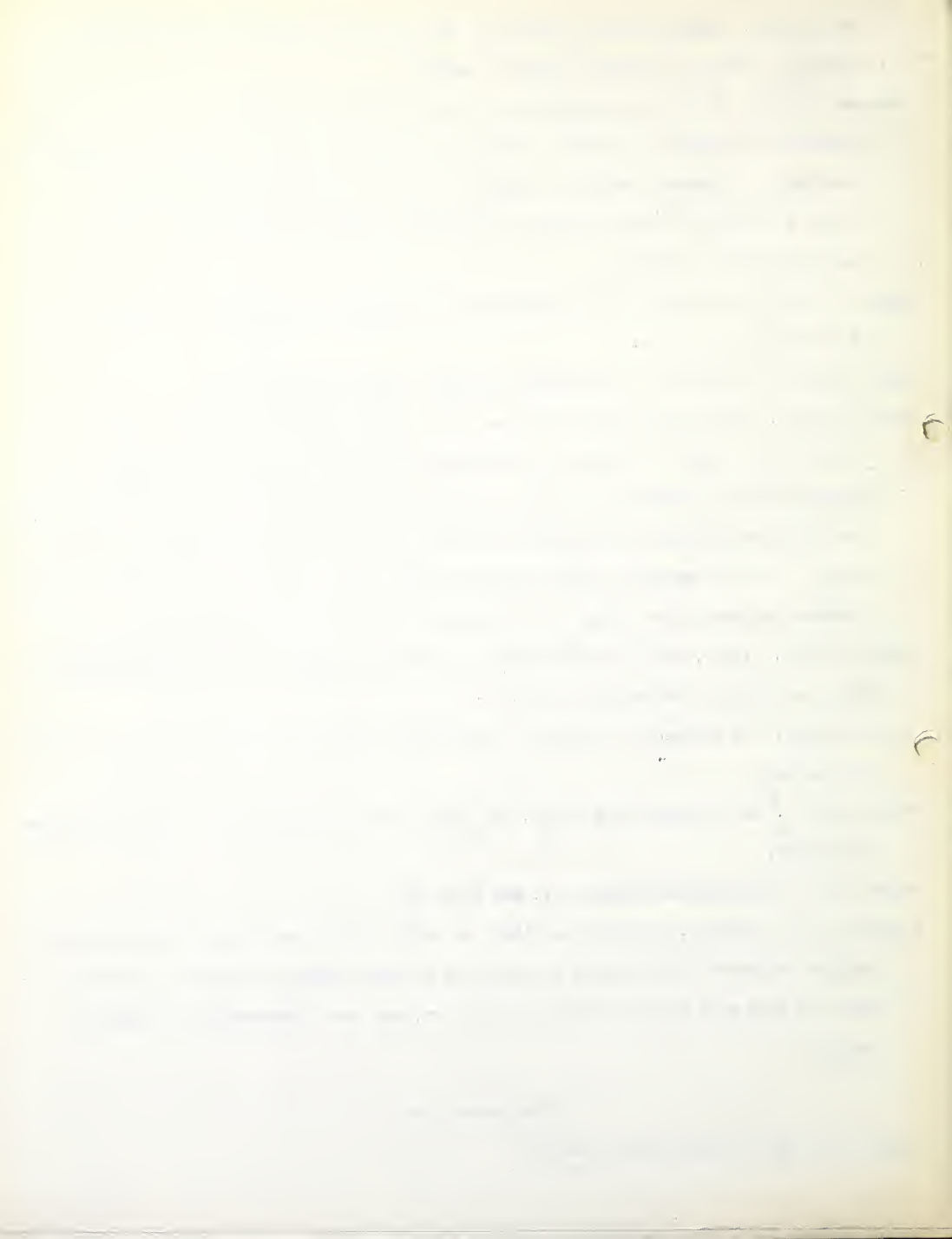
Schroeder, H.A. and L.A. Peters. Shirt-tail and pigtail. 7v. 1930 Sacramento. The adventures of two Yale undergraduates in Asia. These youthful Americans have very little money but a great deal of nerve.



- Stern, G.B. Debonair. 6v. Sacramento. The story of Loveday Trevelyan, most modern of the moderns. London and the Riviera are her background together with an upright, sensible, doting but impotent Victorian mother.
- Strachey, Lytton. Portraits in miniature and other essays. 3v. 1931 LC A series of brief biographical studies. Contents: Harington; Muggleton; Aubrey; Dr. North; Congreve, Collier; Macaulay, Mr. Summers; Madame de Sevigne's cousin; Mr. Colbatch; The president de Brosees; Boswell; The Abbe Morellet; Mary Berry; Madame de Lieven; Hume; Gibbon; Carlyle; Froude; Creighton.
- Tappan, Eva M. In the days of Queen Elizabeth. 5v. Detroit. The life of the famous English sovereign in story form.
- Teter, George E., compiler. One hundred narrative poems. 10v. 1918 LC
- Thomas, Lowell. Lauterbach of the China sea: the escapes and adventures of a seagoing Falstaff. 6v. 1930 LC Describes the lively adventures of Captain Lauterbach, a fat, jolly German sea captain, who during the World war was prize officer of the famous Emden. Lowell Thomas narrates the adventurous career of that ship, her last battle, ^{Lauterbach's} ~~his own~~ escape, and his subsequent experiences in escaping from place to place, and his life as commander of the mystery ships of the Baltic and then of the raider Moewe.
- Walden, Jane B. Igloo, with an introduction by Richard E. Byrd. 5v. Now in ^{Sacramento} ~~Sacramento~~ and Chicago. Noted in October 1932 issue.
- Wallace, Edgar. The twister. 5v. Denver. A detective story which measures up to the author's best ~~xxx~~ work.
- Waller, Mary E. The windmill on the dune. 9v. 1931 Now in LC, Sacramento. Noted in October 1933 issue.
- White, S.E. The shepper-newfounder. 1v. ~~MLB~~ 1931. MLB
- Wodehouse, P.G. Meet Mr. Mulliner. 4v. 1928 LC This is an interesting collection of more or less connected short stories in which one not only meets Mr. Mulliner, but also comes to know most of his relatives and to find them very interesting and charming people.

A Christmas List

Alden, R.M. Why the chimes rang. Grade 1.



Allen, E.E., editor. A sheaf of Christmas carols.

Auld, W.M. Christmas traditions. 2v. NYPL

Bailey, Temple. The holly hedge and other Christmas stories.

Bangs, J.K. Little book of Christmas. Grade 1.

Benny, a poem. In Child life, edited by Whittier.

Bianco, Margery. Christmas in Paris. In Miscellaneous selections. Grade 1.

Burke, Thomas. The flower of life, a Christmas fable. 2v. NYPL

Christmas legends and stories by various authors.

Crothers, S.M. Miss Muffet's Christmas party. NYPL

Crownfield, Gertrude. The feast of Noel, tales of Provence.

Dickens, Charles. A Christmas carol, being a ghost story of Christmas. Grades 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 2.

Dickens, Charles. Christmas stories. 10v. Grade 2.

Dillingham, E.T. The rabbit windmill. 2v. Grade 1.

Dodge, M.M. Festival of St. Nicholas. In Hans Brinker, chapter 2.

Ewing, J.E. Christmas crackers. Grade 2

Ewing, J.E. Three Christmas trees and The willow man. Grade 2.

Harte, Bret. How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar.

Irving, Washington. Christmas eve; Christmas day; The Christmas dinner. In the Sketch book.

Lagerlof, Sleva. The legend of the Christmas rose.

Locke, W.J. Christmas mystery. In his Faraway stories. Grade 2.

Macy, John. The true story of Santa Claus.

Moore, Ann Carroll. Nicholas, a Manhattan Christmas story. 4v. NYPL

Moore, C.C. ^{Twas} ~~Twice~~ the night before Christmas. In Child life, edited by Whittier.

Perkins, L.F. St. Nicholas celebration in Holland. In the Dutch twins. vol.2 Grade 1.

Richmond, Grace. On Christmas day in the morning, and On Christmas day in the evening.

Riley, J.W. Christmas memory; Dubious "Old Kris". In Book of joyous children.

Smith, and Hazeltine, compilers. ^{Christmas in legend and story.} ~~Christmas stories from Twenty-four unusual stories for~~
~~boys and girls.~~

Tyler, A.C. editor. Christmas stories from Twenty-four unusual stories for boys and girls.

Van Buren, Maud, ^{editor.} Selections from Christmas in modern story.



Van Dyke, Henry. First Christmas tree. Austin.

Van Dyke, Henry. The lost word. Portland.

Van Dyke, Henry. The spirit of Christmas. Seattle.

Van Dyke, Henry. The story of the other wise man.

Warner, Susan Christmas stocking. ~~Grade 2~~ Grade 1.

Wiggin, E.D. Birds' Christmas Carol.

Wiggin, K.D. Romance of a Christmas card.

Wilkins, M.F. Christmas masquerade.



Anne Sullivan Macy: The Story Behind Helen Keller. By Nella
Braddy. Reviewed by Mary Ross in the New York Herald Tribune.

Because Mrs. Macy's life was poured into the triumphs of Helen Keller, it is the results of her work and not herself that the public has known. If the pupil's handicaps had not been so spectacular and the teacher's devotion so whole-hearted and completely without self-interest, Mrs. Macy's own story could hardly have escaped the relative obscurity which Miss Braddy's biography now unveils.

Helen Keller herself writes of her beloved "Teacher" through fifty years. "If ever the inner life of a human being was difficult to portray, it was that of Anne Sullivan. She hid it behind an almost impenetrable reserve."

The bald facts are spectacular enough. A child born in 1866 in an old Colonial house in Massachusetts, derisively known as the Castle, the daughter of outcast immigrants, whose own memories were terrible with pictures of the Great Irish Famine of 1847, of men in their madness eating grass by the roadside, cholera in transport ships, horrors too terrible to be set down in print. A child whose first memories ring with the sentence: "She would be so pretty if it were not for her eyes." There was no money for doctors and the eyes were washed with geranium water and treated with supplications to the Blessed Virgin. A little girl in a household where there was always a baby, but where babies died like flies, followed by the gay and gentle mother who had been crippled by a fall and hobbled on crutches till tuberculosis ended her sufferings. A child whose father knew no way to handle trouble except to drown it in hard cider sprinkled with red pepper. After the mother died, he started roaming in search of his fortunes, and half-blind Annie and her little brother Jimmie, who was lame with a tuberculous hip, stayed for a time with reluctant relatives and then were dumped in Tewksbury almhouse because no one wanted them.

They spent their first night there in the "dead house" into which corpses were wheeled to await burial. Later they played there and pasted pictures from "The Police Gazette" and "Godey's Lady's Book" on its walls until Jimmie's little wasted body itself reposed there for a night. After that Annie never entered the dead house again. The almhouse was not without its peculiar excitements. "Rats, maniacs, sexual perversions, delirium tremens, epilepsy, corpses - it was ever so entertaining." For a time Annie lived in a ward among young women



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who were about to have unwanted babies, and soaked up "romance" in twisted stories. "Very much of what I remember about Tewksbury," Mrs. Macy said many years later, "is indecent, cruel, melancholy, gruesome in the light of grown-up experience; but nothing corresponding with my present understanding of these ideas entered my child mind. Everything interested me. I was not shocked, pained, grieved or troubled by what happened. Such things happened. People behaved like that - that was all there was to it. It was all the life I knew."

Sometimes a crazy girl would read to Annie from the handful of books in the administration building: "Cast Up By the Sea," "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "Stepping Heavenward," "The Lamplighter." She herself could not read, though her sight became a trifle less dim, for a priest took her to Boston for the first of the innumerable operations performed on those poor eyes. As she heard of the world outside, her dominant desire became escape. When Frank Sanborn came to Tewksbury almshouse in the course of an official investigation of its horrors, a girl followed the party from ward to ward and at last, when the men were standing by the gate, about to go, hurried blindly into their midst, saying "Mr. Sandborn, Mr. Sanborn, I want to go to school." A little later, then fourteen, she entered the most famous of all blind schools, the Perkins Institution, a child without a tooth-brush or petticoat, a hat, coat or nightgown. That night for the first time in her life she slept in one.

Anne's six years at the Perkins Institution were not without stress, for a natural rebel had not been tamed by her tempestuous years. But it was a different though always tempestuous girl who traveled South in 1886 to become teacher to a child who had been deaf and blind since a babyhood attack of scarlet fever - the young Helen Keller. The story of their association and of Mrs. Macy's patient, persistent teaching of the child through the sense of touch has been told in books, articles and by Miss Keller's own speeches. Miss Braddy's biography of Mrs. Macy gives it also in terms of the close and creative relationship between the two women, their active and many-sided life together in Wrentham, in Forest Hills, on lecture and vaudeville tours and trips abroad; in their joint work for peace, for radical movements, and for the blind of every country. When Anne Sullivan married the brilliant young teacher and critic, John Macy, it was understood by all that her work for Helen Keller must come first. Through that marriage and after it ceased, Helen Keller remained the center of her life.



This story of their fifty years together hangs on the miraculous chance that brought a great teacher and a great pupil together. Mrs. Macy is quick and firm in insisting that neither she nor any one else could have "created" the mind and the personality of Helen Keller. It lay imprisoned in the child, dormant because she was shut away from communication in any articulate form, but ready to be developed. Mrs. Macy never has considered Helen a "genius," a word that she does not use lightly; she knows that Helen has had to work hard for everything she ever got. She herself struggled unceasingly to protect the child against the kind of exploitation to which even her friends exposed her, and the legendary sainthood that has been a drag to her life as well as an asset to the causes she has at heart. Helen Keller says a little pathetically of "Teacher" what is perhaps as discriminating a tribute as any one could give. "She has never made me feel that I was different from other people."

From the letters that have been preserved, it is clear the the young girl who never met a normal, happy child till she was twenty, groped through her adversity to educational principles that later were to inspire the work of Madame Montessori for defective children and still more recently have become the cornerstones of modern education.

At the end of the story Miss Braddy shows us Mrs. Macy "as capricious and unmanageable as she was in 1881, when she fled from Tewksbury, or in 1887, when she went to Alabama, or at any other date that might be picked up along the line, and as unconquerable." Devoted medical skill has been able to save only a flicker of sight; all along the way she defied the doctors' orders and abused her frail vision to give what she had for Helen. "She is nearly seventy, but the old fire burns high. The strength that has sustained her through all these years is undiminished. Like Helen's, it comes from an inner source, but unlike Helen's it is not serene."

In this biography, as in the relation between Mrs. Macy and Miss Keller, there is the unusually happy meeting of minds that understand and appreciate each other; none but a close friend could have gained Miss Braddy's clear and loving insight, and few biographers could have offered the warmly human, yet objective view that Miss Braddy brings to her remarkable story.

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genius in Anne which belongs to the race as a whole, and her marvelous faculties should have been used to promote the liberation, not of one Helen Keller, but of all Helen Kellers, and to solve the problem that still faces the thousands of afflicted. Anne helped to raise money. But she had that in her which no money can ever buy. In late life, she begged for another pupil, and one was discovered.

It is idle to pretend that the sequel to Anne's success worked out wholly for the best. Financially and otherwise, a superb situation was handled less with sagacity than as a sensation. People rushed to see and hear Helen Keller, and she was presented - none too successfully - on the screen.

It was not only that the marriage between Anne Sullivan and John Macy, the writer, was wrecked. Neither he nor any man - as Miss Braddy hints - could have survived the palpitating peripatetics into which Anne and Helen, living in Pullmans, plunged headlong. And there were other complications. There was the Lawrence strike. It drew Macy into socialism and Macy drew Helen after him, and subsequently Anne, his wife.

Whatever be the merits of socialism and the Lawrence strike, it was a pity. What was meant for mankind became the missile of a party. The emancipation of Helen Keller was not from an economic system. It was from a physical disability, and this was the emancipation that alone made her important to the historian.

This is a fine book. It tells of a fine life. But it leads us onward into a deepening twilight. The faith that removed mountains from the path of Helen Keller flinches at an ordeal more exacting even than hers. Anne writes:

"Is any old person really happy? I wonder. Of course, they pretend to be, but if they ever remember, what they were like once, they must shudder inwardly. I hate growing old. Only youth and life at full tide are beautiful. A less brutal deity would have decreed that life should end with the offspring, as the moth dies in the splendor of its beauty when it has laid the eggs of future moths."

In the entire range of literature it would not be easy to discover an epilogue so bitter as this, inscribed on the printed page by a hand that has been dedicated to a benevolence so continuously forgetful of self. For Anne Sullivan, Helen Keller as a religion has not been enough.

Faith, after all, is what stands the ultimate test, and for all time Anne's question

was answered by Rabbi Ben Ezra when, in the words of Browning, he uttered his soliloquy:

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half: trust God: be not afraid."

Editor's note: Dr. Cutsforth's book has provoked considerable discussion among those interested in the subject. Two reviews have appeared in the June 1933 issue of the Outlook for the Blind. The review by Dr. Samuel P. Hayes, Professor of Psychology at Mount Holyoke is in the inkprint edition only; the review by Mr. S. C. Swift, Librarian of the Canadian National Library for the Blind is in both braille and inkprint editions. A third review by Miss Sina Fladeland, a teacher of corrective speech in the Perkins Institution, may be found in both the inkprint and braille editions of the Teachers Forum for September 1933. The review given here is from the English point of view.

The psychologist, like the snail, carries his house (or rather his study) on his back; he can develop his theories as well in the market-place as at home, for everywhere he goes he takes his head with him, and the subject-matter of his researches is in the first instance derived from his examination of his own mental states.

In "The Blind in School and Society," by Thomas Cutsforth, Ph.D., we have a book from the pen of a writer who is both blind and a psychologist, one who received his early education at an American State school for the blind, and who is now instructor in psychology in the University of Kansas. The purpose of the book, as stated by its author, is to "help acquaint the seeing with the blind, and the blind with themselves," and Dr. Cutsforth certainly gives his seeing readers a good deal to think about. He views his problem from within, and writes in a lively way that compels attention. Though he sometimes permits us to see ourselves as others see us with rather distressing frankness, and occasionally seems to be writing with his tongue in his cheek ("the social psychology of the blind mendicant is but little different from the psychology and ethics of the modern business man". . . "they constitute the most admirable class of the indigent blind"), there is much in his book that is sound and interesting. Dr. Cutsforth is a rebel against the accepted order of things, and, like most other critics, better skilled in showing what is wrong with the present state than in explaining how it can be put right; but the criticisms he has to make are serious, and worthy of careful attention. Though his strictures are specially directed against American institutions, they are often capable of a wider application.

His book contains chapters on the pre-school child, verbalism, speech defects, the emotional and aesthetic life of the blind, phantasy building, sex-life of the blind, and "personality" problems; it is illustrated by numerous case-studies, and an extensive bibliography is given to each chapter.

Running through the whole is the contention that the blind child is not simply a normal child deprived of one sense, but a different child in every respect: "His social world, like his world of objects, is not the same world in which the seeing child live . . . blindness changes and utterly reorganises the entire mental life of the individual." It follows in his view that the education suited to the seeing child cannot be adapted, by a little

patching here and there, to meet the needs of the blind; it must be radically altered, in order that the blind child may be prepared to take his place in society.

Dr. Cutsforth dedicates his book to "the blind children of 1932, in centenary commemoration of the educational work of Samuel Gridley Howe," and he pays tribute to that reformer's work, but claims that the creative spirit in the education of the blind in America died with him. Howe, in his view, adapted for the blind of his day the European classical tradition and emulated "the literary and informational achievement of the seeing"; it was natural enough, and characteristic of the times in which he lived, but Dr. Cutsforth suggests that the vast social changes which have taken place in the last hundred years have made "ancient good uncouth," and the literary and manual education advanced enough in 1832 is wholly out of touch with the needs of 1932.

Dr. Cutsforth shows how the blind baby, deprived at the outset of that most objective human experience given by sight, is aware of nothing objectively "outside the arcs described by his unsteady hands and feet." Voices come to him out of the void, and return to that void when they cease, and the blind child can find his only stimulation within bodily reach; "he constitutes the greatest part of his own environment," and it is not surprising, therefore, that he becomes self-centred. When he learns to walk, his activities are widened, and the writer stresses the importance of teaching him to walk as far as possible unguided, even at the risk of minor injuries, in order that he may learn lessons of independence. With the acquisition of speech, the blind baby's world is suddenly enlarged, but it is an enlargement that carries peril with it, for with speech comes that verbalism which is Dr. Cutsforth's main point of attack in his criticism of much blind education.

The blind child is born into a seeing world, peopled by those for whom visual form, size, colour, brightness, movement, and spatial distance are of the very texture of life itself, and from his earliest days he grows up to employ language full of meaning for those who can see, but meaningless for those who cannot. Up to a point this is of course inevitable, but it is none the less dangerous, and the writer contends that teachers of the blind are all too ready to encourage their blind pupils to speak in terms of secondhand experience as if it were first-hand, rather than to help them to get the most out of those lively first-hand impressions which are unquestionably theirs. Suppose, he says, the teacher of the blind



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takes her class to visit a battleship and invites them to write a composition upon it.

"The odour of alcohol on the breath of the naval guide will be considered irrelevant as compared with the turquoise blue of the wide stretch of the harbour. Although it may interest the child much more to hear the ~~sk~~ call of a sea-gull than to hear the teacher describe the billowing of Old Glory at the masthead, the fact remains that in the written report Old Glory will billow and wave, but the gull will not call."

It is not surprising that Dr. Cutsforth accuses verbalism of leading to loose uncritical ways of thinking, and a falseness of attitude that is unsound. That his contention of the prevalence of verbalism in schools for the blind is justified is supported by an account of an experiment in which twenty-six congenitally blind children were tested. Each child was asked to respond with the first quality he thought of when he heard the name of a given object (such objects including an Indian, a star, an orange, milk, blood, wool, butter). In spite of the fact that these children knew visual qualities only by hearsay, and that they were accustomed to use the senses of taste, touch, smell, and hearing every day, nearly half the responses given were in terms of sight.

In a chapter on the aesthetic life of the blind, the writer complains that educational methods in seeking to awaken an artistic sense in blind children have again relied on artificial verbal learning and artificial verbal concepts, so that teachers have tried to describe the beauties of pictures and statuary, though such descriptions can only have a very limited meaning for those who do not see, and have never seen. Or if, avoiding mere verbal description, they give their pupil a statuette to handle, they ~~make~~ may take it for granted that the blind child perceives with his fingers the same thing as they perceive with their eyes, while in truth, "to the teacher the mass of wrought marble about the chiselled figure is drapery; to the blind child it is nothing but more marble, no matter what he has been taught to call it."

The dangers of forcing the blind child into an alien world are brought out by the writer in a chapter on the phantasy-life of the blind; where adjustment to the realities of a seeing world become too difficult for him he takes refuge in unreality, and lives in a dream-world of his own, where the conflicts consequent on living in a world organised for the seeing are resolved, and his sense of inferiority and dependence disappears.

In one of the later chapters of Dr. Cutsforth's book he treats of the blind child as



the product of institutionalism, and shows how, unless great care is taken to secure social contacts, the institution is bound to be a cramping place of preparation for adult life, tending to produce a type of character that leans on others, and is altogether lacking in initiative and healthy aggressiveness. The institution child must exhibit such virtues as "obedience, respect for superiors, turning the other cheek, more blessed to give than to receive, honesty is the best policy, early to bed, and it pays to advertise." He must "always appear cheerful and pleasant to tohers, and on all occasions should appear happy - not vigorously so, but optimistically happy." Rather cruel, perhaps, but we remember virtuously that Dr. Cutsforth is speaking of American institutions, and not English ones. However that may be, here is a book which should interest teachers of the blind everywhere.



Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Hendrik Willem Van Loon was born on January 14, 1882, in Rotterdam, Holland, just around the corner from the birthplace of Erasmus. "I was the son of a rich father," he relates, "who lived in a realm a million miles away from that of his child and never made the slightest effort to construct a bridge across that chasm. And so I escaped entirely into the past and re-evaluated all the adventures of my own existence into terms of a bygone era. Even today I know the seventeenth century better than the twentieth."

When he was eleven years old he saved his pennies until he could buy "twenty blue copy-books" and then started to write a history of the world. He recalls that he passed a statue of Erasmus every day on his way to school and that people said Erasmus turned a page of the book in his hand every hour. "I used to stand in front of the monument for hours, but never saw him turn a page." That incident started him off as a doubter and seeker after truth.

Van Loon came to the United States at twenty-one and was graduated from Cornell University in 1905. After a year at Harvard he married Eliza Bowditch of Boston and went to Russia as Associated Press correspondent during the Revolution of 1906. Then he spent four years at the University of Munich where he received a Ph.D. in 1911. Back in America, he was three years a lecturer on history and art in various universities. He confesses that he learned the tricks of lecturing by frequent attendance at vaudeville theatres when he first came back to want employment.

In 1913 Van Loon published "The Fall of the Dutch Empire," which was followed by "The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom," and "The Golden Book of Dutch Navigators." He established himself as an historian of his native country. Meanwhile, in 1914, he was sent by the Associated Press to Belgium at the outbreak of the World War. After lecturing on modern European history at Cornell in 1915-16, he continued his activities as correspondent in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark until 1918. During those years he crossed the ocean eight times and once, when returning from this country to Holland on a Dutch ship, the vessel struck an English mine laid for German boats and was blown up. Van Loon was severely injured and two operations nearly cost him his life. He still feels the effect of the experience upon his nervous system.



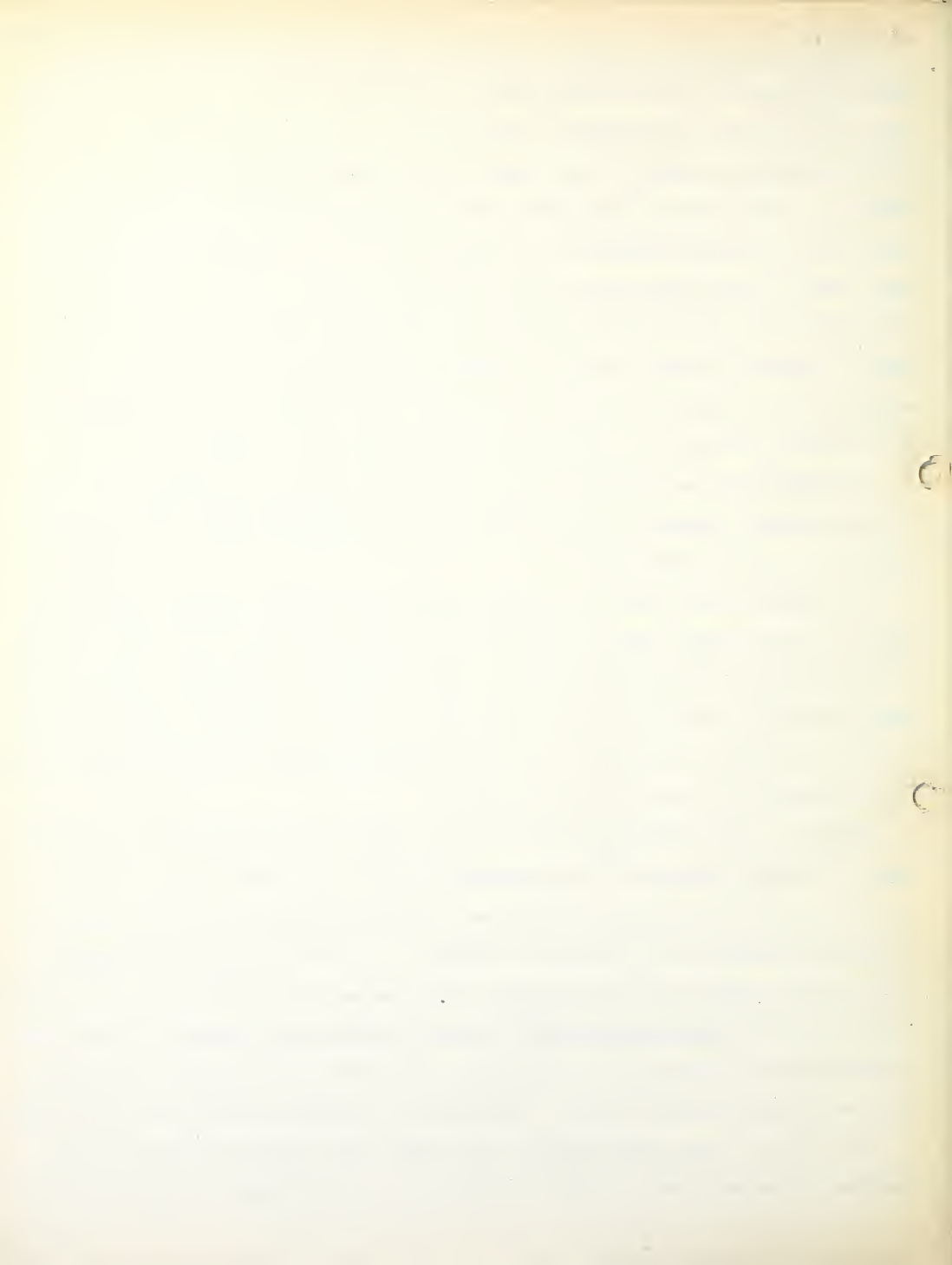
After the war Van Loon returned to America and lived in poverty while he made unsuccessful attempts at writing advertisements. "I had three books behind me," he says, "but nobody read them, and so the royalties would not even buy beans." The Harvard Club in New York City extended him credit on meals while he prepared "Ancient Man," intended as the first section of a twelve-volume history of the world. In 1920 he married Helen Criswell. "Ancient Man" put him on his feet financially, but he gave up the idea of a series and condensed the rest of ~~the~~ his history into one volume, "The Story of Mankind." The first three chapters of the book had been written five years before on Department of Modern History stationery at Cornell. The author relates that when he peddled the manuscript in New York, every publisher shook his head and said, "Yes, this is a very pretty idea but it won't sell." It went through thirty American editions and was translated into more than a dozen tongues.

The Newbery Medal was awarded to Van Loon in 1922 for "The Story of Mankind." He came into international prominence. With the royalties from the book he bought a home in Westport, Connecticut, built in Dutch style.

In 1922-23 Van Loon organized the history department at Antioch College, Ohio, and the next year he was associate editor of the "Baltimore Sun," as conductor of a column of comment on current topics. "The Story of the Bible," 1923, treating the subject as a continuous historical narrative, was written principally at Cambridge, near the spot where Erasmus pursued his Biblical studies. The book was criticized by the church because Van Loon omitted the story of the Resurrection, in which he does not believe.

He says he cannot understand why his next book, "The Story of Wilbur the Hat," which he called a "spiritual philosophy for the children," failed to impress the public. "But few people knew what it was all about. Our liberals in America are interested only in political and economic liberalism, not in cultural liberalism. I work for an intelligent, humanistic point of view. I seek to indicate that Man is more important than anything else in the world - more important than ~~science, painting, or~~ religion, or painting, or literature. I have tried to show that Man is the centre of the universe. In America we have materially solved everything and spiritually solved nothing." "Tolerance" is a history of intolerance through the ages.

"R. v R." is a fictionized biography of the famous Dutch painter, Rembrandt van Rijn, "who lies in a pauper's grave somewhere in Amsterdam." The book takes the form of an imagin-



aggy diary of a contemporary of Rembrandt. Van Loon says: "It took me twenty years to gather the material I needed. The book has to be lived and the good Lord saw to it that I could live it. I revived an imaginary great-great-great-grandfather because I needed him to say all I had to say. Two whole years he spent dictating this fable to me in the high-ceilinged old room of my house in Veere, that house called 'de Houthuyn' or 'Woodyard' in which my ancestors had lived."

"Hendrik Willem Van Loon," writes David Karsner, "stands fully six feet, weighs perhaps two hundred and twenty-five pounds, has smooth, round, almost cherubic face that carries not a wrinkle in its pleasant, jovial contour and dresses in the latest pattern of fashion - a scarlet cravat, monocle and all. He presents a picture of a playboy, a handsome physical specimen who has taken life as he found it and not made too much fuss over the setbacks he has suffered and the privations he has known."

"His manner is sympathetic, warm and genial. There is a merry twinkle in his light brown eyes and they are always laughing, not at life but with it. When he is particularly 'worked up' over a knotty point concerning the antecedents of primitive man, or a question of theology that has survived thousands of years despite the efforts of logic and reason to unhorse it, he turns to his violin and bow just as some men pick up golf clubs."

Van Loon speaks and writes in ten languages as well as their dialects. When he eats in a restaurant he draws pictures on the tablecloth to illustrate his conversation, and he signs the check with a sketch of an elephant or a mouse, according to the size of the meal-usually an elephant. "I have lived with history all my life," he says, "and I have found it neither a dead nor a respectable subject. I have found all of it more romantic than fiction."

Among the other books written by Van Loon are: A Short History of Discovery, 1918; America, 1927; The Life and Times of Pieter Stuyvesant, 1928; Man, the Miracle Maker, 1928; Van Loon's Geography, 1932.

Editor's note: Among this author's books the following are in braille:

The story of mankind. 5v. APH

Van Loon's geography. 4v. BIA Grade 2

Lanier; from *The Spirit of American Literature*, by John Macy.

Three volumes of unimpeachable poetry have been written in America: "Leaves of Grass," the thick volume of Poe, and the poetry of Sidney Lanier. It is treading on treacherous negatives to say that there is not a fourth fit for their society; yet I believe that to make an adequate fourth one would have to assemble in an anthology the finest poems from lesser lyrists, beginning, perhaps, with Bryant's "Water Fowl" and including, if not ending with, the remarkable poem published only last year, "The Singing Man," by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Marks). And a beautiful book that anthology would be, for it would contain Freneau's "Wild Honey Suckle," Parson's "On a Bust of Dante," and "Dirge for One Who Fell in Battle," Timrod's "Cotton Boll," Stedman's "John Brown" and "Helen Keller," Aldrich's "Fredericksburg" and "Identity," Sill's "The Fool's Prayer," Gilder's sonnet "On the Life Mask of Lincoln," a score of marvellous little poems by Father Tabb, James Whitcomb Riley's "South Wind and the Sun," Emma Lazarus's "Venus of the Louvre," L.F. Tooker's "The Last Fight," a dozen lyrics of Richard Hovey, William Vaughn Moody's "Gloucester Moors," four or five poems by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and some other verse drawn from the younger rather than the elder poets. Surely it would be a fragrant cluster from many gardens whose beauty is a splendid and consoling denial that the race of singers is dead or shall ever die till man dies. If this anthology, made of poets who are somewhat invidiously and with wavering justice of phrase called minor, were ranked on our shelves with the complete works of American poets what single light could shine undiminished by the rivalry of the chosen cluster of perfection? Not Longfellow, nor Whittier, nor Holmes, nor Lowell, but only these three - Poe, Whitman, Lanier.

Lanier was a poet, always, continuously, even in his juvenile verses, and his genius was unerringly self-recognized before the bitter exigencies of his life permitted him to announce himself and to prove his modestly proud conviction. No poet's lot, except Poe's, ever fell in rugged places; no poet, except Poe, was so alone and self-directed. A letter written when he was thirty-three to Bayard Taylor sets forth the aridity of his life. "I could never describe to you what a mere drought and famine my life has been as regards that multitude of matters which I fancy one absorbs when one is in an atmosphere of art, or when one is in conversational relation with men of letters, with travellers, with persons who have either seen, or written, or done large things. Perhaps you know that, with us of the younger generation



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in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying."

To his father he writes: "My dear father, think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways - I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them."

These letters are a sad commentary on America (not that poets have not been lonely and discouraged in other countries), for they not only reveal a war-wasted South, but remind us how very little Lanier missed at that date in not being associated with the men of letters of New York and New England. The man he writes to, like an outsider yearning for good company, is Bayard Taylor, a first-rate man but a fourth-rate Litterateur. The friendliness of Baltimore finally gave him much that he needed, and wonder of wonders! Johns Hopkins University made him instructor in literature: the new young college thought a true poet worthy to teach literature and helped a true poet to live.

Lanier flourished alone, and taught himself all that he knew of books and poetry. Indeed he learned without a teacher to play the flute so well that he could support himself by playing in the orchestra at Baltimore, and was pronounced by professional musicians a distinguished player. In a somewhat florid but evidently sincere memorial the leader of the orchestra said: "I will never forget the impression he made on me when he played the flute-concerto of Emil Hartmann at a Peabody symphony concert in 1878; his tall, handsome, manly presence, his flute breathing noble sorrows, noble joys, the orchestra softly responding. The audience was spellbound. Such distinction, such refinement! He stood, the master, the genius!" And he had never had a lesson in music.

When he died at thirty-nine he had made himself a technically excellent musician; within ten years (for his literary life had scarcely begun before he was thirty) he had fitted himself to give lectures on the English novel, Shakespeare and old English poets; he had written the most original treatise in existence on English verse, equalled, so far as I know that kind of literature, only by the studies of Poe and Coleridge; and he was the unapproachably



best American poet of his generation. If ever there was a born genius since Keats, it was Lanier. Let there be no sentimentalizing over him, for he was a man of humour, he spoke always of his difficulties in a manly fashion, and when death strides into his pages it is an honest figure and not a personification of the tuberculosis against which the poet fought to victorious defeat. But if ever lamentation for a poet's death be justifiable, there may well be a cry of pain for the unfinished "Hymns of the Marshes." His voice was growing greater when he ceased to sing, and, like Keats,

his angel's tongue
Lost half the sweetest song was ever sung.

He bided his time, he wrote little verse, he studied all aspects of his art intensely, patiently, with a religious conscience. How sure and strong is his growth is wonderfully shown by comparing the two following poems, the first written when he was twenty-four and not published by him, and the second written ten years later, a perfect lyric:

Night

Fair is the wedded reign of Night and Day.
Each rules a half of earth with different sway,
Exchanging kingdoms, East and West, away.

Like the round pearl that Egypt drunk in wine,
The sun half sinks in the brimming, rosy brine:
The wild Night drinks all up: how her eyes shine!

Evening Song

Look off, dear Love, across the sallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart,
Never our lips, our hands.

Yet it is not for what he might have done but for what he did that the impartial assessment of time will sum his merits. It is humane to remember that he wrote "Sunrise" the year



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before he died, when he was too ill to eat and his temperature was at 104; then it is well to remove all the cross lights of biography and stand face to face with his "Sunrise," a poem magnificent in conception, perfect in workmanship, ultimate poetry.

A blood brother to Lanier's "Sunrise" is Francis Thompson's "Ode to the Setting Sun," and I know not a third which so is closely its kin. These poems have much in common, opulence, splendour of metaphor and an amazing virtuosity in metrical matters which in turn allies them with Swinburne, from whom in thought they are, however, as remote as poets can be. If Thompson did not know the poems of Lanier, it is a case of predetermined affinities which the accidents of circumstance cheated of the earthly fulfilment of meeting. Have they some common earlier master that I do not know?

One other resemblance resides in their work, in their convictions, the fresh vigour they have given to the symbols of Christianity which had well nigh perished out of modern poetry, blighted by the ugliness of sincere but graceless hymn writers and other devotees whom the pagan muses had abandoned in despair. And both use the symbols rather for their beauty than for their religious import.

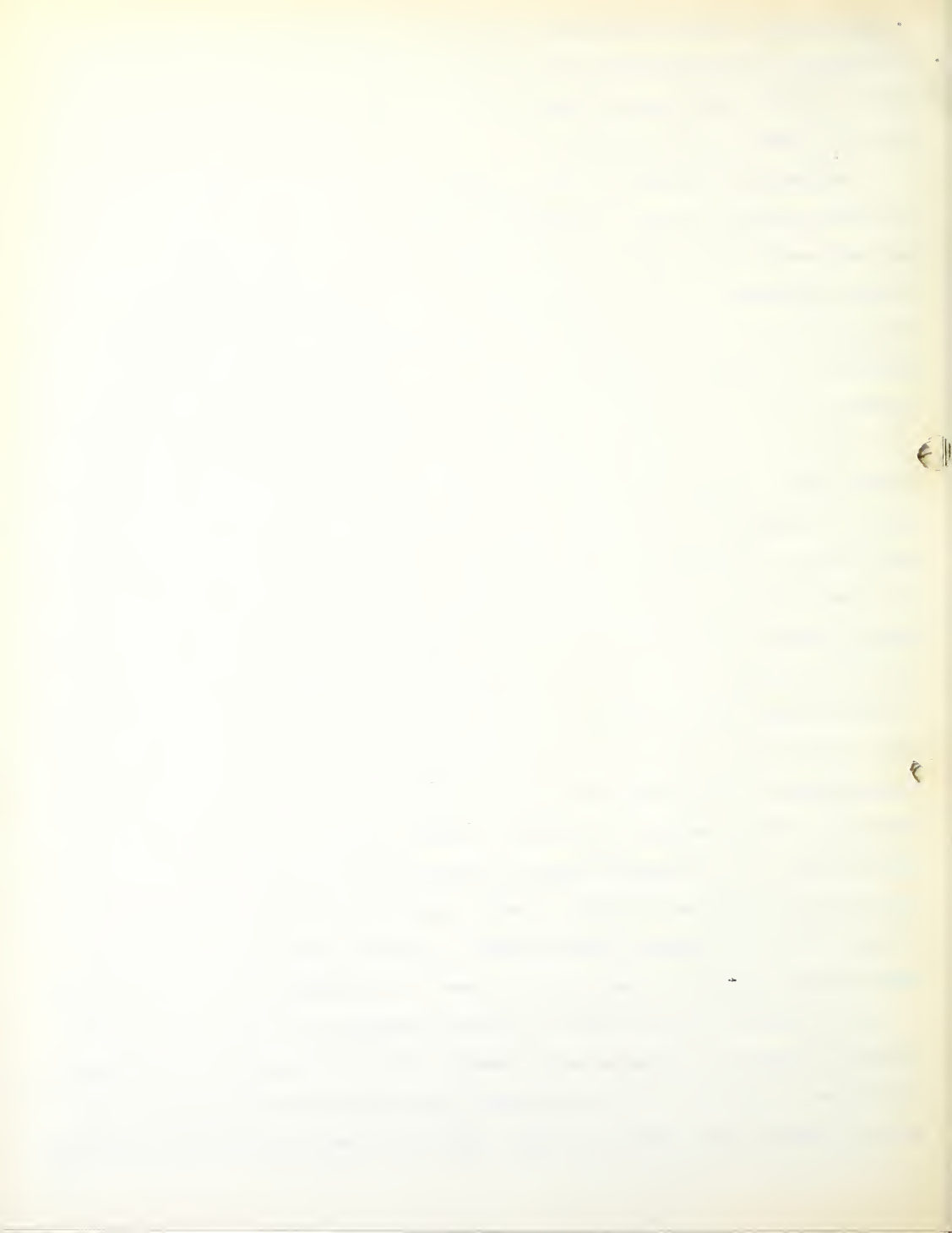
To say at once the worst that can be said of either of the, both Thompson and Lanier are subject to the same temptation, or they are driven to the brink of the same danger, and both triumphantly avoid falling into the abyss where poetry ceases and mere "metrification" begins. They are both so abundant in fancy and overflowed with metaphors, and withal so adept at playing with measures, that now and again their exuberance and nimbleness almost betray them; but because they are both austere artists and passionately intend what they say, they are saved. It is a danger merely and they tremble on the verge of it. One would gladly strike out of Thompson the too visibly crafty rhymes of such a poem as "To the Lead Cardinal" (strange subject for him to spoil with conceited fantastic versifying!), and one would as gladly prune out some of Lanier's internal rhyming and obvious assonances. In both poets, who are in the main steadied by the solid burden of thought they carry so highly on the breast of song, the fault is due to an intoxication from the sound of words. The best of the Elizabethan and seventeenth-century poets of England were not free from the fantastic, which is a greater pleasure to the skilful verse maker than any but poets realize. In the nineteenth century Swinburne, in the very ecstasy of making new meters and reviving old ones,



flies sometimes on dizzy and purposeless wings, and it may be that the younger poets, Lanier and Thompson, learned from his his less admirable as well as his most admirable lessons in prosody. However, they sin but little and -- this is the all-immortalizing distinction -- they sin as poets, not as versifiers.

That Lanier was a musician as well as a poet (is there any other professional musician in English poetry?), and that he expressed his theory in "The Science of English Verse," are facts caught at too eagerly by those who would account for some of his most evidently musical arrangements of words. The truth about him, as about all artists, is that his theory followed his art; he was a poet first and a student, or rather, a professor, of technic afterward. His theory of verse merely codifies, with such technical knowledge as only a musician has, the fact which all poets instinctively know and all true poetry exemplifies, that poetry is, in half its nature, music, and that it consists not of spoken words but of chanted words. Professional students of prosody who are not poets (and most are not) have applied to ancient and modern poetry a kind of visual mathematics, and they discourse of Greek measures and English as if they were quite different things. But their laws are precisely the same; they are aural laws, determined by the human ear, which is pleased or offended musically by all verse, Greek, French, English, or South Sea Island. There is only one law for all music and for all poetry (independent of the explicit meaning necessarily resident in human words), and that law is: if it sounds right, it is right. The counting of feet is superfluous. If they are to be counted at all, Lanier's way is the way to count. The principles he expounds were known to the ear that first heard Homer. Lanier's verse, being true to English poetry, to the effects of English words on the ear, would probably have been what it is if he had never been an instructor and a technically capable musician and had never expounded his principles. Indeed, if he had been free to write poetry, he would not have written "The Science of English Verse." A professor cannot earn his salary by reading original poetry to a class, but he can earn it by lecturing on the science of verse.

All true artists know the grammar of their art thoroughly, not merely with such practitioner's knowledge as a carpenter has of geometry, but with the highest kind of theoretic intelligence, for artists have the best of human minds and are the final speculators about the laws which they obey. Any great novelist could take a month off and write a book about



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"the art of fiction," but few novelists put themselves to so much trouble, because they are busy writing novels, and therefore the making of books of theory is left in the less capable hands of critics who would fain be literary men but cannot, to save their souls, write novels. Wagner has not time to write a school-master's treatise on harmony, and such a treatise would probably bore Chopin to tears. Lanier is not more theoretic than other poets. He was simply so circumstanced that to keep his head up as a lecturer he made a book about poetry when he would unquestionably have preferred to give his energy to writing poetry.

All modern poets have been overwhelmed by the beauty of ancient poets; they have fed on the classics, sometimes assimilating them so thoroughly as to build new tissue of the divine nutriment, sometimes, far too often, trailing an undigested pseudo-classicism across their pages. The very modern poets have at once a double resource and a double burden, for they have both the very ancient poets and the tremendous body of poetry in living languages, on which to feed and by which to kill themselves. It is a very striking quality of Lanier that he thoroughly assimilates his masters. He does not mix Shakespeare with Lanier but renews a Shakespearian phrase, treating the Elizabethan as a great thing in nature from which to draw metaphors. To put it another way, he does not lean upon Shakespeare; he does not merely reflect a moonlight beauty from great poets, like those rhymsters who get a kind of borrowed sweetness into their work by writing sonnets to Shelley. Lanier's Shakespearian metaphors sound poetic and not bookish.

Lanier, like all his race of poets, sang praises to his fathers in melody. Yet he does not smell of the library. He is a poet of nature and of things, of the meaning of central present things that harry and strengthen the heart of man. In "Corn" for once an American poet strode into our splendid native golden fields and sang what his eyes saw, and deeper, what the harvests of the fields can be for man. "The Symphony," in which the instruments he knew so well are soundingly suggested, is no mere interplay of melodies, but the cry of the old-new spirit of brotherhood against the debauchery of trade. By it Lanier becomes one of the goodly band of modern men dissatisfied with man's violations of man, and his voice is strong enough to admit him to the still smaller band of poets who are the voices of the present life, of these very times - with Morris and Whitman, whom, alas, he did not like! Oddly enough, he, the devotee of pure music, dared the historic theme which so many Americans have



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tried, ever since the absurd Columbiads of the early years of the nation, and in the "Psalm of the West" he did make a chant of America and Freedom which has in its short compass something like epic vision and is, if not the noblest of Lanier, far above most patriotic verse, and artistically excellent.

Lanier stands alone in that era of American poetry which is chiefly marked by a false post-Tennysonism, an era of nicely made lyrics that have neither passion nor an individual sense of beauty. There are to-day signs of something better, nay, distinguished specimens of something better, in such work as Mrs. Marks's "The Singing Man," which it is a pleasure to name again, and in Mr. R.M.Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth." If Lanier had no equal contemporaries, he may have successors, for when an age is shuddering on its first gray verge and its day-facts lie in the future, it is permitted to be hopeful for it.

Biographical Note

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. He died at Lynn, North Carolina, September 7, 1881. He learned as a boy to play several musical instruments, which instead of delighting his friends and parents, alarmed them! At the age of eighteen he graduated from Oglethorpe College, a Presbyterian institution in Georgia, which he later called "farical." In April, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served through the war. It is a picturesque fact that he carried his flute ~~through the war~~ with him through battle and imprisonment. The war broke his health, and he was never afterward free from consumption. Until 1872 he was in business and in the practice of law. In 1873 he settled in Baltimore and supported himself as flute-player in the Peabody Orchestra. He lived the rest of his life in Baltimore, except for vain excursions in quest of health. Some public lectures on literature and some of his poems brought him to the notice of President D.C.Gilman, who appointed him lecturer on English Literature at Johns Hopkins University. In 1867 he married Mary Day.

His books are: Tiger Lilies: A Novel; Florida: Its Scenery, History and Climate; Poems; The Boy's Froissart; The Science of English Verse; The Boy's King Arthur; The Boy's Mabington; The Boy's Percy; The English Novel and the Principles of Its Development; Poems; Letters; Shakespeare and His Forerunners; Poem Outlines.

The life of Lanier in American Men of Letters is by Edwin Mims.



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Editor's note: Books by and on Lanier:

Poems, edited by his wife with a memorial by W.H.Ward, 2v. BIA

Biographical sketch in Selections from Southern Poets, vol.1, LC, NYPL

American Portraits, by Bradford, vol.2. NYPL

American Writers on American Literature, vol. 5. Grade 2 APH



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Christmas Day. From Anniversaries and Holidays.

The Christmas customs in America have been transplanted from Europe: our Christmas-tree comes from Germany, our Santa Claus from Holland, the Christmas-stocking (sabots) from Belgium or France, while "Merry Christmas" was the old English greeting shouted from window to street on Christmas morning. We have also borrowed from English usage carol singing, the use of holly and mistletoe, many greetings and much good cheer.

St. Nicholas Day and not Christmas is the children's festival in Holland, Belgium, and parts of Germany, serving as a preliminary to Christmas. Many of the customs that we associate with Christmas are observed at this time.

"We have our holiday Christmas on the 5th and 6th of December," said an immigrant from Holland, on being interviewed, "because the 25th is the birthday of Christ and it is a holy day; then we go to church and we hear the story of Christ, and we come back to our houses and have chocolate and little cakes. But on the 5th and 6th we have awfully good times. Saint Nicholas comes and fills our shoes, after he has taken out the grain which we put there for his reindeer."

St. Nicholas is also the patron saint of Russia, of sailors, travelers, and merchants. He is especially the saint of school boys.

The date of Christ's birth is not known certainly, but December 25 had been observed by many of the Christian churches from very early times, and in the fourth century Pope Julius established the festival at Rome on that date. Before the end of the century, that date had been accepted by all the nations in Christendom, and it has continued to be observed by them up to the present time.

The selection of this date was due largely to the fact that it coincided with that of the greatest of pagan festivals, which celebrated the winter solstice, which occurs about December 22 - the birthday of the new sun about to return once more toward the earth. The days which had been growing shorter and shorter now become longer, and the sun gives promise of the distant but certain approach of spring. The worship of the sun was a large part of the religion of the ancient pagan races and it was therefore natural that this change in the sun's course should be hailed with rejoicing.



The transition to the Christian point of view was an easy one, and the Christian holiday was set to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, the Sun of the spiritual world, for the purpose of drawing away Christian people from heathen festivities.

The Christian religion was thus introduced in the British Isles; for when Gregory the Great sent Augustine as the first missionary in 597 A.D., he gave him a letter of advise as follows: "Do not destroy the temples of the English gods; change them into Christian churches. Do not forbid the harmless customs which have been associated with the old religion; consecrate them, like the churches, to Christian uses. Let them revere the saints where they have worshiped idols. Thus having some outward joys continued to them, they may more easily accept the true inward joys." It was in accordance with this sensible advise that the missionaries called the Christmas season "Yule-tide" from an English god of the winter; and they still brought in the ^{yule} ~~yule~~ log from the woods and hung the mistletoe upon the walls as their ancestors had done.

Thus Christmas has a twofold significance; the religious, commemorating the birth of Christ, and the social or festive, celebrating the seasonal practices of many peoples. Thus, being a holy day as well as a holiday, its celebration is at times reverent, at times gay.

The old-time limits of Christmastide, in the centuries when the church guided the daily life of the mass of the population and furnished it with amusement, made it rather a season than a day. The church preparation began some four weeks before Christmas Day, with the first Sunday in Advent - the Sunday nearest St. Andrew's Day. The popular festivities began with Christmas Eve and extended to Epiphany or Twelfth Night, or January 6, the festival of the Magi, or of the Three Wise Men from the East.

Christmas Day as it now exists contains elements of the old-time customs, which are modified and refined. There is fervor in church service, without fanaticism; there is great hospitality, yet the poor are not forgotten, and withal, in this semi-religious, semi-festive season are gaieties, reunion of friends, giving of presents, and an exchange of compliments.



Obituary Notes: Louise Jordan Miln; Annie Besant.

Louise Jordan Miln, author of more than a dozen popular novels of China, and a life-long student of Chinese life, died at her home near Calais, France, on September 22nd. She was 70 years old. Louise Jordan, American by birth, lived as a child in Chicago and later went to Vassar College, but left when she was eighteen to go on the stage. She joined a traveling theatrical company and visited China, which immediately became the land of her heart. Miss Jordan married an English actor, George Crichton Miln, and made a home in England, but remained an inveterate traveler. Her first book, "When We Were Strolling Players in the East," was published in 1894, and was followed at intervals by novels on China and Chinese life, including "Mr. Wu," "In a Chinese Courtyard," and "Mr. and Mrs. Sen." Her latest novel, "Peng Wee's Harvest" was published last April by Stokes, who have published all of her other books.

Editor's note: Among her books the following are in braille:

Ann Zu-Zan. 8v. NYPL, Sacramento.

By Soochow Waters. 9v. APC

Flutes of Shanghai. 8v. Detroit, NYPL

In a Shantung garden. 8v. LC, NYPL, Sacramento.

Soul of China. 7v. Chicago, NYPL

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Annie Besant, world leader of the theosophists, died in Madras, India, on September 20. She would have been 86 years old on October 1. She was born in London of Irish parents and was married at an early age to an English clergyman from whom she was separated six years later. Becoming somewhat of a freethinker, she met and became the disciple of Charles Bradlaugh, militant atheist, and together they wrote a pamphlet on family limitation, the precursor of the modern birth control movement, the publication of which was condemned by a court which acquitted its publishers. She later joined the Fabians, established a home for friendless girls in London, championed the cause of wayward children and led the first successful strike which the unorganized women workers of England ever embarked upon. In the '80's she met Helena Blavatsky and was quickly converted to theosophy. In sixty odd years of writing, lecturing and leadership, she espoused a dozen causes, winning some, losing others, moving thousands to almost fanatic admiration, other thousands to ridicule. For the last



four decades of her life she was the high priestess of theosophy. Mrs. Besant was the author of a number of books on reincarnation, psychology, theosophy, occultism and kindred themes. Her autobiography was published in 1893, and a biography of her by G.L. Williams under the name of "The Passionate Pilgrim" was issued in 1931 by Coward-McCann.

Editor's note: Books in braille by this author may be borrowed from the Theosophical Book Association; 184 South Oxford Street, Los Angeles, California.

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